

THE
ROXBURGHE BALLADS.

EDITED BY
CHARLES HINDLEY, ESQ.

*Editor of "The Old Book Collector's Miscellany: or, a Collection of
Readable Reprints of Literary Rarities," "Works of John
Taylor—the Water-Poet," "The Catnach Press," "The
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Ancient Songs and Ballads:

Written on Various Subjects,

And

Printed between the Year MDLX and MDCC.

CHIEFLY COLLECTED BY

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD,

And purchased at the Sale of the late

MR. WEST'S LIBRARY in the Year 1773.

INCREASED BY SEVERAL ADDITIONS.

In Two Volumes.

Vol. II.

**These venerable ancient Song-writers
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers :
Our numbers may be more refin'd than those,
But what we've gained in verse we've lost in prose.
Their words no shuffling double meaning knew ;
Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true:**

ROWE.



LONDON,

Arranged and Bound in the Year 1774.

A most Godly and Comfortable *Bal-*
lad of the Glorious Resurrection of our *Lord*
Jesus Christ, how he Triumphed over *Death*,
Hell, and *Sin*, whereby we are certainly per-
swaded of our rising again from the Dead.

THE TUNE IS, *Rogero.*



What faithless, froward, sinful man
so far from grace is fled,
That doth not in his heart believe
the Rising of the Dead?

Or why do wicked mortal men
their lives so vainly frame,
That, being Dead, they do suppose
they shall not rise again ?

For why, if that the Dead indeed,
which now consuming lyes,
Shall not by God be rais'd again,
then Christ did never rise :
And if so be our Saviour sweet
he did not rise from death,
Our Preaching is of no effect,
and vain's our hope on Earth.

If Christ rose not, again I say,
then are we yet in sin,
And they that fall asleep in him
no part of joy shall win.
Of all the Creatures living, then,
which God on Earth did frame,
Most wretched are the states of men
which spend their days in vain.

But Christ is risen up from Death,
as it was right and meet,
And thereby trod down Death and Hell,
and sin, under his feet :

And that the same to simple men
the plainer might appear,
The glorious rising of the Lord
his word declareth clear.

When he within the grave was laid,
the *Jews* did Watch-men set,
Lest by his friends his corps thence
should secretly be fet [ched] :
A mighty Stone likewise they did
on his Sepulchre role,
And all for fear his body should
away from thence be stole.

But in thè Dead time of the night
a mighty Earth-quake came,
The which did shake both Sea and Land,
and all within the same :
And then the Angel of the Lord
came down from Heaven so high,
And rol'd away the mighty stone
which on the ground did lie.

His face did shine like flaming fire,
his Cloaths were white as snow,
Which put the watch-men in great fear,
who ran away for woe,

And told unto the High-Priest, plain.

what I do now rehearse,

Who hired them for money straight,
that they would hold their peace.

And say, quoth he, His Servants came,
whom he sometimes did keep,

And secretly stole him away,
while ye were fast asleep.

And if that Herod hear thereof,
we will perswade him so,

That you shall find no hurt at all
wherever you do go.

But faithful *Mary Magdalen*,

and *James* her Brother, too,

They brought great store of Oyntment,
as Jesus were wont to do ;

Who rose up early in the morn.

before that it was day,

he body of the Lord t' annoint
in grave whereas he lay.

And when unto the Grave they came
they were in wondrous fear ;

They saw a young man in the same,
but Christ they saw not there.

Then said the Angel unto them,
why are you so afraid ?
The Lord, whom you do seek, I know
is risen up, he said.

Then went these women both away,
who told these tidings, than,
To *John* and *Peter*, who in haste
to the Sepulchre ran ;
Who found it as the woman said,
and then away did go,
But *Mary* stayed, weeping still,
whose tears declar'd her woe.

Who, looking down into the grave,
two Angels there did see :
Qd. they, Why weeps this woman so
even for my Lord, qd. she.
And turning then herself about,
as she stood weeping so,
The Lord was standing at her back,
but him she did not know.

Why doth this woman weep he said ;
whom seekst thou in this place
She thought it had the gard'ner been,
and thus she shews her case :

If thou hast born him hence, she said,
then tell me where he is,
And for to fetch him back again
be sure I will not miss.

What, *Mary* ! then our Saviour said,
dost thou lament for me
O Master, livest thou again ?
my soul doth joy in thee !
O *Mary*, touch me not, he said,
ere I have been above,
Even with my God, the only God
and Father whom we love.

And oftentimes did Christ appear
to his Disciples all ;
Yet *Thomas* would not it believe,
his faith it was so small,
Except that he might thrust his hand
into the wound so wide,
And put his finger where the Spear
did pierce the tender side.

Then Christ, which knew all secrets,
to them again came he,
Who said to *Thomas*, *Here I am*,
as plainly thou mayst see.

*See here the hands which nails did pierce,
and holes are in my side,
And be not faithless, O thou man,
for whom these pains I bide.*

Thus sundry times he shew'd himself
when he did rise again,
And then ascended into Heaven,
in glory for to reign :
Where he prepares a place for those
whom he shall raise likewise,
To live with him in Heavenly bliss
above the lofty Skies.

Printed by and for A. M., and sold by the
Booksellers of London.

The Great Assize : Or, Christ's certain and sudden appearance to Judgment ; Being serious considerations on these four things, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.

By Mr. Stevens, Minister.

TO THE TUNE OF *Aim not too high*, &c.

Licensed according to Order



Here is presented clearly to the eye
 A little World, new made most gloriously ;
 To day here stands proud man, like flowers' sprite ;
 But look tomorrow and he's weather'd quite

How happily might fallen man have liv'd
For ever had not he his Maker griev'd,
His num'rous Offspring never would espy
Thro' that black Curtain of Mortality.

Alas ! how fast the daies of man pass by ;
Swifter than Weaver's Shuttle they do fly ;
As soon as Death does end his days, so soon
Man must appear before the great Tribūne.

Death will no succour to a King afford,
Nor difference make twixt Begger and a Lord ;
Nor Beauty, Riches, favour shall obtain
He'll take no Bribes to linger out their pain.

Methusalem, you see, by Death was told
That dye he must, tho' he was ne'er so old ;
Like Fruit, when almost ripe Storms can it shake,
So Youth, when almost Man Death may him take.

The Rich Man trusting to his Riches.

And yet, how proud Man is, this side the Grave !
As if he never should an Exit have !
(Vaunting, poor Worm !) and, up and down the world
His busie carping thoughts with care is hurld.

He's wealthy grown, and proud of bags of treasure,
Trusting in Riches ; taking all the pleasure .
His heart can wish for ; nay, he does controul
The checks of Conscience to his precious Soul.

Says to himself, Soul, take thine ease, and spend
Thy time in mirth, ne'er think it will have end :
Thus ! thus ! the Sinner does abuse his God,
And chooses Vice, instead o' th' vertuous Rod.

He swears, & damns, and imprecates God's wrath
To strike him dead ; but ah ! to die he's loath :
He Damns his very Soul were it not just
That God should do so too, and say Be curst ?

Roaring and Ranting is his Hellish Note ;
Quaffing so long until his senses float ;
Drunk, like a beast, he staggers up and down,
Sleeps like a Hog, and is a Devil grown.

But oh ! if God, thus angred, ready be
To say, Thou Fool, I do require of thee
Thy soul this, night ! come, give a just account
To what thy Stewardship does now amount.

How dumb and senseless would he stand, to see
Hell ready to devour him presantly !
Calls to the Rocks, and strives to get a place
Therein to hide him from God's angry face.

But yet, suppose God suffers him to live,
Adds mercy unto mercy, and does give
Him get a longer time of life, and tries
If he'll Repent before death shuts his eyes—

He sees that time runs round, like to a wheel,
And wrinkled Years upon his brow does steal ;
Besides, gray hairs on 's crazy head doth grow,
Scattered it lies, like to a drift of Snow.



A foggy dimness doth his sight assail,
Striking into his head ; his eyes they fail ;
His tongue does falter, and his hands they shake,
And with the Palsie every limb does quake.

His glass most run, he's even out of breath,
Ready to yield his life to conquering Death,
Who will no longer favour his old age,
But is resolvèd in his death ingage.

It peeps behind the Curtain in his face,
Then draws the Schene, then dreadful in his case ;
His tongue does quiver, and his veins does start
Like sticks asunder ; nay, his very heart

Ceases its motions with his vitals, soon,
And now, alas ! he 's colder than a stone.
His Kinsfolks dear his dying eyes do shut :
So, from his Bed, he 's in a Coffin put.

Thus ends his Earthly splendour and his pleasure ;
Wife, Children. Kingsfolk, and his bags of treasure,
Are left behind : [his heirs] enjoy the same estate
A little while, but follow must his fate.

Nay, they're not sure to keep it half a day,
For Death does oft sweep Families away ;
The Infant 's instantly bereav'd of Mother,
Husband from Wife, the Sister from her Brother.

Behold this figure ! see, the glass does run !
Therefore repent, before thy time is gone !
Both young and old, have this before your eyes,
You're born to happiness or miseries.

O therefore, wretched man, this very day
Strive by repenting teares to wash away
Thy sins: and then, no doubt, the Lord will be
In love and mercy reconcil'd to thee.

*The manner of Christ's coming at the day of
Judgement.*

Serene, like as the days of Noah were,
So shall the coming of God's Son appear ;

Eating and Drinking, men will merry make,
And carnal Souls Security will take.

And, like the thief who cometh in the night,
So will the Son of Man in glory bright
Come down, with numerous Angels, and the sound
Of trumpets shrill, whose voice unnerves the ground.

The dead arise ; Lord what a horror here
Is to the wicked, who must strait appear,
And come to Judgement O, how this begins
To bring to mind their many wretched Sins !

O what sad shrieks they make, and clam'rous cries,
To see Hell gaping just before their eyes,
The Heav'ns to melt away with fervent heat,
The Earth a burning underneath their feet.

The Blessed State of the Godly.

But happy, ever happy, are the Sheep
Of Christ, who joy for evermore will keep,
When he shall say to Saints, Come, come thee hither,
You of my chosen Flock, blest of the Father.

The Kingdom now enjoy, for you prepar'd
Before the heav'ns were made, or world was rear'd.
Oh ! what soul-ravishing sweet news is this !
Angels attend them presently to bliss.

The Miserable State of the Wicked.

But hark ! what grief the Damnèd does attend,
Who have no Advocate to stand their Friend :
Sentence must passed be, “Go, go to dwell
In Firey Burnings in the Lake of Hell !

Depart with Devils which did you entice
To hate your Saviour, and cleave to Vice
Go to that Everlasting Pit, and lye
Howling with firey Friends perpetually

O what a wretched sight ’twill be to see
The Devils dragging them to misery !
Husbands to see their Wives convey’d to Bliss,
Whilst they, ’mongst Damnèd, quite Salvation miss.

Son from the Father, Father from the Son,
Must partest be in the great day of Doom ;
Praising of God, and own it to be just
Their own Relations are with Devils curst.

The Godly they to Heaven take their flight,
Whilst wicked take their course to Hell out-right.
Lord ! let us watch continually, and pray
That we may be prepare’d for that Great Day.

Give us Repentance, that, whilst here we live,
We may the offers of thy Son receive ;
Then feed our souls, good God ! with thy rich grace,
That we may stand before our Saviour's face.



*Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in
Dye-Corner near West-Smithfield.*

Glad Tydings from Heaven ; Or,
 Christ's glorious Inuitation to all Sinners,
 wherein is described the misery of his Man-
 hood, and the bitternesse of his Passion en-
 dureth for man :

With sundry reasons inferred, to moue Worldlings to
 repentance.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Dolefull Shephard*, or
Sandy Soyle.



Awake from sinne ! vaine man, awake !
 Unto repentance thee betake !

Thy Saviour calls, O come to me,
And I will ease and comfort thee.

My Father, as the Scripture saith,
Delights not in a Sinner's death ;
And therefore hath sent me, his Sonne,
That sinners all to me might come.

Then come to me 'tis onely I
Can helpe thee in thy misery ;
'Tis I can wash thy foule offence,
And cloath thy soule with innocence.

And that thou maist assured be
What paines I have suff'ed for thee,
Attend ! giue care, and listen well
Unto the things that I shall tell.

First, being God, I did become
A man ; nay, worse, a scorne to some,—
Was lou'd of some, despis'd of most,
Still on the sea of sorrowes tost.

No sooner to this world I came,
But *Herod* would my life have tane ;
And wheresoever I did flye,
I was not free from misery.

Cold, hunger, thirst, sad grieve, and paine,
And all that frailty doth sustaine,
My humane nature brought to me ;
All this I felt, O man ! for thee.

Sad sighes, deepe grones, & sweating blood,
I did endure to doe thee good ;
So terrible my torment was,
That once I would have had it passe.

And, to conclude the Tragedy
Of all my wofull misery,
The Jewes, at their high Priests command,
Did come and take me out of hand.

Next was I brought to *Caiphas'* Hall,
There to appeare before them all ;
And at length decreed it was
That I must suffer on the Crosse.

But first, they did there all agree
With whips to scourge and punish me ;
Which being done, then presently
I was convey'd to *Calvary*.

Where, to augment my misery,
They nailèd me upon a Tree ;
And, 'cause I should not want disgrace,
Betweene two theeves I had my place.

And, being crowned with thornès sharpe,
Each one would, flouting at me, carpe ;
And he was counted there the best,
That could deride and mocke me most.

This done, to make an end of all,
They gave mee vinegar and gall ;
And lastly, they did pierce my side,
Whence blood and water did proceed.

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.



These torments, Man, I did endure,
That thou mightst be for ever sure
Of life, and come with Faith to me,
That I from stane might set thee free,

Then come with Faith doe not despaire
Although thy sinnes as crimson are,
Yet hath my Blood them washed so,
That they shall be as white as snow.

If thou a murtherer hast beene,
Or given to adulterous sinne,
View *David*, who was both, and yet,
Repenting, he did mercy get.

If sottish drunken thou hast beene,
Or stained with incestuous sinne,
See *Lot*, who fell into that lust,
Yet by God's love was counted just.

If thou, by cursed Perjury,
Hast cast thy soule in jeopardy,
With *Peter's* teares wash off thy sinne,
And thou with him shalt mercy winne.

If thou (of knowledge destitute)
My Church didst ever persecute,
Do not despaire, but looke on *Paul*,
And then for mercy to me call.

The Prodigall, that thriftlesse sonne
Who headlong into vice did runne,
Was not cast off in misery,
When once "Peccavi!" he did cry.

Mary a long time went astray,
Yet did her teares wash sinne away ;
She thought it not too late, at last,
Downe at my feet her selfe to cast.

The Theefe, that all his life had spent
In sinne, not meaning to repent,
Did at the length obtaine mercy,
'Cause he with penitence did dye.

'Tis not the greatnesse of the crime
Should make thee thinke it out of time
For to repent, and on me call ;
My passion can suffice for all.

For all that sorrow for their sinne,
And never more delight therein ;
For those that truly will repent,
For such my Father hath me sent.

Then whatso'ere thou be, that art
With sinne polluted, cleanse thy heart ;
Come with a contrite soule to me,
And I thine Advocate will be.

Come come ! my Fathers wrath prevent ;
Leave off your folly, and repent !
O come to me ! I call againe,
Let not my Passion be in vaine.

Now those that fondly doe presume,
Till utmost gaspe, in sinne to runne,
Let them assure themselves of this,
That of my mercy they may misse.

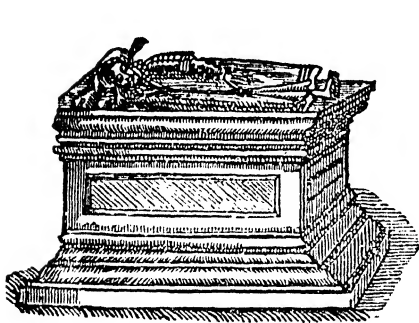
FINIS.



London Printed for C. W.

A Godly Song, entituled, A farewell
to the World, made by a Godly Christian, named
Thomas Byll, being the Parish Clerke of *West-*
Felton, as he lay upon his Death-bed, shewing the
vanitie of the World, and his desire to be dis-
solved.

TO THE TUNE OF *Fortune, my Foe!*



Behold, O Lord, a Sinner in distresse,
Whose heart is vext with inward heavinesse !
Remit my sinnes, my God, and mercie showe,
For here I live in griefe, perplext with woe.

All flesh is frayle, and brittle like to glasse ;
Man's life, like fading Flowers, away doth passe ;
My time is come that I from hence must goe,
Then, for sweet Jesus' sake, Lord mercy showe.

The day and houre is come that I must dye ;
I trust my Soule shall strait ascend the skye,
Where Saints and Angells ever doe rejoyce,
Giving him praises due, with heart and voice.

Oh ! sinfull Man, deferre not thou the time ;
Up *Jacob's* Ladder, Father, let me clime,
Where as thy Angells up and down descend,
Betwixt my Soule and Bodie, at my end.

I must not die never to rise againe,
But I must die for to be freed from paine ;
My Saviour, by his death, hath bought my life,
To raigne with him when finisht is this strife.

My earthly Spirits fayle, my time is run ;
My face is wan ; thy Messenger is come,
A welcome Guest, that welcome is to mee,
To beare my hence unto felicitie.

My Sun is sette, I have not long to stay,
But, ere the morning, I shall see a day
That shall outshine the splendour of the Sun,
When to the holy Trinity I come.

Me thinks I (casting up my dying eyes)
Behold the Lord in glory on the skies,
With all his heavenly Angells in that place,
Smiling with joy to see his cheereful face.

Both King and Kesar, every one, must die,
The stoutest heart the sting of death must trie ;
The Rich, the Poore, the Aged, and the Babe,
When Sickle comes, each flower then doth fade.

Then, World, farewell! I see all is but vaine ;
From dust I came, to dust I must againe ;
No humane pomps our life from death can stay ;
When time is come, we must forthwith away.

For worldlie pleasure is but vanitie ;
None can redeeme this life from death, I see ;
Nor *Cresus'* wealth, nor *Alexanders* fame,
Nor *Sampsons* strength, that could Deaths fury tame.

Our Father *Adam*, he for sin did fall,
Which brought destruction present on us all ;
But, heavenly Father thou thy Sonne didst send
Us to redeeme, his deerest blood didst spend.

Farewell, deere Wife and my seven Children small,
For I must goe when as the Lord doth call ;
The Glasse is run—my time is past away—
The trumpe doth sound—I can no longer stay.

Nothing but one I in this world doe crave,
That is, to bring my Corpes dead to the Grave ;
And Angells shall my Soule in safetie keepe,
Whilst that my Bodie in the grave doth sleepe.

The Bells most sweetly ringing doe I heere,
And now sterne Death with speed approacheth neere
But the Bell towling doe I heare at last,—
Sweet Lord ! receive my Soule when death is past.

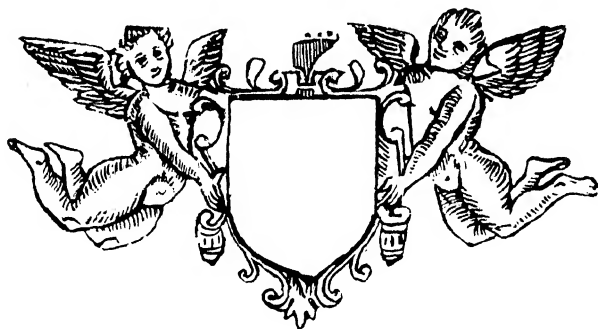
FINIS.



Thomas Byll.

The Soules Petition at Heauen Gate;
Or, the Second Part of the Clerke of *West-Felton*,
being *Thomas Byll*.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



O God which framedst both the earth and skye,
With speed give eare unto my wofull crye ;
Receive my Soule with thee for to remaine
In Angells' blisse, where thou, O Lord! dost reigne.

Though I against thy Lawes rebelled have,
For my rebellion, Lord ! I mercie crave ;
Remit my sinnes, though I have done amisse,
For Jesus' sake take me into true blisse,

Where joyes are evermore without an end,
And heavenly Quiristers the time doth spend
In singing Himnes and praises to the Lord,
Lifting up heart and voice with one accord.

Oh ! what a comfort is it for to see
The sacred Face of such a Majestie
As thou, O God amongst thy Angells bright,
The which no mortall can behold with sight.

Cast me not, Lord, out from before that face,
But with thy Saints grant me a dwelling place ;
And from thy Throane, O Lord, doe not expell
My Soule, but grant that it with thee may dwell.

Let me with *David* beg to keepe a doore
In that hie Court, where joyes are evermore ;
In *Abrahams* bosome, Father, let me sit ;
Cast not my Soule into the fierie pit.

Consume me not in thy provoked ire,
But mercie grant : O Lord, I thee desire,
And though I thee offended have by sinne,
Shut not the doore, but let me enter in.

I must confesse I thee offended have,
And am not worthy pardon to for crave ;
But now with thee all mercy is alone,
To whom my Soule for mercy now is flowne.

Take pitty, then, O Lord, for Jesus' sake
Into thy Tabernacle my Soule take ;
Remember how thy Sonne for me hath dyde,
And for my sake deathes passions did abide.

He is the Key the gate for to unlock ;
He makes me entrance when my soule doth knock ;
Unto repentant Soules, by promise, gave
That they with him a place in Heaven should have.

Then open unto me, O Lord, thy Gate,
Where thou as King doth raigne in high estate;
Confound me not with them that wicked are,
But in thy mercies let me have a share.

Deale not in justice with my Soule, O Lord !
For then a heavie sentence thou’lt award ;
If sinfull Soules should have their due desert,
In Hell’s hot flame they should for ever smart.

Grant that my Soule may enter in true blisse ;
Condemne me not, though I have don amisse ;
But let my Soule with heavenly Angells sing
Most joyfully to thee, my Lord and King.

For there are joyes which ever shall endure, —
The waters sweet of Life flow there most pure ;
There shall no worldly cares our minds molest,
But there shall we remaine in truest rest.

Which blest inheritance, O Lord, I pray,
Give to each Christian in thy righteous way ;
Grant that we all may gaine felicitie,
In Heaven to dwell above the starrie skie.

FINIS.

London, printed for Henry Gossen.

Good Ale for my Money.

The Good-Fellows resolution of strong Ale,
That cures his nose from looking pale.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Countrey Lasse*.

Be merry, my friends, and list a while
unto a merry jest ;

It may from you produce a smile,
when you heare it exprest,—

Of a young man lately married,
which was a boone good fellow,

This song in 's head he alwaies carried
when drink had made him mellow :

*I cannot go home, nor I will not go home,
It 's long of the oyle of Barly ;*

*Ile tarry all night for my delight,
and go home in the morning early.*

No Tapster stout, or Vintner fine,
quoeth he, shall ever get

One groat out of this purse of mine,
to pay his master's debt :

Why should I deal with sharking Rookes,
that seeke poor gulls to cozen,

To give twelve pence for a quart of wine ?
of ale 'twell buy a dozen.

I will make me sing I cannot, &c.

The old renowned I-pocrist
and Raspie doth excell ;
But never any wine could yet
my honour please to swell.
The Rhenish wine, or Muscadine,
sweet Malmsie is too fulsome ;
No give me a cup of Barlie broth,
for that is very wholesome.
Twill make me sing, I cannot, &c.

Hot waters are to me as death,
and soone the head oreturneth.
And Nectar hath so strong a breath ;
Canary, when it burneth,
It cures no paine, but breaks the braine,
and raps out oathes and curses,
And makes men part with heavie heart,
but light it makes their purses.
I cannot go home, &c.

Some say Metheglin beares the name
with Perry and sweet Sider ;
'Twill bring the body out of frame,
and reach the belly wider ;
Which to prevent I am content
with ale that 's good and nappie,
And when thereof I have enough,
I thinke my selfe most happy.
I cannot go home, &c.

All sorts of men, when they do meet,
both trade and occupation,
With curtesie each other greet,
and kinde humiliation ;
A good coale fire is their desire,
whereby to sit and parly ;
They'le drinke their ale, and tell a tale,
and go home in the morning early.
I cannot go home, &c.

Your domineering, swaggering blades,
and Cavaliers that flashes,—
That throw the Jugs against the walls,
and break in peecees glasses,—
When Bacchus round cannot be found,
they will, in merriment,
Drinke ale and beere, and cast off care,
and sing with one consent :
I cannot goe home, &c.

The Second Part to the Same Tune.

Here, honest *John*, to thee Ile drinke,
and so to *Will* and *Thomas* ;
None of this company, I thinke,
will, this night, part from us ;

While we are here, wee'll joyne for beere,
like lively lads together !

We have a house over our heads,—
a fig for ranie weather.

I cannot go home, nor I will not go home,

It's 'long of the oyle of barly ;

I stay all night for my delight,

And go home in the morning carly.

Heres *Smug*, the smith, and *Ned*, the cook,
and *Frank*, the fine felt-maker ;

Heres *Steven* with his silver hooke,
and *Wat*, the lustie baker ;

Heres *Harry & Dick*, with *& Greg* and *Nicke* ;
heres *Timothy*, the Tailor ;

Heres honest *Kit*, nere spoke of yet,
and *George*, the joviall Saylor.

That cannot &c.

Wee'll sit and bouse, and merrily chat
and freely we will joyne ;

For care neere paid a pound of debt,
nor shall pay none of mine.

Here is but eighteen pence to pay,
since every man is willing ;

Bring drinke with all the speed you may,
wee'll make it up two shillings.

We cannot, &c,

Let Father frowne, and Mother chide,
And Uncle seeke to finde us ;
Here is good lap, here will we hide,
weele leave no drinke behinde us.
A proverbe old I have heard told
by my deere dad and grandsire,
He was hang'd that left his drinke behinde,"
therefore this is our answer,
We cannot &c,

James, the Joyner, he hath paid,
And *Anthony*, the Glover ;
Our hostesse hath a pretty maid,
I cannot chuse but love her :
Her pot she'll fill with right good will ;—
here's ale as browne as a berry,
Twill make an old woman dance for joy,
and an old man's heart full merry.
I cannot &c.

'Twill make a Souldier domineere,
and bravely draw his rapier ;
Such vertue doth remaine in beere,
'Twell make a Cripple caper :
Women with men will, now and then,
sit round and drinke a little ;
Tom Tinkers wife, on Friday night,
for drinke did pawne her kettle,

*She could not come home, nor would not come home,
her belly began to rumble ;
She had no power to go nor stand,
but about the street did tumble.*

Thus to conclude my verses rude,
would some good fellowes here
Would joyne together pence a peece,
to buy the singer beere :
I trust none of this company
will be herewith offended ;
Therefore, call for your Jugs a peece,
and drink to him that pen'd it.

Finis.

Lawrence Price.

Printed at London.

A good Wife, or none.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.

The blazing Torch is soone burnt out,
 the Diamonds light abides ;
 The one in glory shines about,
 the other its vertue hides :
 That sparke (if any) shall be mine,
 that else gives light to none ;
 For if to every one shee shine,
I had rather lie alone.

The Glow-worm in the dark gives light
 unto the view of many ;
 The Moone she shewes her selfe by night
 and yeelds herselfe to any :
 But if my Love should seeme to be
 of every one so knowne,
 She never more should shine on me,
I had rather lie alone.

He not consume, nor pine away—
 as other lovers doe—
 For such as, wandring, walke astray,
 and never will prove true :
 He set as light by any shee,
 as shee by me hath done,
 And fixe my love on constancie,
or else will lye alone.

A willow Garland for my head
I never meane to weare ;
I need no pillow for my bed ;
I yet am void of care :
A single life is without strife,
and freed from sigh and grone ;
For such contentments of my life
Ile chose to lie alone.

Once did I love the fairest Love
that ever eye did see ;
But she did most unconstant prove,
and set no love by me :
And ever since my mind is such,
to lend my love to none ;
Because I have been crost so much,
Ile ever lie alone.

The beautie of the fairest Flowre,
so pleasing to the eye,
Doth fade and wither in an houre,
and no man sets thereby :
So deales my fairest faire with me,
her joyes in love are gone ;
Wherefore the wanton world shall see
Ile choose to lye alone.

The Second Part, to the Same Tune

Well may we picture *Cupid* blinde,
 which, roving, shot his dart,
 And made my lover most unkinde,
 to steale away my heart,
 Which cannot be restor'd againe,
 it is so love sicke growne ;
 For she hath kil'd it with disdaine,
therefore Ile lie alone.

Within that face I once did see
 two diamond eyes, whose bright
 and glistring beames so dazled me,
 that I was ravisht quite,
 And struck so blind, I could not see
 the way that I had gone ;
 But from fond love I'm now set free,
and choose to lye alone.

This single life breeds golden ease ;
 no jealous thoughts offend ;
 Unwedded wights goc where they please,
 and feare no changing friend ;
 While married mates, with musing mind,
 doe sob, and sigh, and grone,
 Because their Turtles prove unkind ;
therefore, Ile lye alone.

What if the Willow Garland be
appointed for my lot ?
Yet this content shall comfort me,
false love is soone forgot :
A second Love may make amends,
now that the first is gone ;
For *Cresid* kind had choyce of friends,
else still had lien alone.

For if I could but cull my Choyce
out of *Diana's* traine,
Who will not heare the tempter's voice,
then might I love againe,
And choose some yet more constant light
then that which lately shone,
My equall fancie to requite,
Or still Ile lye alone.

For time and opportunitie
will win the coyest Dame.
And overcome the chastest she
that bears the bravest name :
Yea, Man was made for Woman's good,
not like the idle drone,—
But for to heat and stirre the blood ;
and not to lye alone

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for *Francis Coules*,

Good Counsell for young Wooers :

Shewing the Way, the Meares, and the Skill,
 To wooe any Woman, be she what she will :
 Then all young men that are minded to wooe,
 Come, here this new Ballad, and buy't ere you goe.

To a dainty new tune, or else it may be
 Sung to the tune of *Prettie Bessee*.

Come, all you young Pupils, that yet have no skill
 In wooing to get a fine Lasses good will,
 If you will be ruldd, and take my advice,
 Ile teach you to wooc and speed in a trice :
 You must not be daunted, whatever she say,
 He may speed tomorrow that 's cast off to day.
 [*Then*] if you will wooc a *Wench* with a blacke brow,
Accept of my Counsell, and Ile tell you how :
You must kisse her, & colt her, until she doth yield,—
A faint hearted Souldier will never win field.

You must set her beauty at very highest rate,
 And never leave wooing her, early and late ;
 Tell her that her brow, like a black Loadstone, drawes
 Thy Iron heart to her, as Jet will doe straws.

When she doth conceive and perceive thy respect,
Ere long thy industry shall find an effect.

*Then, you that wil wooc a wench with a black brow,
Accept of my counsell, &c.*

For take this from me, a blacke wench is still proud,
And loves well to heare her praise set forth aloud ;
Although she accuse thee of flattery oft,
And tell thee she cannot abide to be scoft,
Yet never leave praysing her—for, if thou dost,
Thy speeches, thy paines, and thy love is all lost.

*Then, if you will wooc a wench with a black brow,
Accept of my Counsell, &c.*

Comply with her humour in every thing right,
For that 's the chiefe course that can give her
delight ;

If thou see her merry, then laugh, sing, and jest,
Or tell some love tales (this a maiden likes best) ;
And when she is sad, then put finger i' th eye,—
For wooers (like women) must oft feigne a cry.

*Then, if you will wooc a wench with a blacke brow,
Accept of my Counsell, &c.*

If great be her Portion, and thou be but poore,
Thy duty and paines must be so much the more ;
Thou must vow good husbandry during thy life,
That wilt thou not promise to get such a wife ?

Gownes, Kirtles, and toyes of the fashion, all new,
What though all thy words prove not afterward
true ?

*Then, if you will wooe a Wench with a black brow,
Accept of my Counsell, &c.*

If thou from her sight have beene too long away,
Then redeeme thy negligence with longer stay ;
And, if she be angry, be sure goe not thence
Until thou force her with thy fault to dispence ;
And tell her thou wilt not onely stay all day,
But (if she please) thou wilt her all night obey.
*Then, if you will wooe a Wench with a black brow,
Accept of my counsell, and Ile tell you how ;
You must kisse her, and coll her, untill she doe yield,
For a faint-hearted Souldier will never win field.*

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

Have her to Weddings, playes, and merry meetings,
Where she may notice take of Louers greetings ;
Such objects often-times a motive be
To make her love thee, if she were a Lady.
For when a Maid sees what is done by another,
It more will perswade then advice from her Mother.

*Then, if you will wooe a Wench with a black brow,
Accept of my Counsell, and Ile tell you how ;
You must kisse her, and coll her, until she doe yield,
For a faint-hearted Souldier will never win field.*

If unto a Faire thou doe goe, farre or nigh,
Although thou have other great matters to buy,
Yet, when thou com'st home againe, be not thou
sparing

To say thou went'st onely to buy her a fayring :
By this she will thinke thou wilt be a kind wretch,
That would'st goe so farre off a fayring to fetch.

Then you that will wooe a Wench, &c.

If she be in presencc, when others are by,
Where words must be wanting, there wooe with thy
eye :

Although it seeme strange, yet experience doth prove
That the eye doth convey the first motion of Love ;
And thou maist perceive by her eye, whether she
Doe well correspond in affection with thee.

Then if thou wilt wooc a Wench, &c.

When by these meanes (or by any of them)
Thou hast got this favour of thy precious Gem,
Be carefull to hold and keepe what thou hast got,
The Proverbe says Strike the Iron while it is hot ;
For, if thou protract, and let slip thy occasion,
She's not so soone woone with a second persuation.

Then if thou wilt, &c.

Then well may'st perceive, by the words that are past,
 That I doe advise thee to marry in haste ;
 A thing may be dasht when it comes to the push,
 And one bird in hand is worth two in the bush :
 One day, nay, one houre (if thou like thy wife),
 May make thee, or marre thee, all the dayes of thy life.

Then if you will wooe a Wench, &c.

Although, in my counsell, I let others passe,
 And only have mention made of a blacke Lasse,
 Yet be thy sweet-heart either blacke, browne, or
 ruddy,

These Lessons, kind Wooer, are fit for thy study :
 Be she fayre or foule, be she Widdow or Maid,
 In wooing, a man must doe as I have said.

All you that will wooe a Wench, &c.

And now, with this counsell, my ditty Ile end,
 And if any Carper my skill discommend,
 Hee'le shew little wisdomes my counsell to blame,
 For the wisest Wooer may follow the same ;
 And if they will not, for my part let them chuse.
 But once more I will them these Lines to peruse.

*Then if you will wooe a Wench with a black brow,
 Accept of my counsell, and Ile tell you how ;
 You must kisse her, and coll her, unto she doe yield,
 A faint-hearted Souldier will never win field.*

FINIS.

M. P.

Printed at London for F. G.

An Hundred Godly Lessons,

That a Mother on her Death-Bed gave to her Children, whereby they may know how to Guide themselves towards God and Man, to the benefit of the Common-wealth, joy of their Parents, and good to themselves.

TO THE TUNE OF *Dying Christian's Exhortation.*



My Children dear, mark well my words,
and keep thy Parents will ;
Consider daily in your minds
the words which I shall tell ;

The Gain is great which shall ensue ;
good Counsel doth direct
Their ways and actions for the best
that do it not neglect.

First, worship God above all things ;
vain swearing see you shun ;
Hear much, but see you little say,
thereby much good is won.
Speak thou no ill of any man ;
tend well thine own affairs ;
Bridle thy wrath and anger so
that thereof come no cares,

Be mild and gentle in thy speech
both unto Man and Child ;
Refuse not good and lawful gains ;
with words be not beguil'd.
Forget not any good turn done,
and help thy Neighbours need ;
Commit no ill in any case ;
the hungry see thou feed.

Cast no man in the Teeth with that
which thou for him hast done ;
Remember flesh is fond and frail,
and hatred see thou shun.

Leave wicked things, then no mishap
shall thee to trouble bring ;
Crave no preferment of the Lord,
nor honour of the King.

Boast not thy selfe before *God's* sight,
who knows thy heart alway ;
Offend not thou the multitude ;
faint not when thou dost pray ;
Scorne not a Man in misery ;
esteem not tatling Tales ;
Consider, Reason is exil'd
when as a Drunkard rails.

Use not thy lips to loathsome lies ;
by craft increase no wealth ;
And strive not with a mighty man ;
with temperance nourish health.
Look that thou order well thy words ;
leave not thy Friend for Gold ;
Trust not too much before thou try ;
in vent'ring be not bold.

In *God* Repose thy strength and stay ;
with Tongue extol his praise ;
Honour thy Parents, and the *Lord*
he will prolong thy days.

He that his Father honour doth,
 God will forgive his sin ;
He that his Mother loves, is like
 one that doth favour win.

A Child, obedient to the *Lord*,
 his Mother comfort shall ;
The father's Blessing stays the house,
 his curse doth make it fall.
A wise Child makes the father glad ;
 fools do their Mother grieve ;
And shame shall come to such as do
 their Parents not relive.

He that his Mother doth despise
 shall come to naught and worse ;
The Ravens shall pick out their eyes
 that do their Parents curse.
From needy men turn not thy face ;
 let not thy right hand know
What thou dost with thy left hand give,
 or on the Poor bestow.

They that upon the Poor bestow
 unto the *Lord* doth lend ;
And *God* unto such men again
 a thousand fold will send :

As water doth the fire quench,
whose fury great doth grow,
Even so shall mercy quench their sins
the which do mercy show.

Hear thou God's word with earnest ear ;
with wisdom answer make ;
Be thou not mov'd with every wind—
such course do sinners take.
Thy talk will show thy fame or shame ;
fools oft themselves annoy ;
Trust not thy own will overmuch,
for that may thee destroy.

They that the living God do fear
a faithful friend shall find ;
A true friend is a jewel rare
and *comfort to the mind.*

*Hear Sermons, that good sentences
thou mayst conceive aright ;
In God's Commandments exercise
thy self both day and night.*



Think on the pain thy Mother had
in bringing thee to life ;
Fear God, who knowes thy secret thoughts,
and look thou make no strife.
Visit the sick with carefulness ;
the Prisoner's grief consider ;
Shew pittie to the fatherless,
and God will thee deliver

Help still to right the Widow's wrong ;
remember still thine end ;
So thou shalt never do amiss,
nor wilfully offend :
Trust not a Reconciléd Friend
more than a open Foe ;
Who toucheth Pitch shall be defil'd ;—
take heed thou do *not* so.

Take not a wife that wanton is,
and full of shameful words ;
The flattering of an Harlot is
at length more sharp than Swords.
Cast not thy love on such a one
whose looks can thee allure ;
In every face where Beauty is
the heart 's not always pure.

A woman faire and undiscreet
is like a Ring of gold,
The which in a Swines snout is set,
unseemly to behold.
The malice of lewd woman shun,
for they will thee destroy ;
Hate her that doth on every man
set her delights and joy.

From others let thy praise proceed ;
boast not thyself in ought ;
Nor do not hear a flattering tongue,—
thereby much ill is wrought.
The Child that doth his Parents rob,
and counteth it no sin,
A vile destroyer he is deem'd,
and shall no favour win.

Correction bringeth wisdom sound ;
fools hate good Counsell still ;
'That Child doth shame his Mother much
that 's let to have his will.
'The good man's paths shine as the light
that beautifies the day ;
The wicked know not where they walk,
for darkness is their way.

Put far from thee a froward mouth ;
a slanderous tongue is ill ;
And do not thou an Envious mind
in any wise fulfill.
A Harlot brings a Man to beg ;
in her is found no truth ;
In gladness, therefore, live and dye
with the wife of thy Youth.

Much Babling breedeth great offence ;
he that speaks least is wise ;
God's blessing only makes men Rich,
from thence all joys arise.
Better is little, fearing God,
than bags of gold got ill ;
And better is one bit of bread
than a fat Ox with ill will.

Who brooks no warning, hates his soul ;
true Age worship aright ;
A patient Man far better is
than one indued with might.
Man's credit comes by doing good ;
an humble mind, indeed,
Is better than a Lyar proud,
from whence vain brags proceed.

By this, dear Children, you may learn
how to direct your ways
To God, to Prince, to Common-wealth,
whereon your welfare stays.
Print well in your Remembrance
the Lessons I have shown,
Then shall you live in happy state
when I am dead and gone.

Printed for A. Milbourn, in Green-Arbor-Court,
in the Little Old-Baily.

Have among you ! good Women :

Or,

A High-way discourse betweene old *William Starket*,

And *Robin Hobs*, going to Maydstone market ;
 Good Women before hand let me you advise,
 To keepe your owne counsell, and so be held wise.
 If any one take in ill part what here's said,
 Shee'l shew by her kicking that shee's a gauld jade.

TO THE TUNE OF *O such a Rogue*

Good morrow, old father *Starket*,
 whither goe you with such speed.
 Ime going to *Maidstone* Market
 to buy such things as I need.
 I care not if I goe along with you,
 if you goe no faster then I.
 I am very glad that I spide you,
 for I love good company.
 What thinke you of *Alice* that sels butter,
 her neighbor's head-clothes she off pluckt,
 And she scolded from dinner to supper
 oh ! such a scold would be cuckt.

There's many such birds in our towne,
whose fury no reason can swage ;
Ide give very gladly a crowne
to heare them all sing in a Cage :
Poore men in subjection are held
so are modest women likewise
Unlesse their owne mind be fulfill'd,
they'll be ready to scratch out ones ies.
What thinke you of *Jone* the Spinner
her husband's pocket she pickt,
And she grudges her servants their dinner :
Oh ! such a *Queane* would be kickt.

Nay, kicking 's too good for her ;
her husband of her stands in awe ;
Out of doores he dares not stirre
for feare that he feele club law :
If he to the Ale-house steale,
shee'll go as fast, or faster,
And there she will ring him a peale
that is worse then Lord or Master.
What thinke you of *Ruth*, the Seamstris ?
her tongue can no way be reclam'd ;
She rules o're poor *Tom*, like an Empresse :
Oh ! such a proud wench would be tam'd.

'Tis pittie that men are such fooles
to make themselves slaves to their wives ;

For still, where the foot the head rules,
'tis wonder if any thing thrives.
That man that will be his wife's drudge,
of such a conceat I am,
That if I might be his Judge,
he should eat none o' th roasted Ram,
What thinke you of *Jone* that cries pins
come, eight rowes a penny ! cries shee ;
She has broken her husband's shins,
and sweares shee'll be drunke before hee.

Why, wherefore all this doth he suffer ?
why, if he should give her a check,
She tels her friends how he doth cuff her
and threatens to break her neck :
So he, for feare shee'll cry out,
dares neither to strike nor chide her,
For shee'll give the word all about
that his Queans will not let him abide her.
What thinke you of drunken *Sue*
for drinke she will sell all her smocks ;
I' th streets she will raile and spew ;
'tis fit she were tam'd in the stocks.

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

Nay, sometimes, besides her own getting,
 shee'll pawne his shirt and his breeches,
 Which all shall be spent at a sitting,
 and thus she increaseth his riches.
 What thinks her poore husband of that
 why, if he doe her reprehend,
 His face she will scratch like a Cat,
 and sweares what she gets she will spend.
 What thinke you of *Peg* the Pie-woman ?
 her nose hath been cut and slasht,
 Shee's turn'd now a dayes very common :
 Oh ! such a Queane would be lasht.

Last Saturday noone, at dinner,
 some spoke about her, I suppose,
 How she was found nought with a Joyner,
 whose wife came and cut her Nose :
 Indeed, no body can blame her,
 she has given her a mark to be knowne :
 And if all that will not shame her,
 the Hangman has markt her for his own.
 What thinke you of snuffelling *Kate*
 by her many woman have smarted ;
 She'sels Maidenheads at a rate :"
 oh ! such a old Trot would be carted.

Such cunning old sluts as she,
indeed, are the ruine of many ;
Such fast-holding Lime-twigs they be,
that if they get hold of any,
There's no speech at all of dismissing,
whiles money their turne can serve.
Thus, whiles he his Minion is kissing,
his poore wife and children may starve.
What thinke you of *Madge* that cries wheat
she makes her poor husband shed teares ;
She useth to cozen and cheat,
but the Pillory gapes for her eares.

I heard lately how she did deale
with a Butcher, a notable blade,
Whom she guld of a quarter of Veale,
and thus she set up her trade :
Since that she hath done many a sleight
as bad, or rather worse ;
If you in her company 'light,
I wish you take heed of your purse.
What think you of quarrelling *Nan*,
that will to no goodnesse be turn'd
She threatens to kill her good man :
oh ! such a Queane would be burned.

Ime sorry to heare that newes,
when man and wife are at strife :

Alas ! neighbour, how can you chuse,
when a man goe in danger on 's life ?
Loe ! thus we have talkt away time,
and nowe perforce must we part ;
The Market is now in the prime,
then farewell with all my heart :
Commend me to *Doll* at the Crowne,
that message must not be mist ;
Shee's the kindest Hostis in the towne :
oh ! such a Lasse would be kist.

But stay, neighbour, harke you one word,
which I had forgotton before,—
What heare you of little *Kate Bird* ?
some say she is turn'd arrant whore.
Indeed, neighbour, I thought no lesse,
since that with her I was acquainted ;
A man can no otherwise guesse,
her face is most basely painted :
She lodges with mouldy fac't *Nell*,
and I doubt they will never be parted
'Till the one get the lash in Bridewell
and the other from Newgate be carted.

FINIS.

M.P.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*.

Household Talke ; or,
Good Councell for a Married Man.

Deliuered in a Prittie Dialogue, By *Roger* a
Batchelor, to *Simon*, a (Iealous) Married-man.

TO THE TUNE OF *Buckle and Thong-a.*



Simon.

Neighbour Roger, woe is me !
I am sorely discontented ;

No redresse at all I see ;
more and more I am tormented :
Night and Day
I pine away,
Whilst my dearest friends doe scoffe me ;
to my face they (boldly) say
My Cosen makes a Cuckold of me.

Roger.

Neighbour Simon, be not sad,
let not Passion over-sway thee ;
If thy Wife will be so bad
that in such false coine shee'll pay thee,
Why, therefore,
Shouldst thou deplore,
Or weare stockings that are yellow ?
tush ! be blith, (man !) greive no more,
A Cuckold is a good man's fellow.

Simon.

Ah ! how can I chuse but be
griev'd and vexèd out of measure,
When, with mine owne eyes, I see
him a Rivall in my pleasure ?
With sore sobs
My bosome throbs,
When I heare my neighbours scoffe me ;
of all joy my heart it robs,
My Cosen makes a Cuckold of me.

Roger.

Jealousie's a mad disease,
and upon the brain it worketh ;
Like tormenting Lice, or Fleas,
it in secret corners lurketh ;
But that he,
Who ere he be,
Shewes himselfe in wit but shallow,
to be vext with Jealousie ;—
A Cuckold is a good man's fellow.

Simon.

'Tis a saying, long agoe
us'd by those that know it truely,
Every man can tame a Shrooe
but he who hath a wife unruly :
And he that weares
The Shooe declares
Best where it wrings him—doe not scoffe me—
this report still fills mine eares,
My Cosen makes a Cuckold of me.

Roger.

Tush, then ! it seemes 'tis bare report !
not apparent by Probation ;
Neighbour, I am sorry for 't,
that, on such a weake foundation,
You should frame
Such a Fame

Of your wife ; 'tis nought, I tell you ;
yet, suppose she were to blame,
A Cuckold is a good man's fellow.

Simon.

Alas ! deare neighbour, you mistake ;
'tis not on meere supposition
That I this relation make,—
I have grounds for my suspition
He and shee
So agree
That unto my face they scoffe me ;
any man may easily see
My Cosen makes a Cuckold of me.

Roger.

Presuppose that all be true
(as I hardly can beleeeve it),
Yet it is but vaine for you
in the worst sence to conceive it ;
I dare say
(as I may)
It 's but flammes some Gossips tell you ;
Yet if she have gone astray,
A Cuckold is a good man's fellow.

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.



Simon.

Truely, neighbour Roger, now
 I perceive that you are leaning
 To defend (if you knew how)
 the knave and queane,—I find your meaning !
 I suppose
 Y' are one of those
 That behind my backe will scoffe me !
 now I finde the game, how 't goes,
 My Cosen makes a Cuekold of me.

Roger.

Jealous Coxcombe ! leave thy prate ;
doe not thus bewray thy folly ;
If Cornuting be thy fate,
be not mad with Melancholy !
I doe scorne
To subborne
He or she, in vice to wallow ;
yet I'de have thee hide thy horne,—
A Cuckold is a good man's fellow.

Simon.

Neighbour Roger, when you come
into th' row of neighbours married,
I beleeve you'le not be dumbe,
if things be no better carried
Then they be
Now with me ;
Farre and neere the people scoffe me ;
like you, I wish that I were free ;
My Cosen makes a Cuckold of me.

Roger.

Neighbour Sim, I doe not know
what my fate may be in choosing ;
But if I e're come i' th' row,
I'me resolv'd not to be musing

Whether she
Be true to me,—
I will not shew myselfe so shallow,—
for, if I be like to thee,
A Cuckold is a good man's fellow

Simon.

Honest Roger, by my troth,
thou hast given me satisfaction ;
From henceforth, upon my oath,
(unlesse I take them in the action)
I will not
My selfe besot
With Jealousie, that made some scoffe me ;
yet, 'twill hardly be forgot,
My Cosen makes a Cuckold of me.

Roger.

Prethee, Sim, forget it quite,
thinke thy wife is constant to thee ;
This is one thing, marke it right,
many good turnes it will doe thee.
If thou seeke
Her use to breake,
Rather strive to stop a Billow
of the Sea ; tush ! never speake ;
A Cuckold is a good man's fellow.

Simon.

Now I am resolv'd to th' full,
never more I will be jealous,
Nor will I mistrust my Scull ;
Ile be merry with good fellowes ;
Home Ile hie,
By and by,
Kisse my Wife (with due submission) ;
thanks, sweete Roger, heartily,
For thy holsome admonition.

FINIS.

M. P.

London, Printed for the Assignes of *Thomas Sim-*
cocks, and are to bee sold by *Francis Grove*,
dwelling upon Snow-hill.

A Health to all Good-Fellowes ;
 OR
 The good Companions Arithmaticke.

TO THE TUNE OF *To drive the cold Winter away.*

Be merry, my hearts, and call for your quarts,
 And let no liquor be lacking ;
 We have gold in store : we purpose to roare
 untill we set care a packing.
 Then, Hostis, make haste, and let no time waste ;
 Let every man have his due ;
 To save shooes and trouble, bring in the pots
 double,
 for he that made one, made two.

Ile drinke up my drinke, and spcak what I thinke ;
 strong drinke will make us spcake truely ;
 We cannot be termed all drunkards confirmed,
 so long as we are not unruly.
 Wee'le drinke and be civill, intending no evil ;
 if none be offended at me,
 As I did before, so Ile adde once more,
 and he that made two, made three.

The greedy Curmudgin sits all the day snudging
at home with browne bread and small beare ;
To Coffe up wealth he starveth himselfe,—
scarce eats a good meale in a yeare :
But Ile not do so, how ere the world go,
so long as I' ve money in store ;
I scorne for to faile—go, fill us more Ale,
for he that made three, made foure.

Why sit you thus sadly ? because I call madly
I meane not to leave in the lurch ;
My reckoning Ile pay ere I go away,
else hang me as high as a Church.
Perhaps you will say this is not the way ;
they must pine that in this world will thrive ;
No matter for that, wee'le laugh and be fat,
for he that made foure, made five.

To those my good friends my love so extends,
I cannot truely expresse it ;
When with you I meet, your words are so sweet,
I am unwilling to misse it.
I hate all base slaves, that their money saves,
and all those that use base tricks ;
For with joviall blades I'm as mery as the maids ;
and he that made five, made six.

Then drinke about round, till sorrow be drownd,
and let us sing *hey downe a derry* ;
I cannot endure to sit thus demure,
for hither I came to be merry :
Then plucke up a good heart before we depart ;
with my Hostesse we will make even ;
For I am set a madding, and still will be adding ;
For he that made six made seven.

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.



Sad melancholly will bring us to folly,
and this is deaths principall magnet ;
But this course I will take,—it never shall make
me looke otherwise than an agnet.
And in more content my time shall be spent,
and Ile pay every man his right ;
Then, Hostesse, go fill, and stand not so still,
for he that made seven, made eight.

At home, I confesse, with my wife, honest *Besse*,
I practise good husbandry well ;
I followed my calling to keepe me from falling ;
my neighbours about me that dwell
Wil praise me at large for maintaining my charge ;
but when I to drinking incline,
I scorne for shrinke,—go fetch us more drinke ;
for he that made eight, made nine.

Then while we are here wee'le drinke Ale & Beer,
and freely our money wee'le spend :
Let no man take care for paying his share,
if need be, Ile pay for my friend.
Then, Hostesse, make haste, and let no time waste ;
You're welcome all, kind Gentlemen :
Never feare to carowse while there is beere in the
house ;
for he that made nine, made ten.

Then, Hostesse, be quicker, and bring us more liquor,
and let no attendance be missing ;
I cannot content me to see the pot empty,—
a full cup is well worth the kissing.
Then, Hostesse, go fetch us some, for till you do come
we are of all joyes bereaven ;
You know what I meane, make haste, come againe ;
for he that made ten, made eleven.

With merry sollaces, quite voyd of all malice,
with honest good fellows that's here,
No cursing nor swearing, no staring nor tearing,
amongst us do seeme to appeare.
When we have spent all, to labour we fall,
for a living wee'le dig or wee'le delve ;
Determin'd to be bounteous and free :
he that made eleven, made twelve.

Now I think it is fit, and most requisit,
to drinke a health to our wives ;
The which being done, wee'le pay and be gone,
strong drinke all our wits now deprives :
Then Hostesse, let 's know the summe that we owe,—
twelve pence there is for certaine ;
Then fill t' other pot, and here's money for 't ;
for he that made twelve, made thirteene.

London Printed for *Henry Gosson*.

FINIS.

Halfe a dozen of good Wives :

All for a penny.

Kind Cozens, or Country-men, what ere you be,
If you want a good penny-worth, come, buy it of me ;
Sixe Wives for a penny, a young one or old,
A cleanely good huswife, a Slut or a Scold.

TO THE TUNE OF *The cleane contrary way.*



If any standers by
that leads a single life,
Desirious be of marriage,
and faine would have a Wife,

Unto the signe of Fortune
let him forthwith repaire,
And either she, or I, will helpe
such customers to ware :

*For, in my time, I have
made prooffe of halfe a dozen,
And if thou hast a mind unto't
come, take one, honest Cozen,
oh ! come, take her, honest Cozen.*

The first of all my Wives
did prove so crosse a Dame,
What ere I said, she still would doe
contrary to the same :

She is so obstinate
that she must have her will,
And, let me doe the best I can
she will be Master still :
*Oh ! this was my good Wife
the best [of the half dozen], &c.*

Besides all these good parts
she 'as humours five or sixe,
Though I please her nere so well at home,
she'll play the mcretrix ;
For, if my backe be turn'd,
abroad she straight must gad,

And, to be briefe, she is so crosse,
as I am ene horne mad.

O, this was my first Wife,
the best, &c.

The second wife I had
was not so light as she ;
But yet she had, I speake to her praise,
as rare a quality.

A thrifty Dame she was,
which prov'd her greatest fault,
She let the Maggotts crawle i' th' meat
to save the charge of salt.

Oh, this was my good Wife,
the best, of the half dozen, &c.

And, when she went to Market,
good penny worths she bought ;
The cheap'st she laid her hands upon
she alwayes with her brought ;

But if that I dislik'd
what she had done that day,
Shee'd keepe the best untill it stunke
and throw the rest away.

O, this was my good Wife,
the best, &c.

The third was somewhat cleanly,
but yet a drunken Sot ;
Shee'd pawne all things for Ale and Beere,
whatever she had got ;
Shee scarce would leave a smocke
or shooe upon her foot,
But at the Alehouse all these went,
and somewhat else to boot.
O, this was my good Wife,
the best of the halfe dozen ;
And if thou'rt weary of single life,
Then take her, honest Cozen :
O, then take her, honest Cozen.

The second Part to the Same Tune.

But yet she had skill in spinning,
with her the world runs on wheelles ;
On any ground where ere she comes,
she cannot stand but reeles.
And yet but once a weeke
with drinke shee's overtaine,
Which lasteth still from Sunday night
till Sunday come again.

*Oh, this was my good wife,
the best of the halfe dozen,
And if th'art wearie of a single life,
then take her, honest cozen;
oh, then take her, honest cozen.*

The fourth good Wife of mine
was wondrous carefull bent ;
She had a care of the maine chance,
to see how all things went ;
She never would be quiet,
if from her sight I were,
For feare lest I should spend it all,
and she not have a share.
*O, this was my good wife,
The best, &c.*

And if unto a Taverne
without her I had gone,
She would be there as soon as I,
Oh ! 'twas a loving one !
And for my ill husbandry
shee'd keepe a piteous coyle,
And call me Rogue and Cuckold too,
but what was she the while ?
*I thinke one of my Aunts,
the best, &c.*

The fifth was a good old woman,
and had great care of mee ;
How could she chuse ? for, by her age,
she might my Grandam bee ;
And, though I say it myselfe,
she stood me in great stead,
I durst trust her in any place
and never feare my head.
O, this was one of my wives.
the best, &c.

Yet, if I chanc'd to kisse,
or on a young wench lookt,
You would not thinke, poor harmles soule,
how pitiously she took' t ;
For often times she'd blame me
that I abroad should rome,
And love another, when I had
so good a piece at home.
O, this was my good wife,
the best, &c.

But, oh ! the last of all,
she had an excellent tongue,
Which is the rarest property
that does to a woman belong :
And if I had but vext her,
she us'd her tongue so well,

As, when she to the purpose spake,
it sounded like a Bell.

*O, this was my good Wife,
the best, &c.*

She was so good a wife,
I must praise her againe,
For she excellèd all the Scolds
that dwell in Turne-agen-Lane ;
I speake as I have felt her,
for shee bang'd me once so sore,
As I have vow'd, ere since that time,
never to marry more,
*But here doe leave my wives,
in number halfe a dozen,
And for a penny will sell all ;
then take them, honest cozen ;
oh ! then take them, honest cozen.*

But now, good women all,
whosoever heares this Song,
I doe no private person taxe,
to doe them any wrong ;
But if you take exceptions,
The thorne, you know, will pricke,
And if you touch a gall'd Horse backe,
the Proverbe sayes, hee'l kicke.

*For I make mention of
no lesse than halfe a dozen ;
Then whosocre is angry now,
will prove my honest cozen,
Oh ! will prove my honest cozen.*

FINIS.

Printed at London for F. C., dwelling in the
Old-Bayly.

Here is an Item for you,
Or, The Countriman's bill of charges, for his coming
up to London, Declared by a Whistle.

TO THE TUNE OF *King Henry, &c.*



Diogenes, that laugh'd to see
 a Mare once eat a Thistle,
 Would surely smile, and laugh the while,
 to heare me sing my whistle ;
 For now, 'tis meant, wee must invent
 a silent way of ringing,
 And so, for feare lest some should heare,
 must whistle 'stead of singing.
With a hay downe, with a ho downe,
With a hay downe, downe, downe derry ;
since that wee may
nor sing nor say,
Weele whistle und be merry.

A Country-man to London came
 to view the famous Citie,
 And here his charge did grow so large,
 it made me write this Dittie ;
 For, in a Bill, he set downe still
 his charge from the beginning,
 Which I did find, and now doe mind
 to whistle stead of singing.
With a hay downe, &c.

Imprimis, comming into towne,
 and at my Inne alighting,
 I almost spent a noble crowne
 in potting and in piping.

Item, that the Tapster there
my Jugges halfe full did bring in ;
I dare not say he was a R —[ogue],—
but Ile whistle stead of singing.
With a hay downe, &c.

Item, that I went abroad,
and had my purse soon pickèd ;
While I did stare on London ware
by a Pick-purse I was fitted.

Item, that I met a wench
that put me downe in drinking ;
I dare not say what she made me pay,
but Ile whistle instead of singing.
With a hay downe, &c.

Item, that I met withall
a very loving Cosen,
Who needs would bee of my Countrey,
and gave me halfe a dozen ;
And at the last a pare [*i.e.* pack] of Cards
they cunningly did bring in ;
I will not say what they made me pay,
but Ile whistle stead of singing.
With a hay downe, with a ho downe,
With a hay downe, downe, downe derry ;
since that wee may
nor sing nor say,
Weele whistle and be merry.

Item, that I daily went
unto my Lawyers Chamber,
And hee did say I should win the day,
without all feare or danger :
But then, at last, for charge and cost,
he such a Bill did bring in,
I will not say what he made me pay,
But Ile whistle stead of singing.
With a hey downe, &c.

Item, that I payed there for
a bagpipe in a bottle,
Which did begin to hisse and sing
when we did stirre the stople.
Item, that one night I did lye
in the Counter for my drinking,
I will not say what I paid next day,
but Ile whistle in stead of singing.
With a hey downe, &c.

Item, that at last I came
to take my horse againe,
But my poore horse lookt never worse,—
his belly did complaine ;
For he, alas ! for want of hay,
stood ore the manger grinning,
Yet they made me pay for night and day,
but Ile whistle stead of singing.
With a hey downe, &c.

[Second Part.]

The Country-man's going downe into
the Country. Declared by a whistle.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Thus, having got from London once,
he rid full heavy-hearted,
For, like an honest man, he had
from all his mony parted.
His Cloake-bag full of papers was,
instead of money gingling ;
I dare not bost what those papers cost !
but Ile whistle stead of singing.
With a hay downe, with a ho downe,
With a hay downe, downe, downe derry ;
since that we may
nor sing, nor say,
Weele whistle and be merry.

Imprimis, comming home, he found
his good wife *Joane* a brewing,
And did not deferre, but unto her
his papers fell to shewing :
But when she saw nothing but law,
she fell to scold and flinging ;
But all that day he kept away,
and whistled stead of singing.
With a hay downe, &c.

Item, then he went to plough,
which whiles that he was driving,
Alas ! sayes he, what fooles are we
in law to fall a striving

For now, I meane to keepe my teeme,
which shall good profit bring in ;
I must drive on,—my money's gone,
and whistle stead of singing.

With a hay downe, &c.

Item, that his neighbour came
to aske what newes at London ;
Alas ! sayes he, more wiser be
for feare that you be undone.
Spend not at Terme, what you doeerne
whilst that your wives are spinning,
Which makes me now to drive the plough,
and whistle stead of singing.

with a hay downe, &c.

For, be it knowne unto you all,
that I my money spendend ;
Such fooles as I will beggers dye
before their lives are ended !
Therefore beware ! and have more care
when that your mony's gingling,
Least, when 'tis spent, you doe repent,
and whistle stead of singing.

With a hay downe, &c.

For I so many *Items* had,
yet could not I beware—

For this and that, and I know not what
this *Item* brings my care.
Yet let this be, to all of [ye,]
an *Item* which I bring in,
Lest money spent makes you repent
and whistle stead of singing.
With a hay downe, &c.

Yet one more *Item* I will add,
since that my song is ended ;
My Items 's this, that I would wish
no man to be offended.
With all my Items, but to save
his money when 'tis gingling,
Least, when 'tis spent, he doe repent,
and whistle stead of singing.
With a hay downe, with a ho downe,
With a hay downe, downe, downe derry ;
since that we may
nor sing, nor say,
Weele whistle and be merry.

FINIS.

Printed at London by M. F.

The Honest Wooer,

His minde expressing in plaine and few termes,
By which to his Mistresse his love he confirms.

TO THE TUNE OF *Lulling beyond her.*

Fairest Mistresse, cease your moane,
 spoil not your eyes with weeping ;
For certainly, if one be gone,
 you may have another sweeting :
I will not complement with oathes,
 nor speake you faire to prove you,
But save your eyes to mend your cloths,
 for it is I that love you.

I will not boast of substance great,
 wherewith I can endow you,
Nor what apparell, nor what meat,
 I'm able to allow you.
You know 'tis time that all things tries ;
 let, then, my affection move you,
And weep no more, but save your eyes,
 for it is I that love you.

If I should say y'have golden haire,
 I should both lye and flatter ;
Why should I say thine eyes are stars,
 when there is no such matter ?

Every like is not the same,
yet none I prize above you ;
To sigh so sore you are much to blame,
for it is I that love you.

With courtly words I cannot court,
like one whose tongue is filèd ;
By substill speakers, in that sort,
poore women are oft beguiled :
I speake no more but what I meane,
then doe as it doth behove you,
And doe not waste your teares in vaine,
for it is I that love you.

You may, I know, have choice of men
that many wayes excell me ;
But yet in love I passe all them,
my conscience this doth tell me.
Then let no riches buy my prise,
nor flattering words remove you ;
To sigh and sob you are very unwise,
for it is I that love you.

I am thy constant *Pyramus*,
be thou my constant *Thysbe* ;
That such a match is made by us
let this a sealing kisse be :

I never will revoke my vow,
nor deeme any Lasse above you ;
Then, dearest, leave your sorrow now,
for it is I that love you.

Now if you doe my love deny,
and utterly refuse me,
I will not say for love Ile dye,—
in that you shall excuse me :
Some say so, yet meane nothing lesse,
but pitty, I hope, will move you
Not to put me to that distresse,
for it is I that love you.

The second part ;

Being an answer of the Maiden kinde,
Correspondent to the plaine Young-man's minde.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

As the lost infant doth rejoyce
when he hath found his Mother,
So am I glad to heare the voyce
of you, my constant Lover :
Beleeve' me, *Harry*, if you will,
since I so true doe prove you,
Come when you will, and welcome still,
for it is I that love you.

I loved a false disloyall youth,
 which caus'd my thus lamenting,
 For in his words there were no truth,
 but subtill circumventing ;
 You use plaine dealing, which is best ;
 so, still, it doth behove you,
 And therefore set your heart at rest,
for it is I that love you.

And now, henceforth, I will give ore
 to weepe for him that jeeres me,
 And his affection Ile abhorre,
 for no true love he beares me :
 With you I will rejoyce, my deare ;
 let no false tales remove you ;
 Believe not every newes you heare,
for it is I that love you.

As *Hypsocrats*, of *Pontus* Queene,
 did follow her *Mithridates*
 Thorow uncouth woods and forrests green,
 so nothing shall separate us ;
 Ile circulate the wor[l]d with you ;
 nought shall from me remove you ;
 Thinke not that I speake more than 's true,
for it is I that love you.

Nor *Lucrece*, nor *Penelope*,
 shall be more chast than I will ;

Ere Ile forsake my honesty,
ten thousand deaths I dye will ;
You need not to repent your choice,
but let me true still prove you,
And so we shall together rejoyce,
for it is I that love you.

Judge not amisse, because so soone
I yeeld to your requesting ;
Love is a thing that ought to be done
without any fraud or jesting :
You love plaine dealing, as you say,
then why should I disprove you ?
Against my mind I cant say nay,
for it is I that love you.

And thus, with mind reciprocally,
this couple were well matchèd ;
The Parson told the Parish all,
and then 'twas quite dispatchèd.
I hope the love that 'twixt them past,
unto delight would move you ;
Each of them us'd this Phrase to th' last,—
for it is I that love you.

Printed at London for *F. Coules*, dwelling in the
Old-Baily.

FINIS.

The industrious Smith, wherin is showne
 How plain dealing is overthrown ;
 That, let a man do the best that he may,
 An idle huswife will work his decay ;
 Yet art is no burthen, though ill we may speed,
 Our labour will help us in time of our need.

TO THE TUNE OF *Yong man, remember delights are
 but vain.*



There was a poor Smith liv'd in a poor town,
 That had a loving wife, bonny and brown,
 And though he were very discreet and wise,
 Yet would he do nothing without her advise.

His stock it grew low, full well he did know ;
He told his wife what he intended to do ;
Quoth he, " Sweet wife, if I can prevail,
I will shoo horses, and thou shalt sell Ale.

" I see by my labour but little I thrive,
And that against the stream I do strive ;
By selling of Ale some mony is got,
If every man honestly pay for his pot ;
By this we may keep the Wolf from the door,
And live in good fashion, though now we live poor ;
If we have good custome, we shal have quick sale ;
So may we live bravely by selling of Ale."

" Kind husband," quoth she, " let be as you said,
It is the best motion that ever you made ;
A Stan of good Ale let me have in,
A dozen of good white bread in my Bin :
Tobacco, likewise, we must not forget,
Men will call for it when malt 's above wheat :
When once it is known, then ore hill and dale
Men will come flocking to taste of our Ale."

They sent for a wench, her name it was *Besse*,
And her they hired to welcome their ghesse :
They took in good Ale, and many things mo,—
The Smith had got him two strings to his bow :

Good fellowes come in, and began for to rore,—
The Smith he was never so troubled before ;
“ But,” quoth the good wife, “ Sweet hart, do not
 rayl,
These things must be, if we sell Ale.

The Smith went to his work every day,
But still one or other would call him away ;
For now he had got him the name of an Host,
It cost him many a pot and a toste ;
Besides, much precious time he now lost,
And thus the poor Smith was every day crost ;
“ But,” quoth the good wife, “ Sweet hart, do not
 rayl,
These things must be, if we sell Ale.”

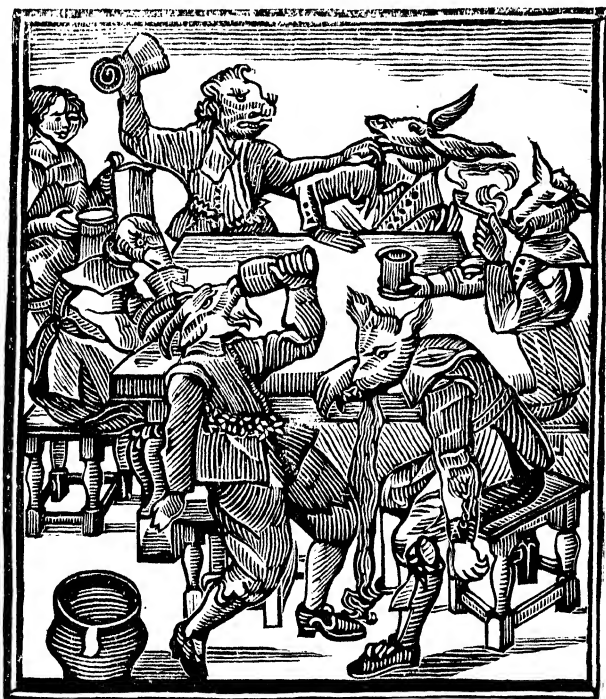
Men run on the score, and little they paid,
Which made the poor Smith be greatly dismaid ;
And bonny *Besse*, though she were not slack
To welcom her guesse, yet things went to wrack ;
For she would exchange a pot for a kisse,
Which any fellow should seldom times misse ;
“ But,” quoth the good wife, “ Sweet hart, do not
 rayl,
These things must be, if we sell Ale.”

The Smith went abroad : at length hee came home,
And found his maid and man in a room
Both drinking together, foot to foot ;
To speak unto them he thought 'twas no boot,

For they were both drunk, and could not reply
To make an excuse as big as a lye.
“But,” quoth the good wife, “Sweet hart do not
 rayl,
These things must be, if we sell Ale.”

He came home again, and there he did see
His Wife kindly sitting on a man’s knee ;
And though he said little, yet he thought the more,
And who could blame the poore Wittal therfore ?
He hug’d her and kist her, though Vulcan stood by,
Which made him to grumble, and look all awry ;
“But,” quoth the good wife, “Sweet hart do not
 rayl,
These things must be, if we sell Ale.”

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.



A Sort of Saylers were drinking one night,
 And, when they were drunk, began for to fight;
 The Smith came to part them, as some do report,
 And for his good will was beat in such sort,
 That he could not lift his arms to his head,
 Nor yet very hardly creep up to his bed.
 "But," quoth the good Wife, "Sweet hart, do notrayl,
 These things must be, if we sell Ale."

The Smith by chance a good fellow had met,
That for strong Ale was much in his debt ;
He askt him for mony ; quoth he “ by your leave,
I owe you no mony, nor none you shall have ;
I owe to your wife, and her I will pay.”
Alas ! who could blame him if now he do rayl ;
These things should not be, though they sold Ale.

Old debts must be paid—O why should they not ?
The fellow went home to pay the old shot,
The Smith followed after, and they fell at strife,
For he found this fellow in bed with his Wife.
He fretted and fumed, he curst and he swore ;
Quoth she, “ he is come to pay the old score.”
And still she cryde “ Good sweet hart, do not rayl,
For these things must be, if we sell Ale.”

A stock of good fellows, all Smiths by their trade,
Within a while after, a holiday made ;
Unto the Smith's house they came then with speed
And there they were wondrous merry indeed :
With my pot, and thy pot, to rayse the score hie,
Mine Oast was so drunk, he fell in the fire :
“ But,” quoth the good Wife, “ Sweet hart do not
rayl,
These things must be, if we sell Ale.”

Mine Oast being drunk, and loose in his joynts,
He took an occasion to untrusse his points ;
The vault it was nere, but bords but slight,
The Smith he was heavy, and could not tred light ;
The bords broke asunder, and down he fell in,
It was a worse matter then breaking his shin :
“ But,” quoth the good Wife, “ Sweetheart, do not
rayl,

These things must be, if we sell Ale.”

Happy is he who, when he doth stumble,
Knowes the ground well before he do tumble ;
But so did not he, for he had forgotten
The bords which he trod on were so rotten.
He movèd the house to mirth and to laughter,
His clothes they stunk at least a month after :
“ But,” quoth the good Wife, “ Sweet hart, do not
rayl,

These things must be, if we sell Ale.”

But men ran so much with him on the score,
That *Vulcan* at last grew wondrous poor ;
He owèd the Brewer and Baker so much,
They threatened to arrest him, his case it was such.
He went to his Anvill, to my pot and thine,
He turn'd out his Maid, he puld downe his Signe ;
“ But O” (quoth the good Wife), “ why should we
fail ?

These things should not be, if we sell Ale.”

The Smith and his boy went to work for some chink,
To pay for the liquor which others did drink.
Of all trades in London, few break, as I heare,
That sell Tobacco, strong Ale, and good Beer.
They might have done better, but they were loth
To fill up their measure with nothing but froth.
Let no Ale-house keeper at my Song rayl,
These things must be if they sell Ale.

London, Printed for Richard Harper in Smithfield

FINIS. Humfrey Crowch.



A New Song, called

Jacke Doue's Resolution, by which he doth show
That he cares not a rush how ere the world goe.

TO THE TUNE OF *To drive the cold winter away.*



To all my good Friends these presents I send,
yet neyther to beg nor to crave ;
For though some have store, and I am but poore,
I'me content with that little I have ;
And Ile nere, for my want, turne *Sycophant*,
(though many there be that doe so),
But Ile honest bee, love them that loves mee,
and care not how ere the world goe.

And though fortune frowne, Ile not cast my selfe
downe,
but mildly beare what doth fall ;

Care will make me but worse, and nere fill my purse,
but the day may come will mend all.
Then tis but a folly for that to be sorry
which must be, whether I will or no ;
But impatience in rest, then Ile hope for the best,
and care not how ere the world goe.

For why should a man care, or drowne in despaire,
though his fortunes be nere so unkind ?
Why should I be sad, for what I nere had,
or foolishly trouble my mind ?
O no ! I doe hate to pine at my fate,
(there is none but fooles will doe so),
Ile laugh and be fatte, for Care kils a Catte,
and I care not how ere the world goe.

To sigh and to waile, what will it prevaile,
or any whit better my fare ?
When a little good mirth mong'st friends is more
worth
and better then a great deal of care.
Then Ile cheere up my selfe, for content is great
wealth ;
let sighing and sorrowing goe
Ile laugh and be merry with a cup of old Sherry,
and care not how ere the world goe.

Though many a Chuffe hath more then enough,
 why should I repine at their blisse ?
If I am content with what God hath sent,
 I thinke I doe not amisse :
Let others have wealth, so I have my health
 and money to pay what I owe ;
Ile laugh and be merry, sing “ Downe a downe
 derry,”
 and care not how ere the world goe.

Ile make much of [none], for, when I am gone,
 then what 's all the world unto mee ?
Ile not be a slave to that which I have,
 but 'mongst my friends let it flee ;
And least there rise debate about my estate,
 when my head 's laid full low,
Or some knaves circumvent it, for whom I nere
 meant it,
 Ile spend it, how ere the world goe.

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.



Some Men doe suppose, to goe in brave Cloathes
 doth purchase a great deal of respect ;
 Though I am but poore, I run not on score,
 I thinke myselfe honestly deckt :
 Let others goe brave, 'tis my owne that I have,
 and I thinke they can not say so ;
 And I like that I weare, though it cost not so deare,
and I care not how ere the world goe.

I'de rather goe meane, then be like to them,
 which, living in pompe and state,
 Maintaine all their braverie with private knaverie,
 getting gold at any rate :

Such conscience professe, but use nothing lesse,
deceiving the world with a show,
But the time it may come will pay such knaves
home,
but I care not how ere the world goe.

Your delicate *Cates* your Hippocrites eates,
and Wine of the best doe drinke ;
Much money they spend, but to little end,
and ne're on their end they thinke :
Low Shrubbes be secure, when Cedars endure
all stormes and tempests that blow ;
Let others rise high, but so will not I,
for I care not how ere the world goe.

For ambition's best sceane is but a fine dreame,
which for a time tickles the minde,
And the hap of an houre with such envy may lowre
as may turne all ones hope into winde ;
Then, worse then before, they may sigh and deplore
to see themselves cast off so low,
While I, all the while, doe sit and [doe] smile,
and care not how ere the world goe.

The flattering Cures, which fawne upon furies,
and hang on the Noble-man's becke,
That crouch at their heele whilst their bounty they
feelee,
professing all love and respect ;

Yet, when they doe fall, they runne away all,
but I hate to dissemble so ;
What I doe for my part shall come from my heart,
and I care not how ere the world goe.

Ile wrong none, not I, but if some, through envy,
doe wrong me without a cause,
Or if me they disdaine, Ile slight them againe,
and reckon not of it two strawes :
Dissembling I scorne, for I am free borne,
my happinesse lies not below ;
Though my words they want art, I speake from my
heart,
and I care not how ere ths world goe.

FINIS.

G. B.

Printed at London for *John Wright*, and are to be
sold at his Shop in Giltspur-street at the
signe of the Bible.

The Woful Lamentation of Mrs. JANE

SHORE, a Gold-smith's Wife of London, sometime King Edward the Fourth's Concubine, who for her Wanton Life came to a Miserable End. Set forth for the Example of all wicked Livers.

TO THE TUNE OF *Live with me.*



IF *Rosamond* that was [so] fair
Had cause her sorrows to declare,

Then let *Fane Shore* with sorrow sing,
That was belovèd of a King.

*Then, wanton Wives, in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.*

In maidens years my beauty bright
Was lovèd dear of Lord and Knight ;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My Parents they for thirst of gain,
A husband for me did obtain ;
And I, their pleasure to fulfil,
Was forc'd to wed against my will.

To *Matthew Shore* I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life ;
And then my life, I lewdly spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In *Lumbard-street* I once did dwell,
As *London* yet can witness well :
Where many Gallants did behold
My beauty in a shop of Gold.

I spread my plumes, as wantons do,
Some sweet and secret friend to woove,
Because my love I did not find
Agreeing to my wanton mind.

At last my name in Court did ring
Into the ears of *Englands* King,
Who came and lik'd, and love required,
But I made coy what he desired :

Yet mistress *Blague*, a neighbour near,
Whose friendship I esteem'd dear,
Did say it was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a King.

By her perswasions I was led
And to defile my marriage-bed,
And wrong my wedded husband, *Shore*,
Whom I had lov'd ten years before,

In heart and mind I did rejoyce
That I had made so sweet a choice ;
And therefore did my state resign,
To be King *Edwards* Concubine.

From City then to Court I went,
To reap the pleasure of content ;
And had the Joys that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a King.

When I was thus advanc'd on high,
Commanding *Edward* with mine eye,
For mistris *Blague* I, in short space,
Obtain'd a living of his Grace.

No friend I had but in short time
I made unto promotion climb ;
But yet, for all this costly pride,
My husband could not me abide.

His bed, though wronged by a King,
His heart with grief did deadly sting;
From England then he goes away,
To end his life upon the Sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame ;
Although a Prince of peerless might
Did reap the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the Court
With Lords and Ladies of great sort ;
For when I smil'd, all men were glad,
But when I mourn'd, my Prince grew sad.

But yet an honest mind I bore
To helpless people that were poor ;
I still redrest the Orphan's cry,
And sav'd their lives condemned to die.

I still had ruth on widows' teares,
I succour'd babes of tender years ;
And never lookt for other gain
But love and thanks, for all my pain.

At last my Royal King did dye,
And then my days of woe drew nigh ;
When Crook-back *Rich[ard]* got the crown,
K[ing] *Edward's* friends were soon put down.

I then was punisht for my sin
That I so long had livèd in ;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shameful end.

Then for my rude and wanton life,
That made a Strumpet of a wife,
I pennance did in *Lumbard-Street*,
In shameful manner in a sheet,

Where many thousands did me view,
Who late in Court my credit knew ;
Which made the tears run down my face,
To think upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from me
My goods, my livings, and my fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto mistress *Blague* I went,
To whom my Jewels I had sent,
In hope thereby to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant.

But she deny'd to me the same,
When in my need for them I came ;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doors she did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late ;
Therefore example take by me,
For friendship parts in poverty.

But yet one friend, among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distress
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me :

For which, by law, it was decreed
That he was hangèd for that deed ;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Then had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good
Durst not restore me any food ;
Whereby in vain I beg'd all day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

My Gowns, beset with pearl and gold,
Are turn'd to simple garments old ;
My chains and jems and golden Rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife
For leading such a wicked life ;
Both sucking babes and children small
Did make a pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed ;
Nor drinke, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at length
I yielded up my vital strength
Within a Ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs do much frequent :

The which now since my dying day
Is *Shoreditch* call'd, as writers say ;
Which is a witness of my sin,
For being Concubine to a King.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just ;
Whoredom shall not escape his hand,
Nor Pride unpunisht in this land.

If God to me such shame should bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How shall they 'scape, that daily run
To practise sin with every man ?

You Husbands, match not but for love,
Lest some disliking after prove !
Women, be warn'd, when you are wives,
What plagues are due to sinful lives !
 Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
 For love and beauty will have end.

The Second Part of JANE SHORE
wherein her sorrowful husband bewaileth his own
Estate and Wife's Wantonness, the wrong of
Marriage, the Fall of Pride; being a Warning
for Women.

If she that was fair *London's* pride,
For beauty fam'd both far and wide,
With swanlike song in sadness told
Her deep distresses manifold,
 Then in the same let me also
 Now bear a part of such like woe.

Kind *Matthew Shore* men callèd me,
A goldsmith once of good degree,
And might have livèd long therein,
Had not my wife been wed to sin.
 Oh, gentle Jane ! thy wanton race
 Hath brought me to this foul disgrace !

Thou hadst all things at wish and will
Thy wanton fancy to fulfill,—
No *London* Dame, nor Merchant's wife,
Did lead so sweet and pleasant life ;
 Then, gentle *Jane*, the truth report,
 Why left'st thou me to live in Court ?

Thou hadst both gold and silver store,—
No wife in *London* then had more,—
And once a week to walk in field,
To see what pleasure it would yield.
 But, woe to me ! that liberty
 Hath brought me to this misery.

I married thee whilst thou wert young,
Before thou knewst what did belong
To husband's love, or marriage state,
Which now my soul repents too late :
 Thus wanton pride made thee unjust,
 And so deceived was my trust.

But when the King possest my room,
And cropt my rosie, gallant bloom—
Fair *Londons* blossom, and my joy—
My heart was drown'd in deep annoy
 To think how unto publick shame
 Thy wicked life brought my good name.

And then I thought each man and wife,
In jesting sort, accus'd my life ;
And every one to the other said,
That *Shore's* fair wife the wanton plaid.
Thereby in mind I grew to change
My dwelling in some Country strange.

My lands and goods I sold away,
And so from *England* went to Sea,
Opprest with grief and woful mind,
But left my cause of grief behind,—
My loving wife, whom I once thought
Would never [be] to lewdness brought.

But women, now I well espy,
Are subject to unconstancy ;
And few there be so true of love,
But by long suit will wanton prove ;
For flesh is frail, and woman weak,
When kings for love long suit do make.

But yet from *England* my depart
Was with a sad and heavy heart ;
Whereat, when as my leave I took,
I sent back many a heavy look,
Desiring God, if it might be,
To send one sigh, sweet *Fane*, to thee.

For if thou hadst but constant been,
These days of woe I ne'er had seen ;
But yet I mourn, and grief full sore,
To think what plagues are left in store
 For such as careless tread awry
 The modest paths of constancy.

Ah ! gentle *Jane*, if thou [didst] know
The uncouth paths I daily go,
And woful tears for thee I shed,
For wronging thus my marriage bed,
 Then sure I am thou wouldst confess
 My love was sure, though in distress.

Both *Flanders*, *France*, and *Spain* I past,
And come to *Turky* at the last ;
And there, within that mighty Court,
I livèd long in honest sort ;
 Desiring God, that sits in heaven,
 That lovers' sins might be forgiven ;

And there advanc'd thy loving name,
Of living wights the fairest dame,
The praise of *Englands* beauty-stain,
All which thy husband did maintain,
 And set thy Picture there in gold,
 For Kings and Princes to behold.

But when I thought upon thy sin,
Thy wanton thoughts delighted in,
I griev'd that such a comely face
Should hold true honour in disgrace :
 And counted it a luckless day
 When as thou first didst go astray.

Desiring then some news to hear
Of her my soul did love so dear,
My secrets then I did impart
To one well skill'd in Magick-art,
 Who, in a Glass, did truly show
 Such things as I desired to know.

I there did see thy Courtly state,
Thy Pomp, thy Pride, thy Glory great,
And likewise there I did behold
My *Jane* in *Edwards* arms infold !
 Thy secret love I there espy'd,
 Thy rise, thy fall, and how thou died.

Thy naked body in the street
I saw do penance in a sheet :
Barefoot before the Beadle's wand,
With burning taper in thy hand,
 And babes, not having use of tongue,
 Stood pointing as thou went'st along.

Thus ended was the shame of thine,
Though God gave yet no end to mine :
When I suppos'd my name forgot,
And time had washt away my blot,
And in another Prince's reign,
I came to *England* back again :

But, staying there, my friends decay'd,
My Prince's laws I disobey'd,
And by true Justice judg'd to dye—
For clipping Gold in secresie.
By Gold was my best living made,
And so by Gold my life decay'd.

Thus have you heard the woful strife
That came by my unconstant wife ;
Her Fall, my Death, wherein is shew'd
The story of a Strumpet lewd,
*In hope thereby some women may
Take heed how they the wanton play.*

THE DESCRIPTION OF JANE SHORE.

This woman's beauty hath been highly praised
by a famous Writer, that liv'd in her time, nam'd
Thomas Moor, who describ'd her in this manner.

Before her death she was poor and aged, her
stature was mean, her hair of dark yellow, her face

round and full, her eyes gray, her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance chearful, like to her conditions.

There is a picture of hers to be seen in London; it is such as she was when she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a Rich Mantle cast under her Arm, over which her naked arm did lye.

What her fathers name is, or where she was born, is not certainly known; but her husband, Mathew Shore, a Young Man of right good Parentage, wealth, and behaviour, abandon'd her bed after the King had made her his Concubine.

Printed by and for A, Millbourn, in Green-Arbour-Court, in the Little Old Baily.

Impossibilities.

OR,

A matter of no thing, yet some thing youle finde,
I know, in the reading, will pleasure your minde ;
Then hear it, I pray, and when you have done,
You'le say that the thread is handsomely spunne.

TO THE TUNE OF *I sigh, I sob, &c*

Imprimis—When men doe beginne
To follow virtue, leave off sinne ;
When women thinke it no disdaine
To doe, indeede, the very same,
Then you may say, and justly too,
The old world now is turned a-new.

When Newgate is a place for Nuns,
And through Cheapside a river runs ;
When Charing Crosse has such a face
To justle Paul's out of her place,
Then you may say, and not till then,
The world is full of honest men.

When wood doth hew into the [saw,]
And coaches doe the horses draw :
When darknesse doth out-shine the light,
And Snailles surpass the arrowes flight,
Then you may say, &c.

When Lucifer an Angell turnes,
And when in hell no fires burnes ;
When stars as thicke as haile doe fall,
And new Bridewell's no hospitall,
Then you may say, &c.

When men are pruned to such good will
That they, to no one, doe no ill ;
When Ships doe saile on rocks of stone,
And when the Whale has nere a bone,
Then you may say, &c.

When what is worst doth turne to best,
When Crabs with Swallows build their nest ;
And when Musicians scorne to use
Such crotchets, as they *should* refuse,
Then you may say, &c.

When morning dew doth fall at night
And men lift crutches with a flight ;
When little children, yet unborne.
Doe say that many weares the horne,
Then you may say, and not till then,
The world is full of honest men,

When Westminster doth eastward stand,
And touches neither sea nor land ;

And when therein you cannot see
A Lawyer that will take his fee,
Then you may say, and justly too,
The old world now is turned-a-new.

When Usurers will gratis lend,
And every one their lives doe mend ;
When the Moore has washt him cleane,
And Turnbull street has nere a Queane,
Then you may say, &c.

When hens tread cocks. & cocks tread geese,
And ganders kitten, like cats and mise ;
When as the earth doth beare no moles,
And little foxes have no holes,
Then you may say, &c.

When oyle and water doe agree,
And deadly foes attoned will bec ;
When Smithfield is a field of grasse,
And when the Oxe doth ride the Asse,
Then you may say, &c.

When Sorcerers do leave their charme,
When spiders doe the fly no harme,
And when the Black-bird leaves to sing,
And likewise Serpents for to sting,
Then you may say, and justly too
The old world now is turned-a-new.

The Second Part to the Same Tune.

When men their chiefest care doe make
 To feed the poore, for pitties sake,
 And when tradesmen doe apply
 To doe as they would be done by,
*Then you may say, and not till then,
 The world is full of honest men.*

When Letchers thee doe leave their lust,
 And doe those things are good and just;
 When Harlots doe Susannas prove,
 And none but husbands dearely love,
Then you may say, &c.

When the blasphemers leaves to sweare,
 And unto goodnesse doth repaire;
 When old men doe incounter youth,
 And lyers speake the very truth
Then you may say, &c.

When lovers they doe constant prove,
 And never daine for to remove;
 When little vallies top tall hills,
 And bad men leave their wonted ills,
Then may you say, &c.

When rich men doe esteeme the poore,
And feast 'em till they cry no more ;
And when the streets you may pase free,
And yet not scarce a begger see,
Then you may say, &c.

When servants doe their Masters sway,
And blinde men lead the ready way ;
When dumb men talke with eloquence.
And lame men run with eminence,
Then you may say, &c.

When Gunpowder doth leave his force,
And every Pharoah feeles remorse ;
And when no sessions needs to be,
Because all men loves honestie,
Then you may say, &c.

When all the prisons here about
Have justled all their prisoners out,
Because, indeede, they have no cause
To keepe 'em in, by common lawes,
Then you may say, &c.

When birds in waters deepe doe lie,
And fishes in the air doe flie ;
When water burnes, and fire doth freeze,
And oysters grow as fruits on trees,
*Then you may say and justly too,
The old world now is turned a-new.*

When as the spruce, and courtiour too,
Shall bid to compliments adew ;
When little Bees shall castles beare,
And flie so with 'em through the ayre,
Then you may say, &c.

When as *Zacheus* shall restore
His ill-got goods unto the poore ;
And when the Camell shall espy
A way to passe the nedle's eye,
Then you may say, &c.

When snow falls blacke, and crowes be white,
And all things that are wrong turne right ;
When silly lambs doe causes plead,
And weare long gownes of melted lead,
Then you may say, &c.

When Turkes doe leave their Mahomet,
And all day long in churches set ;
When Pagans doe beleeeve in God,
And likewise feare his direfull rod,
Then you may say, &c.

When men with pearle do fatten hogs,
And coward deere doe menance dogs ;
When men on sands their seeds doe sow,
And peare trees, they doe downwards grow,
Then you may say, &c.

When *Phæbus* spreads his beames by night,
And *Cynthia* doth by day give light ;
When God in mercy is resolved
That this same world shall be dissolved,
Then you may say and justly too,
The old world now is turned a-new.

FINIS.

E.F.

London, Printed for *Edward Wright*, dwelling
at Christs-Church gate.

The Joviall Broome Man :

Or,

A Kent Street Souldier's exact relation
Of all his Travels in Every Nation.
His famous acts are all shewne here,
As in this story doth appeare.

TO THE TUNE OF *Slow Men of London.*

Roome for a Lad that 's come from seas,
Hey jolly Broome-man,
That gladly now would take his ease,
*And therefore make me roome, man.**

To France, the Netherlands, Denmark, Spaine,
I crost the seas, and backe againe.

Yet in these Countries livèd I,
And see many a valiant souldier dye.

An hundred gallants there I kill'd,
And beside, a world of blood I spild.

In Germany I tooke a towne ;
I threw the walls there upside downe.

*The burden in the second and fourth lines is intended to be sung through-
out, but being always the same, is omitted here, to save space.

And when that I the same had done,
I made the people all to run.

And when the people all were gone,
I held the towne myselfe alone.

When valiant Ajax fought with Hector,
I made them friends with a bowle of Nectar.

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

When Saturne warr'd against the Sun,
Hey jolly Broome-man,
Then through my help the field he won.
And therefore make me roome, man.

With *Hercules* I tost the Club ;
I rol'd *Diogenes* in a Tub.

When *Tambrlaine* overcame the Turke,
I blew up thousands in a worke.

When *Cæsar's* pompe I overthrew,
Then many a Roman Lord I slew.

When the Ammorites besieg'd Rome['s] wals,
I drove them backe with fiery balls.

And when the Greekes besiegèd Troy,
I rescued off dame *Hellen's* joy.

And when that I had won this fame,
I was honour'd of all men for the same.

At Tilbury Campe with Captaine Drake,
I made the Spanish Fleet to quake.

At Holland's Leaguer there I fought,
But there the service prov'd too hot.

Then from the League returned I,
Naked, hungry, cold, and dry.

But here I have now compast the Globe,
I am backe returned, as poore as Job.

And now I am safe returned backe,
Here's to you in a cup of Canary Sacke.

And now I am safe returned here,
Here's to you in a cup of English Beere.

And if my travels you desire to see,
Hey, jolly Broome-man,
You may buy't for a peny heere of mee,
And therefore make me roome, man.

FINIS.

R.C.

LONDON, Printed for *Richard Harper*,
in Smithfield,

John and Joan :

Or,

A mad couple well met.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Paratour*.

You nine Castalian Sisters,
 that keep Parnassus hill,
 Come down to me,
 and let me bee
 inspirèd with your skill,
 That well I may demonstrate
 a piece of household stuffe ;
 you that are wed,
 mark what is sedd,
 Beware of taking snuffe.

A mad phantastick couple
 a young man and a Lasse,
 with their content,
 and friends consent,
 resolv'd their times to passe
 As man and wife together ;
 and so they marry'd were.
 Of this mad match
 I made this Catch,
 which you that please may hear.

They both had imperfections,
which might have causèd strife ;
the man would sweare
and domineere—
so also would his wife.

If John went to the Alehouse
Joan ran unto the next ;
betwixt them both
they made an oath
That neither would be vext.

What ever did the good man,
his wife would doe the like ;
if he was pleas'd,
she was appeas'd ;
if he would kick, shee'd strike.
If queane or slut he call'd her,
she call'd him rogue and knave ;
if he would fight,
shee'd scratch and bite,—
He could no victory have.

If John his dog had beaten,
then Joan would beat her cat ;
If John, in scorne,
his hand would burn,
Joan would have burnt her hat.

If John would breake a Pipkin,
then Joan would break a pot ;
thus he and she
did both agree
To waste all that they got.

If John would eate no victuals,
then Joan would be as crosse ;
they would not eat,
but sav'd their meat—
In that there was no losse.
If John were bent to feasting,
then Joan was of his mind ;
in right or wrong
both sung one song,
As Fortune them assigned.

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

In Taverne or in Alehouse,
if John and Joan did meet,
who ere was by
in company,
might taste their humours sweet :
What ever John had cal'd for,

Joan would not be out-dar'd ;
those that lack'd drink,
through want of chink,
For them the better far'd.

Thus would they both sit drinking
as long as coine did last !
nay, more than this,
ere they would misse
good liquor for their taste,
John would have damn'd [*i.e.*, sold], his
doublet,
his cloak, or anything,
and Joan would pawne
her coife of Lawne,
Her bodkin, or her ring.

If John were drunk, and reelèd,
then Joan would fall i' th fire ;
if John fell downe
i' th midst o' the towne
beewraid in dirt and mire,
Joan, like a kind co-partner,
scorn'd to stand on her feet,
but down shee'd fall
before them all,
And role about the street.

If John had cal'd his Host knave,
Joan cal'd her Hostis whore ;
for such like crimes
they oftentimes
were both thrust out of dore.
If John abus'd the Constable,
Joan would have beat the Watch :
thus man and wife,
in peace or strife,
Each other sought to match.

But mark now, how it chance,
after a yeare or more,—
this couple mad
all wasted had,
and were grown very poore.
John could no more get liquor,
nor Joan could purchase drink ;
then both the man
and wife began
Upon their states to thinke.

Thus beat with their own wepons,
John thus to Joan did say,
Sweet heart, I see
we two agree
the cleane conträry way ;

Henceforth let 's doe in goodnesse
as we have done in ill ;
Ile doe my best,
doe thou the rest :
A match ! quoth Joan, I will.

So, leaving those mad humors
which them before possest,
both man and wife
doe lead a life
in plenty, peace, and rest.
Now John and Joan both, jointly,
doe set hands to the Plough.
Let all doe so
in weale or woe,
And they'l do well enough.

M. P.

Finis.

Joy and sorrow mixt together :

Or, a pleasant new Ditty, wherein you may find
Conceits that are pretty to pleasure your mind.

TO THE TUNE OF *Such a Rogue would be hang'd.*



Hang sorrow ! let's cast away care,
for now I do meane to be merry ;
Wee'l dring some good Ale and strong Beere,
with Sugar, and Clarret, and Sherry.
Now Ile have a Wife of mine own :
I shall have no need for to borrow ;
would have it for to be known
that I shall be married to morrow.

*Here's a health to my Bride that shall be !
come, pledge it, you boon merry blades ;
The day I much long for to see,
we will be as merry as the Maides.*

I long have sought out for a Wife,
before that I any could see ;
But now, for to end all the strife,
I have found one that pleaseth me ;
She is a brave gallant, indeed ;
besides, she is loving and kind ;
Good luck had I so well to speed,
she is according to my mind.
*Here's a health to my Bride that shall be !
come, pledge it, you boon merry blades ;
To morrow's the day you shall see,
we will be as merry, &c.*

Dame Nature hath shewed her Art
in framing my Love so compleat ;
Shee 's handsomely made in each part,—
her like is not, in my conceit :
Her haire it doth glitter like gold,
her eyes like to Stars do appeare ;
Shee 's beautious for to behold,
yet she is my joy and my decre.
*Here's a health to my Bride that shall be !
come, pledge it, &c.*

There 's many a one will admire
how I should obtain such a Lasse ;
But now she 's mine, gold shall not buy her,
for ever I will her imbrace :
Besides, she 's a friend that will give
ten pound to me when I am married ;
This will maintain us while we live,
and if things be orderly carried.
Here's a health, &c.

This man is a friend to my Lasse,
I doubt not [that] so hee 'l remain :
He tels me, what ere come to passe,
my labour shall not be in vain.
If he his own promise do keep,
'tis likely with me to go well ;
This makes me, both waking and sleep,
to think of my bonny sweet Nell.
Here's a health, &c.

Now is the sad night overpast,
and day chearefully doth appeare ;
To Church with my Nell Ile make haste,
to 'voyd all suspicion and feare :
All you that will now go along,
I pray you not to use delay ;
Delay oftentimes causeth wrong ;
I'm joyfull of this happy day

*Now, here's a heath to my Bride !
come, pledge it, you boon merry blades ;
And to all married couples beside :
wee'll now be as merry as the Maides,*

Now, wedding and all being done
and finished, as he did desire,
The Company homewards were gone,
the Bride a bed, and he lay by her.
Some speeches there past them between,
which made him his bargaine repent ;
The next morning, as it doth seem,
the Bridegroom began to relent.
*He'l now drink no more to his Bride !
nor yet to no boon merry blades ;
Now he layes his joyes all aside ;
he is not so merry as the Maides.*

The second part now makes the young man com-
plaine

He wisheth with heart he were unwedded again.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



You young men, I'm married too soon ;
my Wife she is not what she seem'd ;
Alas ! I am now quite undone ;
now sorrow comes which I never deem'd.
In wiveing I have made too much hast ;
I would the fast knot were untide ;

If my wedding day were not past
 I would not be tide to my Bride.
I'm wedded to sorrow and pain ;
now, farewell ! all my merry blades ;
Would I were unmarried again,
I would be as merry as the Maides.

My Wife 's not what I thought she was,—
 the more is my grief and my care ;
 She proves to me but a crackt glasse ;
 alas ! I am catcht in a snare.
 She was promis'd me to be sound,
 but now I find 'tis nothing so ;
 Would I were rid of her ten pound,
 so that I were rid of her too.
I'm wedded to sorrow, &c.

The man that did give me the money,
 I doubt that he had the best share ;
 It seems he did love my sweet honey,
 and still doth so, I greatly feare.
 But now here is the worst of all,
 my Wife she proves to be with Barn ;
 The Child it will me Father call,
 although it me nothing concern.
I'm wedded, &c.

My Wife was with Child long before
 that I married her, [now] I do find ;

'Tis folly to say any more,
and yet it doth trouble my mind.
If I ask her, in loving sort,
to whom she her Maiden-head did give,
With words she doth cut me off short,
saying, I shall never know while I live.
I'm wedded, &c.

What Man living can brook this wrong,
to Father another Man's Child ?
Yet I were as good hold my tongue,
now I find [how] that I am beguil'd :
With patience I must be content ;
'tis many men's Fortune like mine ;
Now I have no way to prevent
this, I might have foreseen in time.
I'm wedded to sorrow, &c.

Before I was wed I nere thought
of any such matter at all ;
I thought a great pri[z]e I had caught,
but now my reward is but small :
'Tis true indeed I have ten pound,
and a dainty curious fine Wife ;
But had I known what I have found,
I would have lived a single life.
I'm wedded, &c.

Let young men take warning by me,
 for Maidens are dangerous ware ;
 I have got a Wife and some money,
 and yet I have bought her too deare :
 For cunningly I am beguild ;
 unto all my Neighbours 'tis known
 [That] now I must father a Child,
 although it be none of mine own.
*I'm wedded to sorrow and pain ;
 now, farewell ! all my merry blades ;
 Would I were unmarried againe,
 I would be as merry as the Maids.*

Finis.

Richard Climsall.

London, Printed for *John Wright* the younger,
 dwelling in the Old Bayley.

The kind beleeving Hostesse.

I owe my Hostesse money,
 She takes me for her debter;
 On the buttery doore
 Stands my Score,—
 The further on the better.

TO THE TUNE OF *When Willy once had strayed.*

I have an Hostesse pretty,
 exceeding faire and witty;
 Where she doth dwell
 I shall you tell,
 If you will list to my ditty.
*I owe my Hostesse money;
 shee takes mee for her Debtor;
 on the buttery doore
 stands my Score,—
 the further on the better.*

Neere London is her dwelling;
 To trust me shee is willing;
 Her pots are small,
 And little withall,
 But I will looke to her filling.
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

To me she beares affection,
And calls me her owne complection ;
Her husband John—
Poore silly old man !
She keepes under subjection.

I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

To speake, poore man, he dares not ;
My Hostesse for him cares not ;
Sheele drinke, and quaffe,
And merrily laugh,
And she his anger feares not.

I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

All night she will sit smoaking,
For roaring gallants looking ;
And those which stay
Are sure to pay ;—
I doe not like such rooking,

I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

Tobacco and hot waters,
And female rooking Cheaters
Are bravely drest ;
But I protest
I hate such sharking Creatures.

I owe my Hostesse moncy, &c.

The kind belceving Hostesse.

Shee keepes both *Besse* and *Dolly*,
Brave wenches stout and jolly ;
But Ile have a care
Of them to beware,
I know they are given to folly.

I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

Thei'le trade with Dutch and Danish,
The French, and lustful Spanish ;
But when the whores
Come in a doores,
Away I bid them vanish.

I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

I'me sure they shall not cheate me ;
I care not though they hate me ;
Like Crocodiles,
Their teares and smiles
Shall not a foole create me.

*I owe my Hostesse money;
She takes me for her debter,
On the Buttery doore,
Stands my Score.—
The further on the better.*

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

The trueth for to speak rightly,
 They get their money lightly
 By lustfull sinne,
 Comes jynbling in
 Unto them day and nightly.

I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

Ther's swaggering *Nathaniel*,
 With roaring *Jacke* and *Daniel*,
 For their delight
 That loves to keepe
 A Hawk, a Horse, a Spaniel.

I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

Ther's *Swearing Sim* and *Sanders*,
 Are new come ore from *Flanders*,
 That sweares and roares,
 And beates the Whores,
 Yet never were commanders.

I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

You may have, for your money,
 A Rabit, or young Coney ;
 Most dainty words
 Her love affords,—
 Sheele call you her owne sweet hunny

I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

If you on the sport be eager,
And that you will not swagger,
Kind Gentlemen,
You neede not then
Goe unto *Holland's* Leaguer.

I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

For Wenches she can get yee,
And of all sorts can fit yee,
Most bravely clad,
As may be had,
If leasure but permit yee.

I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

A Girle, attir'd in Sattin,
Can speake both French and Latine ;
If you have gold,
You may be bold,
And have a fine roome to chat in,

I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

A Country Lasse that's pretty,
Or one fetcht from the City,
Or for your sport,
One tall or short,
A handsome Wench that's witty

I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

If so beleeving am yee,
As for the rest, O damme yee—
But will be kind,
Unto your mind—
The Whores will finely flam yee.
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

By others harmes be warned,
With wisdomes eye discern it,
And have a care
You come not there,
From them the French to learne it.
I owe my Hostesse money, &c.

With hony words I will screw her,
And many a fine tricke shew her ;—
Ile keepe me away
When shee is to pay
Her Baker and her Brewer.
*I owe my Hostesse money ;
Shee takes me for her debter,
and lookes for the day
when her I should pay,—
the more it is, still the better.*

FINIS.

London, Printed for B. B.

The King and the Northern-Man,

Showing how a poor Northumber-land-Man (Tenant to the King) being wronged by a Lawyer (his Neighbour) went to he King himself to make known his grievance.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Slut.*



To drive away the weary day,
 a book I chanced to take in hand,
 And therein I read assuredly
 a story—as you shall understand.

Perusing many a History over,
amongst the Leaves I chanc'd to view
The Book's name, and Title is this,
THE SECOND LESSON—*Too good to be true.*
There read I of a *Northumberland-man*,
that was born and brought up in the King's land ;
He paid twenty shillings Rent a year
to the King, as I do understand.
By him there dwelt a Lawyer false,
that with his Farm was not content,
But over the poor man still hang'd his nose,
because he did gather the King's Rent.
He told him he his Lease had forfeit,
and that he must there no longer abide ;
“ The K[ing] by such Lownes hath mickle wrongdone,
and, for you, the world is broad and wide.”
The poor man pray'd him for to cease,
and content himself if he would be willing :
And “ pick no vantage in my Lease,
and I shall give thee forty shilling.”
“ It's neither forty Shillings nor forty pound,
ise warrant thee, so can agree thee and me,
Unless thou yield me thy farm so round,
and stand upon my courtesie.”
The Poor man said he might not do so,
his wife and his Barns will make ill wark ;
“ If thou with my Farm wilt let me go,
thou seem'st a gude fellow, ise give thee 5 mark.”

The Lawyer would not be so content,
but further i'th matter he means to smell :
The neighbours bad the poor man provide his rent,
and make a submission to the King himsel.
He got a humble staff on his back,
a jerkin, I wot, that was of grey.
With a good blew Bonnet—he thought it no lack—
to the King he is ganging as fast as he may.
He had not gone a mile out o'th town,
but one of his Neighbors he did espy ;
“ How far is it to th' King ? for thither I'm boun
as fast as ever I can hye.”
“ I am sorry for you, neighbour,” he said ;
“ for your simplicity I make moan ;
Ice warrant you, you may ask for the King,
when nine or ten days journey you have gone.”
“ Had I wist the King had wond so far,
Ise never a-sought him a mile out o'th town ;
He's either had sought me, or we'd nere a come near,
at home I had rather ha spent a Crown.”
But when he came to the City of London,
of every man he for the King did call ;
They told him that him he need not fear,
for the King he lies now at the White-Hall.
And with spying of Farlies in the City,
because he had never been there befor,
He lee so long a bed the next day,
the Court was remov'd to Winsor that morn.

“ You ha lay too long,” then said his Host,

“ you ha lay too long by a great while !

The King is now to Winsor gone ;

he’s further gone by twenty mile.”

“ I think I was curst,” then said the poor man :

“ If I had been wise, I might ha consider ;

Belike the King of me has gotten some weet,

he had ne’r gone away had not I come hither.”

“ He fled not for you,” then said his Host,

“ but hye you to Winsor as fast as you may ;

Besure it will requi[t]e your cost,

for look, what is past the King will pay.”

But when he came to Winsor Castle,

with his humble staff on his back,

Although the Gates wide open stood,

he laid on them till he made u’m crack.

“ Why stay, pray friend, art mad ?” quoth the Porter;

“ what makes thee keep this stir to day ?’

“ Why, I am a Tennant of the King’s,

who have a Message to him to say.”

“ The King hath men enough,” said the Porter,

“ your message well that they can say.”

“ Why, ther’s ne’r a Knave the King doth keep

shall ken my secret mind to day.

I were told ere I came from home,

ere I got hither it would be dear bought ;

Let me in, Ise give thee a single Penny,

I see thou wilt ha[summat] ere thou do it for nought.”

“Gramercy,” said the Porter then,
“thy reward is so great I cannot say nay ;
Yonder’s a Noble Man within the Court,
I’ll first hear what he doth say.”
When the Porter came to the Noble Man,
he said he would shew him pretty sport ;
“There’s sike a Clown come to the gate,
as came not these seven years to the Court.
He calls all Knaves the King doth keep ;
he raps at the Gates, and makes great din ;
He’s passing liberal of reward,
he’d give a good single Penny to be let in.”
“Let him in” then, said the Noble man ;
“Come in, Fellow,” the Porter gan say ;
“If thou come within thy self,” he said,
“thy staff behind the Gate must stay,
And this Cuckold’s Cur must lig behind :
what, a Deel ! what a Cur hast got with thee !
The King will take him up for his own sell,
Ise warrant, when as he doth him see.”
“Beshrew thy Limbs,” then said the poor man,
“then maist thou count me fool, or worse,
I wot not what Bankrupt lies by the King,
for want of Money he may pick my purse.”
“Let him in with his Staff and Dog,” said the Lord.
He gave a nod with ’s head, and a beck with ’s knee,
“If you be Sir King,” then said the poor man,
“as I can very well think ye be,

For, as I was told ere I came from home,
you'r goodliest man that e're I saw befor,
With so many jingles jangles about one neck
as is about yours I never saw none !"

" I am not the King," said the Noble man,
" fellow, although I have a proud Coat."

" If you be not the King, help me to the speech of him :
you seem a gude fellow, ise give you a Groat."

" Gramercy," said the Noble man,
" thy reward is so great, I cannot say nay ;
Ile go know the King's pleasure, if I can,
till I come again be sure you stay."

" Here's sike a staying," then said the poor man,
" belike the king's better than any in our country
I might a gane to the farthest nuke i'th' house,
neither Lad nor Lown to trouble me."

When the Noble man came to the King,
he said he could shew his Grace good sport:

" Here's such a Clown come to the gate,
as came not this seven years to the Court.
He calls all knaves your Highness keeps,
and more than that, he terms them worse ;
He'l not come in without his Staff and Dog,
for fear some Bankrupt will pick his purse."

" Let him in with his staff," then said our King,
" that of his sport we may see some ;
We'l see how he'l handle every thing,
as soon as our match of Bowls is done."

The Noble man led him through many a room,
and through many a Galleray gay ;
“What, a Deel ! doth the King with so many houses,
that he gets them not fill’d with Corn and Hay ?”
At last they spied the King in a Garden,
yet from his game he did not start ;
The day was so hot, he cast off his Doublet,
he had nothing, from the wāst up, but his shirt.
“Lo ! yonder’s the King,” said the Noble-man ;
“behold ! fellow ; lo, where he goes.”
“Believ’t he’s some unthrift,” says the poor man,
“that has lost his money, and pawn’d his cloths.”
But when he came before the King,
the Noble-man did his courtesie ;
The poor man followed after him,
and gave a nod with’s head, and a beck with’s knee.
“If you be Sir King,” then said the poor man,
“as I can hardly think ye be ?
Here is a gude fellow that brought me hither,
is liker to be the king than ye.”
“I am the king,” his Grace now said ;
“fellow, let me thy case understand.”
“If you be Sir King, Ime a Tenant of yours,
that was born and brought up in your own land.
There dwells a Lawyer hard by me,
and a fault in my Lease he saith he hath found,
And all was for felling five poor Ashès,
to build an house upon your own ground.”

“Hast thou a Lease here?” said our king,
“or canst thou shew to me the Deed?”
He gave it into the king’s own hand,
and said “Sir, here ’tis, if that you can read.”
“Let’s see thy Lease,” then said the king :
then from his Black Box he pull’d it out,
He gave it into the king’s own hand,
with four or five knots ty’d fast in a clout.
“We’st never unlose these knots,” said the king :
he gave it to one that behind him did stay.
“It is a proud Horse,” then said the poor man,
“will not carry’s own provender along the highway.
Pay me forty shillings, as Ise pay you,
I will not think much to unloose a knot ;
I would I were so occupied every day,
I’d unloose a score on um for a groat.”
When the King had gotten these Letters read,
and found the truth was very so,
“I warrent thee, thou hast not forfeit thy Lease
if thou hadst feld five Ashes mo.”
“I, every one can warrant me,
but all your warrants are not worth a flee ;
For he that troubles me and will not let me go,
neither cares for warrant of you nor me.”
“Thou’st have an Injunction,” said our king
“from troubling of thee he will cease ;
He’l either shew thee a good cause why,
or else he’l let thee live in peace ”

- “What’s that Injunction,” said the poor man ;
“good Sir, to me I pray you say.”
- “Why, it is a Letter I’le cause to be written,—
but art thou so simple as thou shewst to-day ?”
- “Why, if it be a Letter, I’m never the better ;
keep it to thyself, and trouble not me ;
I could ha had a letter written cheaper at home,
and nere a come out of my own country.”
- “Thou’st have an Attachment,” said our King ;
“charge all that thou seest take thy part ;
Till he pay thee an hundred pound
be sure thou never let him start.
- “If any seem against thee to stand,
be sure thou come hither straightway.”
- “I, marry, is that all Ise get for my labour ?
then I may come trotting every day.”
- “Thou art hard of belief,” then said our King,—
to please him with Letters he was willing,—
- “I see you have taken great pains in writing,
with all my heart Ise give you a Shilling.”
- “I’le have none of thy shilling,” said our King ;
“man with thy money, God give thee win ;”
- He threw it into the King’s bosome ;
the money lay cold next to his skin.
- “Beshrew thy heart,” then said our King,
“thou art a carle something too bold !
Dost thou not see I am hot with bowling,
and the money next to my skin lies cold ?”

- “ I never wist that before,” said the poor man,
“ before sike time as I came hither ;
If the Lawers in our Country thought ’twas cold,
they would not heap so much together.”
The King called up his Treasurer,
and bad him fetch him twenty pound ;
“ If ever thy Errand lye here away,
i’le bear thy Charges up and down.”
When the poor man saw the Gold down tendred,
for to receive it he was willing :
“ If I had thought the King had had so mickle
Gold,
beshrew my heart, I’de a kept my shilling.”
The poor man got home the next Sunday ;
the Lawer soon did him espy ;
“ O Sir, you have been a stranger long,
I think from me you have kept you by.”
“ It was for you indeed,” said the poor man,
the matter to the King as I have tell ;
I did as my neighbour put into my head,
and made a submission to him mysell.”
“ What, a Deel! didst with the K[ing]?” qd the
Lawyer,
“ could not neighbours and friends agree thee and
me ?”
“ The deel a neighbour or friend that I had,
that would ha been such a day’s man as he !

He has gi'n me a Letter, but I know not what they
cal't,

but if the king's words be true to me,
When you have read and perused it over,
I hope you'll leave and let me be.

He has gi'n me another, but I know not what too,
but I charge you all to hold him fast ;

Till he pay me an hundred pound,
I will go tye him fast tull a Post."

"Marry, God forbid !" the Lawyer said :
then the Tachment was red before them there,—

"Thou must needs something credit me,
till I go home and fetch some mear."

"Credit ! nay, that's it the king forbad ;
he bade, if I got thee, I should thee stay."

The Lawyer paid him an hundred pound
in ready money ere he went away.

Would every Lawyer were served thus !
from troubling poor men they would cease :

They'd either shew good cause why,
or else they'd let him live in peace.

And thus I end my merry song,
which shews the plain man's simpleness,
And the king's great mercy in righting wrongs,
and the Lawyer's fraud and wickedness.

Printed by and for Alex. Milbourn, at the Stationers-
Arms in Green-Arbor-Court, in the Little Old-Baily.

A Pleasant new Ballad betweene

King *Edward* the Fourth and a Tanner of Tamworth, as hee rode upon a time with his Nobles on Hunting, towards Drayton Basset.

In Summer time, when leaves grew greene,
and birds sitting on every tree :
King *Edward* would a hunting ride,
some pastime for to see.

Our King he would a hunting ride
by eight a clocke of the day,
And well was he 'ware of a bold Tanner
come riding on the way.

A good russet coat the Tanner had on,
fast buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
and a mare of foure shilling.

Now stand you here, good my Lords all,
under this trusty tree,
And I will wend to yonder fellow,
to know from whence came hee.

“ God speed ! God speed ! ” then said our King,
“ thou art welcome, good fellow ! ” (quoth hee),
“ Which is the way to Drayton Basset ?
I pray you shew it to me.”

“ The way to Drayton Basset,
from this way as thou dost stand ?
The next paire of Gallowes thou comdest to,
thou must turne upon the left hand.”

“ That is not the way,” then said our King ;
“ the readiest way, I pray thee, shew mee.”
“ Whether thou be thiefe or true man,” quoth the
Tanner,
“ I am weary of thy company,—

“ Away, with a vengeance ;” quoth the Tanner,
“ I hold thee out of thy wit ;
For this day have I ridden and gone,
and I am fasting yet.”

“ Goe with me to Drayton Basset,” said our King,
“ no Dainties we will lacke ;
For wee’l have meat and drinke of the best,
and I will pay for the [snacke.]”

“ Godamercie for nothing,” quoth the Tanner,
“ thou shalt pay for no dinner of mine ;
I have more groats and nobles in my purse
than thou hast pence in thine.”

“ God save your goods,” then said our King,
“ and send them well to thee !”
“ Be thou thiefe or true man,” said the Tanner,
“ I am weary of thy company.

Away, with a vengeance !" quoth the Tanner,
" of thee I stand in feare ;
The apparell thou wearest on thy backe
may seeme a good Lord to weare."

" I never stole them," said our King,
" I sweare to you by the rood."
" Thou art some Ruffian of the Country,
thou ridest in the midst of thy good."

" What newes doe you heare ?" then said our King;
" I pray what newes d'you heare ?"
" I heare no newes," answered the Tanner,
" But that Cow-hides be deare."

" Cow-hides ! Cow-hides !" then said our King ;
" I marvel what they be !"
" Why, art thou a foole ?" quoth the Tanner,
" looke ! I have one under mee."

" Yet one thing of thee I would thee pray,
so that thou would not be strange ;
If thy Mare be better than my Steed,
I pray you let us change."

" But if thou, needs, with me wilt change,
as change full well may yee,
By the faith of my body," quoth the Tanner,
" I looke to have boot of thee."

“What boot wilt thou aske?” then said the King.

“What boot wilt thou aske, on this ground?”

“No pence, nor halfpence,” said the Tanner,

“But a Noble in Gold so round.”

The second part of King Edward the Fourth and the Tanner of Tamworth.

“Here’s twenty good groats then,” said the King,

“so, well paid see that you be!”

“I love thee better than I did before,

I thought thou hadst ne’r a penny.

But if so be we must needs change,

as change[d] we must abide,

Though thou hast gotten Brocke, my Mare,

thou shalt not have my Cow-hide.”

The Tanner tooke the good Cow-hide,

that off the Cow was hilt,

And threw it upon the King’s saddle,

that was so fairely gilt.

“Now helpe ! helpe me up !” quoth the Tanner,

“full quickly that I were gone ;

For when I come home to Jillian my wife,

shee’l say I am a Gentleman.”

The Kinge tooke the Tanner by the leg,
he girded a fart so round ;
“ You are very homely,” then said the King,
“ were I aware, I'de a laid you o'th ground.”

But when the Tanner was in the King's Saddle,
astonied [*i.e.*, astonished] that hee was ;
Hee knew not the stirrups that hee did weare,
whether they were gold or brasse.

But when the Steed saw the black Cow-taile wag,
for and the blacke Cow-horne,
The Steed began to run away,
as the Devill the Tanner had borne,

Untill he came unto a nooke,
a little beside an Ash ;
The Steed gave the Tanner such a fall,
his necke was almost brast.

“ Take thy horse again, with a vengeance !” hee said,
“ with me hee shall not abide.”
“ It is no marvell,” said the King, and laught,
“ he knew not your Cow-hide.”

But if that wee must needs now change here,
as change well that we mote,
Ile sweare to you plaine, if you have your Marc,
I doe looke to have some boot,”

“What boot wilt thou aske?” quoth the Tanner;

“what boot wilt thou aske on this ground?”

“No pence nor halfpence,” said the King,

“but in gold twenty pound.”

“Here’s twenty groats,” said the Tanner,

“and twenty more I had of thine;

I have ten groats more in my purse,

wee’ll drink five of them at the Wine.”

The King set a Bugle-horne to his mouth,

that blew both loud and shrill;

Then five hundred Lords and Knights

came riding over a hill.

“Away, with a vengeance!” quoth the Tanner,

“with thee Ile no longer abide!

Thou art a strong thiefe, yonder be thy fellowes,

they will steale away my Cow-hide.”

“No, I protest!” then said our King,

for so it may not be;

Thay be Lords of Drayton Basset,

come out of the North country.”

But when they came before the King,

full loe they fell on their knee;

The Tanner had rather than a hundred pound

hee had been out of their company.

“ A collar ! A collar !” then said the King,
“ A collar !” that he did cry :
Then would he ha’ given a thousand pound
he had not been so nie.

“ A collar ! a collar !” quoth the Tanner,
“ that is a thing will breed sorrow !
For after a collar commeth a halter,
and I shall be hangd tomorrow !”

“ No, do not feare,” the King did say,
“ for pastime thou hast showne me ;
No collar nor halter thou shalt have,
but I will give thee a fee ;

For Plumpton Parke I will thee give,
with the Tenements three beside,—
Which is worth five hundred pound a ycare,—
to maintaine thy good Cow-hide,”

“ Godamercie ! Godamercie !” quoth the Tanner,
“ for this good deed thou hast done,
If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
“ thou shalt have clouting leather for thy shone.”

Finis.

London, Printed by A. M.

A Pleasant Ballad of King Henry
the second, and the Miller of Mansfield, and
how he was Entertained and Lodged at the
Miller's House, and of their pleasant Communi-
cation.

TO THE TUNE OF *The French Levalto*, &c.

Henry, our Royal King, would ride a Hunting
to the green Forrest so pleasant and fair ;
To have the Hart chased—the dainty Does tripping—
unto merry *Sherwood* his Nobles repair.
Hawk and Hound was unbound, all things prepar'd
For the same—to the game with good regard.

All a long Summer's Day rode the King pleasantly,
with all his Princes and Nobles each one,
Chasing the Hart and Hind, and the Buck gallantly,
till the dark Evening forc'd him to turn home.
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his Lords in the Woods, late in dark Night.

Wandering thus warily all alone, up and down,
with a rude Miller he met at the last ;
Asking the ready way unto fair Nottingham—
“ Sir,” (quoth the Miller) “ your way you have lost,
Yet I think what I think, truth for to say,
You do not likely ride out of the way.”

"Why, what dost thou think of me," quoth our King
merily,

"passing thy judgment upon me so brief?"

"Good faith," (said the Miller) "I mean not to
flatter thee,

I guess thee to be but some Gentleman-Thief;
Stand thee back in the dark! light thee not down;
Least that I presently crack thy Knave's crown."

"Thou hast abus'd me much," (quoth the King)
"saying thus;

I am a Gentleman, and Lodging I lack."

"Thou hast not" (quoth the Miller) "one groat in
thy purse;

all thy Inheritance hangs on thy back."

"I have gold to discharge all that I call;

If it be Forty Pence, I will pay all."

"If thou beest a True-man," (then quoth the Miller)

"I swear by my tole-dish, I'll lodge thee all
night."

"Here's my hand," (quoth the King) "that was I
ever."

"Nay, soft," (qd. the Miller) "thou may'st be a
Spright!

Better I'll know thee, e'er hands I will take;

With none but honest men hands will I shake."

Thus they went all along unto the miller's house,
 where they were seething of Puddings and Souse;
 The Miller first entred in, then after him the King;
 never came he in so smoaky a house.

"Now" (quoth he) "let me see here what you are.
 Quoth our King, "Look your fill, and do not spare."

"I like thy countenance; thou hast an honest face;
 with my Son *Richard* this night thou shalt lye,"
 Quoth his wife, "By my troth, it is a handsome
 Youth,

yet, it is best (husband) for to deal warily:
 Art not thou a Run-away? prethee, Youth, tell;
 Shew me thy Pasport, and all shall be well."

Then our King presently, making low courtesie,
 With his hat in his hand, thus he did say:
 "I have no passport, nor never was Servitor,
 but a poor Courtier, rode out of my way;
 And for your kindness here offered [to] me,
 I will requite it in every degree."

Then to the Miller his wife whispered secretly,
 saying, "it seems this Youth's of good kin,
 Both by his aparel, and eke by his manners;
 to turn him out certainly 'twere a great sin."
 "Yea," (quoth he) "you may see he hath some grace
 When he doth speak to his betters in place."

“ Well,” qd the Miller’s wife, “ young man, welcom here !

and, tho’ I say it, well lodg’d thou shalt be ;
Fresh straw I will have laid on thy bed so brave,
good brown hempen-sheets likewise,” quoth she.
“ Ay,” quoth the good man, “ and when that is done,
You shall lye with no worse than my own Son.”

“ Nay, first,” (quoth *Richard*) “ Goodfellow, tell me true,

hast thou no Creepers within thy gay Hose ?
Or art thou not troubled with the Scabbado ? ”

“ I pray,” quoth our King, “ what things are those ? ”
“ Art thou not lousie, nor scabby ? ” quoth he ;
“ If thou beest, surely thou ly’st not with me.”

This caus’d the King suddenly to laugh most heartily,
till the tears trickled down from his eyes.

Then to their supper were they set orderly,
with a hot bag-pudding and good apple-pies ;
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a brown bowl,
Which did about the board merrily trowl.

“ Here,” qd the miller, “ good fellow, I drink to thee,
and to all Courtinals wherever they be.”

“ I’ll pledge you,” quoth our King, “ and thank you heartily
for your good welcome, in every degree ;

And here, in like manner, I'll drink to your Son,"
 "Do so," quoth *Richard*, "but quick let it come."

"Wife," quoth the Miller, "fetch me forth Light-foot,
 that we of his sweetness a little may taste."

A fair vension-pastry then brought she forth presently

"Eat," quoth the Miller, but, Sir, make no waste."
 "Here's dainty Light-foot, in faith" said our King,
 "I never before did Eat so dainty a thing."

"*I wis*," said *Richard*, "no dainty at all it is,
 for we do eat of it every day."

"In what place," said the King, "may be bought
 like to this?"

"We never pay penny for it, by my fay ;
 From merry *Sherwood* we fetch it home here ;
 Now and then we make bold with our King's deer."

"Then I think," said our King, "that it is venison."

"Each fool," quoth *Richard*, "full well may see
 that ;

Never are we without two or three under the roof,
 very well fleshed and excellent fat :

But, prethee, say nothing, where ever thou go ;

We would not, for two pence, the King should it
 know."

Doubt, not," then said the King, "my promis'd
secrecie ;

the King shall never know more on't for me."

A cup of lambs-wool they drank unto him then,
and to their beds they past presently.

The Nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
For to seek out the King in every town.

At last at the miller's house soon they espy'd him
plaine,

as he was mounting upon his fair Steed ;

To whom they came presently, falling upon their
knee ;

which made the miller's heart wofully bleed ;

Shaking and quaking, before them he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the rood.

The King perceiving him fearful and trembling,
drew forth his sword, and nothing he said ;

The miller down did fall, crying before them all,
doubting the King would have cut off his head.

But [he] his kind Courtesie for to requite,
Gave him a living, and made him a knight.

The Second Part of the King and the Miller, shewing how he came to Court with his wife and son, and what merry Conceits passed between the King and them.

When as our Royal King came home from *Nottingham*,

and with his Nobles at *Westminster* lay,
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had tane
in this late Progress, along by the way ;
Of them all, great and small, he did protest
The Miller of *Mansfield's* sport likèd him best.

“ And now, my Lords,” quoth the King, “ I am
determined,

against St. *George's* next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our last confirmed knight,
with his son Richard, shall both be my Guests ;
For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire
To talk with the jolly knight and the young Squire.”

When as the [noble] Lords saw the king's pleasant-
ness,

they were right joyfull and glad in their hearts :
A Pursevant there was sent straight on the business,
the which had oftentimes been in those parts.

When he came to the place where he did dwell,
His message orderly then he did tell.

“ God save your worship !” then said the Messenger,
“ and grant your Lady her [own] heart’s desire ;
And to your Son *Richard* good fortune and happi-
ness,
that sweet young Gentleman, and gallant Squire !
Our king greets you all, and thus [he] doth say,
You must come to the Court on St. *George’s* day :

Therefore, in any case, fail not to be in place.”

“ I wis,” quoth the Miller, “ this is an odd jest !
What should we do there ?” he said,—“ faith, I am
half afraid.”

“ I doubt,” quoth *Richard*, “ [to] be hang’d at the
least.”

“ Nay,” quoth the messenger, “ you do mistake,
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.”

Then said the miller, “ Now, by my troth, messenger,
thou hast contented my worship full well.
Hold ! here’s 3 farthings to ’quit thy great gentleness
for these happy tydings which thou dost me tell.
Let me see ! here’s to thee ! tell to our King,
We’ll wait on his mastership in every thing.”

The Pursevant smilèd at their simplicity,
 and, making many legs, took their Reward ;
 And taking then his leave with great humility,
 to the King's Court again he repair'd
 Shewing unto his Grace in each degree
 The Knight's most liberal gift and bounty.

When he was gone away, thus did the miller say :
 "here comes expences and charges indeed !
 Now we must needs be brave, though we spend all
 we have ;
 for of new Garments we have great need :
 Of horses and serving men we must have store,
 With bridles and saddles, and twenty things more."

"Tush, Sir *John* !" qud his wife, "never fret nor frown,
 you shall be at no more charges for me !
 For I will turn and trim up my old Russet Gown,
 with every thing [else] as fine as may be ;
 And on our mill-horses full swift we will ride,
 With pillows and pannels, as we shall provide."

In this most stately sort Rode they unto the Court,
 their jolly Son *Richard* [the] foremost of all ;
 Who set up, by good hap, a Cock's Feather in his
 cap,
 and so they jetted down towards the King's Hall,
 The merry old miller with his hands on his side,
 His Wife, like maid Marrian did mince, at that tide,

The King and his nobles, that heard of his coming,
meeting this gallant knight with his brave train,
“Welcome, Sir knight,” quoth he, “with this your
gay Lady ;

good Sir *John Cockle* once welcome again !
And so is this Squire of courage so free !”
Quoth *Dick*, “*A bots on you ! do you know me ?*”

Quoth our King gently, “How should I forget thee ?”
thou wast my own Bedfellow, well that I wot.”

“But I think of a trick, tell me that, prethee, *Dick*,
how thou with farting didst make the bed hot ?”
“Thou whorson happy knave !” then quoth the
knight,
“speak cleanly to our king, or else go shite.”

The King and his Courtiers heartily laugh'd at this,
while the King took them both by the hand ;
With Ladies and their Maids, like to the Queen of
Spades,

the Miller's wife did so orderly stand,—
A Milk-maid's courtesie at every word ;
And down the Folks were set at the side board,

Where the king royally, in Princely majesty,
sat at his dinner with joy and delight.
When they had eaten well, to jesting then [he] fell ;
taking a bowl of wine, drank to the knight :

“ Here’s to you both,” he said, “ in wine, ale, and
 beer,
 Thanking you all for your Country Cheer.”

Quoth Sir *John Cockle*, “ I’ll pledge you a pottle,
 were it the best ale in Nottingham-shire :”
 But then said the king, “ I do think of a thing,—
 some of your Lightfoot I would we had here.”
 “ Ho, ho !” quoth *Richard*, “ full well may I say it,
 ’Tis knavery to eat it and then to betray it.”

“ Why art thou angry ?” quoth our king merrily ;
 “ in faith, I take it [as] very unkind ;
 I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine
 heartily.”

“ You’re like to stay,” quoth *Dick*, “ till I have
 din’d ;
 You feed us with twatling dishes so small,
 Zounds ! a black Pudding is better than all.”

“ Ay, marry,” quoth our king, “ that were a dainty
 thing,
 if a man could get one, here for to eat.”
 With that *Dick* arose, and pluckt one out of his hose,
 which, with heat of his breech, began for to sweat.
 The king made a proffer to snatch it away,—
 “ ’Tis meat for your Master ! good Sir you must stay !”

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent,
and then the Ladies preparèd to dance :
Old Sir *John Cockle* and *Richard*, incontinent,
unto this practice, the king did advance.
Here with the Ladies much sport they did make,
The Nobles with laughing did make their hearts ake.

Many thanks for their pains did the king give them,
asking young *Richard* if he would [be] wed ;
“ Among these Ladies free, tell me which liketh
thee ?”

Quoth he, *Jug Grumbol*, with the Red Head :
She's my love ; shes my life ; she will I wed ;
She hath sworn I shall have her maiden-head.”

Then Sir *John Cockle* the king callèd unto him,
and of merry *Sherwood* made him Over-seer ;
and gave him out of hand three hundred pound
yearly.

“ and now, take heed, you steale no more of my
Deer !

And once a quarter let's here have your view ;
And thus, Sir *John Cockle*, I bid you adieu !”

A Lanthorne for Landlords.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Duke of Norfolk.*



With sobbing grief my heart wil break
 Asunder in my brest,
 Before this story of great woe
 I truely have exprest :
 Therefore let all kind-hearted men,
 and those that tender be,
 Come beare a part of this my grieffe,
 and joyntly say with me,
Woe worth the man, &c.

Not long agoe in *Lincolne* dwelt,
As I did understand,
A labouring man, from thence set forth
to serve in Ireland :
And there in Princes' warres was slaine,
As doth that Country know,
But left this widdow great with child
as ever she could goc.

This woman having gone her time,
Her husband being dead,
Of two fine pretty Boyes at once
was sweetly brought to bed ;
Whereat her wicked Landlord straight
Did ponder in his minde
How that their wants hee must relieve,
and succour for them finde :

For, being borne upon his ground,
This was his vile conceit,—
That he the mother should maintaine,
and give the other meat ;
Which to prevent, he hyed fast
unto this widdow poore,
And, on the day she went to Church,
he turn'd her out of doore.

Her household goods he 'straynd upon.
To satisfie the rent,
And left her scarce a ragge to weare,—
so wilfull was he bent.
Her pretty Babes, that sweetly slept
Upon her tender brest,
Were forcèd, by the Miser's rage,
by nights in streets to rest.

Quoth^e she "My husband, in your cause,
In warres did lose his life ;
And will you use thus cruelly
his harmlesse wedded wife ?
O God ! revenge a widdowes wrong !
That all the world may know
How you have forst a Souldier's wife
a begging for to goe."

From *Lincolne* thus his widdow went,
But left her curse behind,
And beggèd all the Land about,
her maintenance to find.
At many places where she came,
She knew the whipping post,
Constrained still, as beggars be,
to taste on such like rost.

And, weary of such punishment,
Which she had suffered long,
She daily thought within her heart
shee had exceeding wrong :
And, comming neere to *Norwich* gates,
In griefes shee sate her downe,
Desiring God that never shee
might come in that same Towne ;

“ For I had rather live,” quoth shee,
“ Within these pleasant fields,
And feed my children with such food
as woods and meddowes yeeld,
Before I will of rich men beg,
Or crave it at their doore,
Whose hearts, I know, are mercilesse
unto the needy poore.”

The Second Part, to the Tune.

Her Boys, now grown to two yeeres old,
Did from their mother run
To gather eares of Barly Corne,
as they before had done.
But marke what heavy chance befell
Unto these pretty Elves :—

They hapned into Lands of Wheat,
wherein they lost themselves.
Woe worth, &c.

And thinking to returne againe,
They wandred further still,
Farre from their mother's hearing quite,
full sore against her will,
Who sought them all the fields about,
But labouring all in vaine,
For why, her children both were lost,
and could not come againe.

The two sweet babes, when they perceiv'd
The cole-blacke night drew on,
And they not in their mother's sight,
for her did make great mone ;
But, wearied with the dayes great heat,
They sate them downe and cryed,
Untill such time that, arme in arme,
these two sweet infants dyed.

Their mother, after three dayes search,
Resolvèd had her mind
That some good honest meaning man
did both her children find ;
And therefore went to seeke her selfe
A service out of hand,

Who chancéd with that man to dwell
which ow[n]ed this greene wheat land.

It fell out so in harvest time,
This woefull widdow then
Was at the reaping of the Wheate,
with other labouring men,
Where, finding of her liveless babes
Almost consum'd away,
Shee wrung her hands, and beat her brest,
but knew not what to say.

The rumor of which woefull chance,
Throughout the City told,
Enforcèd many a weeping eye,
the same for to behold.
From whence shee was convey'd againe
To *Lincolne* backe, with speed,
To prosecute the Law against
the causer of this deed.

But see the judgement of the Lord !
How hee, in fury great,
Did bring this Miser to distresse,
though wealthy was his seat :
For when to *Lincolne* shee was brought,
The Caitiffe hee was gone ;
Of all his curséd family
remaining was but one.

For first, the house wherein shee dwelt
Did prove unfortunate,
Which made the Landlord and his friends
to marvell much thereat ;
For tenants foure there dwelt therein
A twelvemonth and a day,
Yet none of them could thrive at all,
but beggers went away :

Whereas this miserable wretch
Did turne it to a barne,
And fild it full in harvest time
with good red wheat and corne,
To keep it safely from the poore
Untill there came a ycere
That famine might oppresse them all,
and make all victuals deare.

But God, forgetting not the wrong
he did the Widdow poore,
Sent downe a fire from heaven [that]
consumed all his store ;
By which this wicked miser man
Was brought to beggery ;
And [God] likewise laid a grievous scourge
upon his family.

His wife she prov'd a curs'd witch,
And burnèd for the same :
His daughter now a Strumpet is
at *London*, in defame ;
At *Leister*, at the 'Sizes last,
Was hanged his eldest sonne,
F'or there consenting wickedly
unto a murder done.

His second sonne was fled away
Unto the enemy,
And prov'd disloyall to his Prince,
and to his owne Country.
His youngest sonne had like mishap,
Or worser in my mind,
For hee consented to a bitch,
contrary unto kind.

For which the Lord, without delay,
Rain'd vengeance on his head
Who, like a sinnefull Sodomite,
defilèd Nature's bed.
For there were two great mastiffe dogs
That met him in a wood,
And tore his limbs in pieces small,
devouring up his blood.

Whereof when as his father heard,
Most like a desperate man,
Within a Channell drown'd himselfe
that downe the street it ran,
Where as water could scarce suffice
To drown a silly mouse ;
And thus the ruine you have heard
of him and all his house.

The Widdow she was soone possest
of all the goods he left,
In recompence of those sweet babes
mischance from her bereft.
Therefore let all hard-hearted men
By this example take,
That God is just, and will be true,
for woefull widdowes sake.
Woe worth the man, &c.

FINIS.

London Printed for Iohn Wright.

The Lamentation of Master *Pages*

wife of Plimmouth, who being enforced by her Parents to wed him against her will, did most wickedly consent to his murther, for the love of *George Strangwidge*; for which fact she suffered death at Bar[n]staple in Devonshire. Written with her own hand, a little before her death.

TO THE TUNE OF *Fortune, my Foe!*

Unhappy she whom fortune hath forlorne !
Despis'd of grace, that proffered grace did scorne !
My lawlesse love that lucklesse wrought my woe ;
My discontent content did overthrow.

My loathed life too late I doe lament ;
My hatefull deed with heart I doe repent ;
A wife I was that wilfull went awry,
And for that fault am here prepar'd to die.

In blooming yeares my Father's greedy mind,
Against my will, a match for me did find ;
Great wealth there was, yea, gold and mony store,
But yet my heart had chosen long before.

My eye mislikt my Father's liking quite ;
My heart did loath my Parents' fond delight ;
My grieved mind and fancie told to me
That with his age my youth could not agree.

On knees I crav'd they would not me constraine ;
With teares I cride, their purpose to refraine ;
With sighs and sobs I did them often move
I might not wed, whereas I could not love.

But all in vaine my speeches still I spent ;
My Fathers will my wishes did prevent :
Though wealthy *Page* possest my outward part,
George Strangwidge still was lodgèd in my heart.

I wedded was, but wrappèd all in woe ;
Great discontents within my heart did grow ;
I loath'd to live, yet liv'd in deadly strife,
Because perforce I was made *Page's* wife.

My chosen eyes could not his sight abide ;
My tender youth did scorne his aged side ;
Scant could I taste the meat whereon he fed ;
My legs did loath to lodge within his bed.

Cause knew I none I should despise him so,—
That such disdaine within my mind did grow,—
Save onely this, that fancie did me move,
And told me still, *George Strangwidge* was my love.

But ! here began my downfall and decay :
In mind I mus'd to make him straight away ;
I, that became his discontented wife.
Contented was he should be rid of life.

Me thinkes that heaven cries vengeance for my fact ;
Me thinkes the world condemnes my monstrous act ;
Me thinkes, within, my conscience tells me true,
That for that deed Hell fire is my due.

My pensive life doth sorrow for my sinne ;
For this offence my soule doth bleed within ;
Yet mercy, Lord ! for mercy doe I cry !
Save thou my soule, and let my body dye !

Well could I wish that *Page* enjoy'd his life,
So that he had some other to his wife ;
But never would I wish, of low or hie,
A longer life, and see sweet *Strangwidge* die.

Ah ! woe is me ! that had no better grace
To stay till he had run out Nature's race.
My deed I rue, but more I doe lament
That to the same my *Strangwidge* gave consent.

You Parents fond, that greedy-minded be,
And seeke to graft upon a golden tree,
Consider well and rightfull Judges be,
And give your doome twixt Parents' love and me.

I was their child, and bound for to obey,
Yet could not wed where I no love could lay :
I married was to muck and endless strife,
But faith before had made me *Strangwidge* wife.

Ah, wretched world ! which sancred rust doth blinde
 And cursed men, that beare a greedy minde ;
 And haplesse I, whom Parents did force so
 To end my dayes in sorrow, shame, and woe !

You *Devonshire* Dames, and courteous *Cornwal*
 Knights,

That here are come to visit wofull wights,
 Regard my grieffe, and marke my wofull end,
 And to your children be a better friend.

And thou, my deare, which for my fault must dye,
 Be not afraid the sore of death to try ;
 Like as we liv'd and lov'd together true,
 So both at once let's bid the world adue.

Ulalia, thy friend, doth take her last farewell,
 Whose soule with thine in heaven shall ever dwell.
 Sweet Saviour Christ ! doe thou my soule receive,
 The world I doe with all my heart for forgive.

And Parents now, whose mournfull minds doe show
 You hearts disease and inward heavy woe,
 Mourne you no more ! for hope my heart doth tell,
 Ere day be done, that I shall be full well.

And *Plimmouth* proud, I bid thee eke farewell.
 Take heed, you wives, let not your hands rebell ;
 And farewell, life, wherein such sorrow showes,
 And welcome, grave, which must my corps inclose.

And now, sweet Lord ! forgive me my misdeeds ;
Repentance cries for soule that inward bleeds ;
My soule and body I commend to thee,
That with thy blood from death redeem'd it free.

Lord, blesse our King with long and happy life,
And send true love betwixt each Man and Wife ;
And give all Parents wisdom to foresee,
The match is marr'd where minds doe not agree.



The Lamentation of *George Strang-*
widge, who, for consenting to the death of Master
Page of Plimmouth, suffered Death at Bar[n]
 stable.

The man that sighes and sorrowes for his sinne,
 The corps which care and woe hath wrapped in,
 In dolefull sort records his Swan-like Song,
 That waits for Death, and lothes to live so long.

O *Glandfield*! cause of my committed crime,
 Snarèd in wealth, as Birds in bush of lime,
 What cause hadst thou to beare such wicked spright
 Against my good, and eke my Love's delight.

I would to God thy wisdome had been more,
 Or that I had not entered in the doore ;
 Or that thou hadst a kinder Father beene
 Unto thy Child, whose yeares are yet but greene :

The match unmeete which thou for muck didst make,
 When aged *Page* thy Daughter home did take,
 Well maist thou rue with teares that cannot dry,
 Which was the cause that foure of us must dye.

Ulalia faire, more bright than Summer's Sunne,
Whose beauty had my heart for ever won,
My soule more sobs to thinke of thy disgrace,
Than to behold mine owne untimely race.

The deed late done in heart I doe lament ;
But that I lov'd, I cannot it repent ;
Thy seemely sight was ever sweet to me,
Would God my death would thy excuser be.

It was for me [alas !] thou didst the same ;
On me, of right, they ought to lay the blame :
My worthlesse love hath brought my life in scorne ;
Now, woe is me that ever I was borne !

Farewell, my love, whose loyall heart was seene :
Would God thou hadst not halfe so constant beene !
Farewell, my Love, the pride of *Plimmouth* Towne !
Farewell the Flower, whose beauty is cut downe !

For twenty yeares great was the cost, I know,
Thy unkind Father did on thee bestow ;
Yet afterward, so sore did fortune lowre,
He lost his joy, and Child, within an houre.

My wrong and woe to God I doe commit :
His was the fault, by matching them unfit :
And yet my guilt I cannot so excuse.
I gave consent his life for to abuse,

Wretch that I am, that I consent did give !
Had I denied, *Ulalia* still should live :
Blind fancy said, her suite doe not denie ;
Live thou in blisse, or else in sorrow die.

O Lord ! forgive this cruell deed of mine ;
Upon my soule let beames of mercy shine :
In Justice, Lord ! doe thou no vengeance take ;
Forgive us both for Jesus Christ his sake.

FINIS.

The Sorrowful Complaint of *Mistres*

Page for causing her husband to be murdered,
for the love of *George Strangwidge*, who were
executed together.

If ever woe did touch a woman's heart,
Or griefe did gall for sinne the inward part,
My conscience then, and heavy heart within,
Can witnesse well my sorrow for my sinne.

When yeeres were young my Father forc't me wed
Against my will, where fancy was not led ;
I was content his pleasure to obey,
Although my heart was linkt another way.

Great were the guifts they proffered to my sight ;
With wealth they thought to win me to delight ;
But gold nor guift my heart could not remove,
For I was linkt whereas I could not love.

Me thought his sight was loathsome to my eye ;
My heart did grudge against him inwardly :
This discontent did cause my deadly strife,
And with his wealth I liv'd a loathsome life.

My constant love was young *Strangwidge* set,
And woe to them that did our welfare let ;
His love to me so deepe a roote did take,
I could a gone a begging for his sake.

Wronged he was even through my Parents, plaine ;
Wronged he was through fond desire of gaine ;
If faith and troth a perfect Judge might be,
I had beene wife unto no man but he.

Eternall God ! forgive my faithlesse deed,
And grant all Maidens to take better heed.
If I had constant beene unto my friend,
I had not matcht to make so bad an end.

But, wanting grace, I sought my owne decay,
And was the cause to cast my friend away :
And he in whom my earthly joyes did lie,
Though my amisse, a shamefull death must die.

Farewell, sweet *George*, my loving, faithfull friend !
Needes must I laud and love thee to the end ;
And albeit that *Page* possest thy due,
In sight of God thou wast my Husband true.

My watry eyes unto the heavens I bend,
Craving of Christ his mercy to extend.
My bloody deed, O Lord ! doe me forgive,
And let my soule within thy Kingdome live.

Farewell ! false World, and friends that fickle be ;
All wives, farewell ! example take by me ;
Let not the Devill to murder you entice ;
Seeke to escape each foule and filthy vice.

And now, O Christ ! to thee I yeeld my breath ;
Strengthen my faith in bitter pangs of death ;
Forgive my faults and follies, I thee pray,
And with thy blood wash thou my sinnes away.

FINIS.

A lamentable Ditty composed upon
the Death of *Robert Lord Devereux*, late Earle
of *Essex*, who was beheaded in the Tower of
London, on *Ashwenesday* in the morning, 1600.

TO THE TUNE OF *Welladay*.



Sweet *England's* pride is gone!
welladay ! welladay !
Which makes her sigh and grone
evermore still :

He did her fame advance
in *Ireland, Spaine, and France,*
And, now, by dismall chance,
is from us tane.

He was a vertuous Peere,
welladay ! welladay !
And was esteemed deare
evermore still :
He alwayes helpt the poore,
which makes them sigh ful sore ;
His death they doe deplore
in every place.

Brave honour grac'd him sti'l,
gallantly, gallantly ;
He nere did deed of ill ;
well it is knowne ;
But Envy, that foule fiend,
whose malice nere did end,
Hath brought true vertue's friend
unto his thrall.

At Tilt he did surpasse,
gallantly, gallantly ;
All men that is and was
evermore still.

One day, as it was seene,
In honour of our Queene,
Such deeds hath nere bin seene
as he did doe.

Abroad, and eke at home,
gallantly, gallantly;
For valour there was none
like him before.
In *Ireland, France, and Spaine,*
they fear'd great *Essex* name—
And *England* lov'd the same
in every place.

But all would not prevaile;
welladay! welladay!
His deeds did not availe;
more was the pittie!
He was condem'd to die—
for treason certainly—
But God, that sits on high,
knoweth all things.

That Sunday in the morne,
welladay! welladay!
That he to the Citie came,
with all his troupe—

That first began the strife,
and caus'd him lose his life !—
And others did the like
as well as he.

Yet her Princely Majesty,
graciously ! graciously !
Hath pardon given free
to many of them :
She hath releas'd them quite,
and given them their right !
They may pray, day and night,
God to defend her.

Shrove Sunday, in the night,
welladay ! welladay !
With a heavy-hearted sprite,
as it is said,
The Lieutenant of the Tower,
who kept him in his power,
At ten a Clocke, that houre,
to him did come.

And said unto him there,
mournefully ! mournefully !
“ My Lord, you must prepare
to dye tomorrow.”

“ God’s will de done ! ” quoth he ;
 “ yet shall you strangely see
 God strong in me to be,
 though I am weake.

I pray you, pray for me,
welladay ! welladay !
 That God may strengthen me
 against that houre.”
 Then straightway he did call
 to the Guard under the wall,
 And did intreat them all
 for him to pray,

“ For tomorrow is the day,
welladay ! welladay !
 That I the debt must pay
 which I doe owe :
 It is my life I meane,
 which I must pay my Queene,
 Even so hath Justice given
 that I must dye.”

In the morning was he brought,
welladay ! welladay !
 Where a Scaffold was set up
 within the Tower ;

Many Lords were present then,
with other Gentlemen,
Which were appointed then
to see him die.

“ You Noble Lords,” quoth he,
welladay ! welladay !
“ That must the witnesse be
of this my death
Know, I never lov’d Papistry,
but still did it defie ;
And *Essex* thus will dye
here in this place.

I have a sinner beene,
welladay ! welladay !
Yet never wrong’d my Queene
in all my life :
My God I did offend,
which grieves me at my end
May all the rest amend,
I doe forgive them.

To the State I nere ment ill,
welladay ! welladay !
Neither wisht the Commons ill
in all my life ;

But lov'd with all my heart,
and alwayes tooke their part,
Whereas there was desert
in any place."

Then mildly did he crave,
mournefully! mournefully!
He might that favour have,
private to pray;
he then praid heartily
and with great fervency,
To God that sits on hie,
for to receive him.

And then he praid againe,
mournfully! mournfully!
God to preserve his Queene
from all her foes:
And send her long to raigne,
true Justice to maintaine,
And not to let proud *Spaine*
once to offend her.

His Gowne he slipt off then,
welladay! welladay!
And put off his hat and band,
and hung them by ;

Praying still continually
To God that sits on hie,
That he might patiently
there suffer death.

“ My headsman that must be,”
then said he chearefully,
“ Let him come here to me,
that I may him see ; ”
Who kneeled to him then,—
“ Art thou,” quoth he, “ the man
Which art appointed now
my life to free ? ”

“ Yes, my Lord,” did he say,
welladay ! welladay !
“ Forgive me, I you pray,
for this your death.”
“ I here doe you forgive,
and may true Justice live,
No foule crime to forgive
within this place.”

Then he kneeled down againe,
mournfully ! mournfully !
And was required by some
there standing by

To forgive his enemies
 before death closed his eyes,
 Which he did in hearty wise,
 thanking them for it.

That they would remember him,
welladay! welladay!
 That he might forgive all them
 that had him wrong'd.
 "Now, my Lords, I take my leave;
 sweet Christ! my soule receive!
 Now, when you will, prepare,
 for I am ready."

He laid his head on the bloke,
welladay! welladay!
 But his Doublet let the stroake
 some there did say:
 "What must be done," quoth he,
 "shall be done presently."
 Then his doublet off put he,
 and lay downe againe.

Then his headsman did his part
cruelly, cruelly;
 He was never seen to start,
 for all the blowes.

His soule it is at rest
in heaven, amongst the blest ;
Where God send us to rest
when it shall please him !

FINIS.

Printed at London, for *Cuthbert Wright* and are to
be sold at his shop in little *Saint Bertholmes*,
close to the Lame-Hospitall.

A lamentable new Ditty, made upon
the death of a worthy Gentlemen, *George Stoolc*,
dwelling sometime on *Gate-side Moore*, and
sometime at New-Castle, in Northumberland :
with his penitent end.

TO A DELICATE SCOTISH TUNE.



Come, you lusty Northerne Lads,
that are so blith and bonny,

Prepare your hearts to be full sad,
to hear the end of Georgey.
Heighho, heigh-ho, my bonny love,
heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my honny,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my owne deare love,
and God be with my Georgie !

When *Georgie* to his triall came,
a thousand hearts were sorry ;
A thousand Lasses wept full sore,
and all for love of *Georgy*.
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bonny love,
heigh-ho, &c.

Some did say he would escape,
some at his fall did glory ;
But these were Clownes and fickle Friends,
and none that lovèd *Georgy*.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Might Friends have satisfide the law,
then *Georgie* would find many ;
Yet bravely did he plead for life,
if mercy might be any.
Heigh-ho, &c.

But when this doughty Carle was cast,
he was full sad and sorry ;

A lamentable new Ditty, made upon
the death of a worthy Gentlemen, *George Stoole*,
dwelling sometime on *Gate-side Moore*, and
sometime at New-Castle, in Northumberland :
with his penitent end.

TO A DELICATE SCOTISH TUNE.



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that are so blith and bonny,

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Heigh-ho, &c.

Might Friends have satisfide the law,
then *Georgie* would find many ;
Yet bravely did he plead for life,
if mercy might be any.
Heigh-ho, &c.

But when this doughty Carle was cast,
he was full sad and sorry ;

Yet boldly did he take his death,
so patiently dyde *Georgie*.
Heigh-ho, &c.

As *Georgie* went up to the Gate,
he tooke his leave of many ;
He tooke his leave of his Lards wife,
whom he lov'd best of any.
Heigh-ho, &c.

With thousand sighs, and heavy lookes,
away from thence he parted,
Where he so often blith had beene,
though now so heavy hearted.
Heigh-ho, &c.

He writ a Letter with his owne hand,—
he thought he writ it bravely ;
He sent it *New-castle* Towne,
to his belovèd Lady.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Wherein he did at large bewaile
the occasion of his folly ;
Dequeathing life unto the Law,
his soule to heaven holy.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Why, Lady, leave to weepe for me!
 let not my ending grieve ye!
 Prove constant to the ney you love,
 for I cannot releve ye.

Heigh-ho, &c.

Out upon the [e], *Withrington*!
 and fie upon the[e], *Phenix*!
 Thou hast put downe the doughty one,
 that stole the sheepe from *Anix*.

The Second Part to the same Tune.



And fie on all such cruell Carles,
whose crueltie's so fickle,
To cast away a Gentleman
in hatred for so little.

*Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bonny love,
heigh-ho, &c.*

I would I were on yonder Hill,
where I have beene full merry ;
My sword and buckeler by my side,
to fight till I be weary.

Heigh-ho, &c.

They well should know that tooke me first,
though whoops be now forsaken :
Had I but freedome, armes, and health,
I'de dye are I'de be taken.

Heigh-ho, &c.

But Law condemns me to my grave ;
they have me in their power ;
Ther's none but Christ that can mee save
at this my dying houre.

Heigh-ho, &c.

He call'd his dearest love to him,
when as his heart was sorry,
And speaking thus with manly heart,
“ Deare sweeting, pray for *Georgie*.”

Heigh-ho, &c.

He gave to her a piece of gold,
And bade her give 't her Barnes ;
And oft he kist her rosie lips,
and laid him into her armes.
Heigh-ho, &c.

And comming to the place of death,
he never changèd colour ;
The more they thought he would looke pale,
the more his veines were fuller.
Heigh-ho, &c.

And with a cheerefull countenance,
(being at that time entreated
For to confesse his former life)
these words he straight repeated.
Heigh-ho, &c.

“ I never stole no Oxe nor Cow,
nor never murdered any ;
But fifty Horse I did receive
of a Merchants man of Gory.
Heigh-ho, &c.

For which I am condemn'd to dye,
though guiltlesse I stand dying :
Deare gracious God, my soule receive,
for now my life is flying.”
Heigh-ho, &c.

The man of death a part did act,
which grieves mee tell the story :
God ! comfort all are comfortlesse,
and di[e]d so well as *Georgie !*
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bonny Love.
heigh-ho, heigh-ho my bonny,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, mine own true love,
sweet Christ, receive my Georgie !

FINIS.

At London printed for H. Gosson.

A Lover's teares :

OR,

The constancy of a yong mans mind,
Although his choyce be too unkind.
All you yong men who heare this Ditty.
A Lover's teares bemoane with pittie.

To the Tunc of, Sigh, sob, and weepe.



You who have run in *Cupid's* maze,
and on fond beauties vainly gaze,

Attend, while I explaine my moane,
and thinke my case may be your owne.
Then learne to pittie Lover's teares,
for love is full of cares and feares.

The bitter sweets that I did taste,
and borrowed hours consum'd in wast[e],
Makes me my friends with counsell arme,
that they in time may shun like harm.
And learne, &c.

A curious beauty I adore,
and must, though she hate me therefore,
For now I am within the net,
at liberty I cannot get.
Then learne, &c.

Ill hap had I to see her face,
unlesse her heart would yeeld me grace ;
Her eyes had such attractive force,
I needs must love, without remorse.
Then learne, &c.

Her haire were *Cupid's* chains, to tie
me unto her perpetually ;
For I must love her,—'tis my fate,—
and be repaid with mortall hate.
Then learne to pittie Lover's teares,
for love is full of cares and feares.

I thinke on her both night and morne,
which when she hears, she saies in scorne,
“ If you be foolish, sir, must I
be bound your mind to satisfie ?”
*And thus my sad complaints she jeeres,
for love is full of cares and feares.*

She thinkes herselfe too high in bloud,
and for to match with me too good.
“ Fond foole !” says she, “ art so unwise
to thinke that Eagles strike at flyes ?”
*O yong men, pittie Lovers' teares,
for love is full of cares and feares.*

Such unequality she makes,
no pittie on my moane she takes ;
The more I weepe, the more doth she
insult over my misery.
O yong men, &c.

If I to her a letter frame,
she saith she hates to reade my name,
And therefore, to prevent that paine, '
in scorne she sends it back againe.
Then learne, &c.

If I doe meet with her by chance,
my captiv'd heart (for joy) doth dance ;

But, to suppress that joy again,
 she turnes her face with coy disdain.
Then yong men, &c.

The Second Part to the Same Tune.



She shuns my presence with hast,
 then, ere one word from me is past,
 Shee's out of sight, or out of call,
 and will not heare me speake at all.
O yong men, pittie Lovers' teares,
for love is full of cares and feares.

Sometimes unto her maid I speake,
and she my minde to her doth breake.
“ Away ! thou silly foole ! ” quoth she,
“ hee’s hardly good enough for thee.”
O yong men, &c.

Thus she doth strive to vilifie
my name with hatefull infamy.
O, note the haughty insolence
of maids in fortune’s eminence !
And learne, &c.

Wer’t not a shame it would be said
I woo’d the Mistresse, yet the maid
I am estrem’d scarce worthy of ?
what man could beare so foule a scoffe ?
*Yet I with patience take these jeeres,
for love is full of cares and feares.*

I would my fancy could disswade
me from the Mistresse to the maid !
But o, alas ! that may not be,—
if ere I marry, ’t must be she.
O yong men, &c.

I wish I could my heart reclaime
from doting on this scornfull dame,
For all my sighs, and all my care,
are like to arrows shot i’t’h aire.
O yong men, &c.

Suppose she be, in her degree,
 (as she pretends) too good for me,—
 In love, the begger and the King
 coequally doe feelee the sting,
O yong men, &c.

It is her proud fastidious thought
 that only hath this difference wrought ;
 For, in a true impartiall eye,
 there's no great odds twixt her and I.
O yong men, &c.

Well, if I die, as needs I must,
Cupid ! grant me one boone that's just,
 That, ere she wed, she may be faine
 a worse then I to entertaine !
O yong men, &c.

And so, farewell ! thou cruell faire !
 come, gentle death ! and end my care.
 Kind yongmen ! learne, by my behest,
 to love your enemies—that's the best.
And learne to pittie Lovers' teares,
for love is full of cares and feares.

M. P.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*, at the sign
 of the Hors-shoo in Smithfield.

The lovely Northerne Lasse.

Who in this ditty, here complaining shewes
What harme she got milking her dadyes Ewes.

TO A PLEASANT SCOTCH TUNE, CALLED *The broom
of Cowden knowes.*



Through Liddersdale as lately I went,
I musing on did passe,
I heard a Maid was discontent—
she sigh'd and said, "Alas!

*All maids that ever deceived was,
 bears a part of these my woes,
For once I was a bonny Lasse,
 When I milkt my dadyes Ewes.”
With O, the broome, the bonny broome,
 the broome of Cowden knowes,
Faine would I be in the North Countrey,
 to milke my dadyes Ewes.*

My love into the fields did come
 when my dady was at home,
Sugred words he gave me there,
 prais'd me for such a one ;
His honey breath, and lips so soft,
 and his alluring eye,
And tempting tong, hath woo'd me oft,
 now forces me to cry,
All Maids, &c.

He joyed me with his pretty chat,
 so well discourse could he,
Talking of this thing and of that,
 which greatly likèd me.
I was so greatly taken with his speech,
 and with his comely making,
He used all the meanes could be
 to inchant me with his speaking.
All Maids, &c.

In Danby Forest I was borne ;
my beauty did excell ;
My parents dearely lovèd me,
till my belly began to swell.
I might have beene a prince's peere
when I came over the knoes,
Till the shepherd's boy beguilèd me,
milking my dadyes Ewes.

All Maides, &c.

When once I felt my belly swell,
no longer might I abide ;
My mother put me out of doores,
and bang'd me backe and side.
Then did I range the world so wide,
wandering about the knoes,
Cursing the Boy that helpèd me
to fold my dadyes Ewes.

All Maides, &c.

Who would have thought a boy so yong
would have us'd a Maiden so,
As to allure her with his tongue,
and then from her to goe ?
Which hath also procured my woe,
to credit his faire shewes,
Which now, too late, repent I doe
the milking of the Ewes.

All Maids, &c.

I often since have wisht that I
had never seen his face,
I needed not thus mournefully
have sighed, and said "Alas!"
I might have matched with the best,
as all the Country knowes,
Had I escaped the Shepherd's boy
helpt me to fold my Ewes.
All Maids, &c.

The Second Part to the same Tune.



All Maidens faire, then have a care,
when you a milking goe, —
Trust not to young men's tempting tongues,
that will deceive you so ;
Them you shall finde to be unkinde,
and glory in your woes ;
For the Shepheard's boy beguiléd mee,
folding my dadyes Ewes.
All maids, &c.

If you your virgin honours keepe,
esteeming of them deare,
You need not then to waile and weepe,
or your parents' anger feare ;
As I have said, of them beware
would glory in your woes ;
You then may sing with merry cheere,
milking your Dadyes Ewes.
All maids, &c.

A young man, hearing her complaint,
did pity this her case,
Saying to her, " sweet beautious saint,
I grieve so faire a face
Should sorrow so ; then, sweeting, know,
to ease thee of thy woes,

I'le go with thee to the North Country,
to milke thy dadyes Ewes.

All maids, &c.

Leander like, I will remaine
still constant to thee ever,
As *Piramus*, or *Troyalus*,
till death our lives shall sever.

Let me be hated evermore
of all men that me knowes,
If false to thee, sweet heart, I bee,
milking thy dadyes Ewes."

All maids, &c.

Then modestly she did reply,
" Might I so happy bee,
Of you to finde a husband kinde,
and for to marrie me,
Then to you I would, during life,
continue constant still,
And be a true, obedient wife,
observing of your will.

*With O, the broome, the bonny broome,
the broome of Cowden knoes,
Faine would I be in the North Country,
milking my dadyes Ewes.*

Thus, with a gentle, soft imbrace,
 he tooke her in his armes,
And with a kisse he, smiling, said,
 “Ile shield thee from all harmes,
And instantly will marry thee,
 to ease thee of thy woes,
And goe with thee to the North Country,
 to milke thy dadyes Ewes.”

*With O, the broome, the bonny broome,
 the broome of Cowden knoes,
Faine would I be in the North Country,
 to milke my dadyes Ewes.*

Printed at London for F. Coules.

FINIS.

Labour in vaine,
Or,
An imperfect description of Love,
Imperfect I well call it may,
For who can all Loves parts display ?

TO A DAINTY NEW TUNE, CALLED *Ienkinson*.



Fie upon love ! fond love !
false love !

Great are the torments
that Lovers endure :

It is a snare—brings care—
 bones bare—
None can a remedy
 for it procure.

Of all the afflictions
 that are incidènt
To us while we march
 under Time's regiment,
There's nothing to man
 brings so much discontent
 as love unbelovèd againe.
It breaketh our sleep ;
 it distracteth the wit ;
It makes us doe things
 that for men are unfit :
If I may but give
 a true censure on it,
 It shall be call'd *Labour in vaine.*

Love is a fire—hot fire—
 fierce fire—
Who can abide
 the extremity on't it ?
It burnes the reines ; Great paines,
 small gaines
Shall a man get
 after beauty to hunt.

'Tis that which the learned
 by right doe name
 (as I doe conjecture)
 the Idalean flame,—
Jove grant that I never
 doe feele the same !
 so neer as I can, Ile refraine.
 Yet, if the blind rascall
 at me shall shoot,
 I know to withstand him
 it were no boot ;
 Both young men and maidens,
 [I wish] you look' to't
 For this is right *Labour in vain.*

Love is a well—deepe well—
 steep well ;
 No man can sound
 its profundity right :
 The water in't melts flint—
 sets stint
 Both to the Pesant,
 the Lord, and the Knight,
 It is *Aganippe*,
 or [Mount] *Helicon* ;
 It gives him invention
 that erst had none :

It yeelds enough matter
to worke upon
For every illiterate swaine.
'Tis like to that water
where *Tantalus* stood ;
A man may be starv'd
among plenty of food.
I had rather taste of
the coole running flood,
Then drink at this *Labour in vain.*

The Second Part to the Same Tune.



Love is a hill—high hill—
 great hill ;
No man ere climb'd
 to the top of the same :
He that aspires, it tyres ;
 With bryers
It is invironed,
 wilde men to tame.
'Tis that against which
 poore *Sisiphus* strives
To roule up a stone,
 which downward drives.
This restlesse toyle
 costs many men's lives,
 and few by the journey do gain.
The paths are so difficult
 To find out,
The best Cosmographer
 his skill may doubt ;
'Twill daunt him if he
 thinks himself most stout ;
 And this is right *Labour in vaine.*

Love is a chaine—strong chaine—
 long chaine ;
He who is bound in it,
 seldome gets free.

'Twill hold him fast, till th' last
 houre's past,
Though strong as *Hector*,
 or *Ajax*, he be.
'Tis that wherewith lusty
 Alcides bound
The three-headed *Cerberus*—
 that hell-hound—
When he did Don *Plutoes*
 power confound,
 and got *Proserpina* againe.
'Tis that wherewith *Sampson*
 by th' Philistines was
Bound to the mill,
 where he ground, like an asse ;
'Tis stronger then iron,
 steele, or brasse ;
 and this is call'd *Labour in vain*.

Love is a wheele—round wheele—
 swift wheele,
Which, when 'tis turning,
 none's able to stop :
In circle wise it flyes,
 and hyes
Swiftly to bring
 what was lowest to th' top.

'Tis that which unfortunate
 Ixion turnes,
While at his nere ending
 labour he mournes ;
The axletree of it
 perpetually burnes,
 because it no liquor can gaine :
In briefe, love is anything
 that's without rest ;
A passion that boileth
 and scaldeth the breast ;
Yet he who loves, lov'd againe,
 (for all this jest)
 Dwels not at the *Labour in vaine*.

Finis.

M. P.

Printed at London for *Thos. Lambcrt*.

The Lover's Joy and Griefe,

OR,

A Young man's relation,
In a pitifull fashion,
Being from his Love hindred
By Locks, Bolts, and Kindred.

TO THE TUNE OF *Youngmen and Maids*.



Among the nine, all Nymphes divine,
that haunt the forkèd mountaine,

If any will bring me a Quill
dipt in *Castalia's* fountain,
Ile shew (in briefe) my joy and griefe,
and Her due praises render,
To whom I would come if I could,
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

My joy, in that I had the fate
to chuse so rare a jewell ;
My griefe in this, that she (my blisse)
is kept, by kindred cruell,
Out of my sight ; which, day and night,
doth pierce my heart so tender :
'Tis she to whom I faine would come,
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

She is a Lasse that doth surpasse
her neighbours round about her ;
Her worth is such, it grieves me much
to live so long without her :
With strong desire, in *Cupid's* fire
my heart burnes to a cinder ;
I would possesse my happinesse,
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

As *Thisbe* faire, by Parents' care,
From *Pyramus* was hidden,
So she to come abroad from home
is earnestly forbidden :

She dares not stir,—nor I to her,—
so closely they have penn'd her ;
She would come out, I make no doubt,
but locks and bolts do hinder.

As *Danae* was i' th' Tower of brasse
inclosed by her Father,
So she (my sweet), lest we should meet,
is kept more closely, rather :
Yet as great *Jove* got to his Love,
though walls did comprehend her,
So I do hope to have free scope,
though locks and bolts doe hinder.

I'th interim, I must patiently
expect that happy season ;
I dare not thinke that she will shrink
(for, in truth, I have no reason) ;
I find that she is true to me, —
in that I must commend her ;
She would not be so long from me,
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

It grieves my heart to thinke what smart
(poore creature) she endureth ;
What meanes her kindred use to winne
her heart ; which, she assureth

Is fixèd fast, while life doth last ;
 no policie can bend her
 To any course—love hath such force—
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

The Second Part to the same Tune.



Shee hath, tis true (to speake what's due)
 too great a marriage portion ;
 This may I vow, for *Cupid* now
 is bent unto extortion :

I would therefore her friends were poore,
or else in heart more tender ;
For, poore or rich, wee'd go through stitch,
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

Although my selfe want worldly pelfe
unto their expectation,
Yet if I may the truth display
without any ostentation,
My birth and parts and due desserts
are not so weake and slender,
But that I might earne my delight,
though locks and bolts doe hinder.

Were I a Prince of eminence,
and shee a peasant's daughter,—
Had she no more of learning's store
then what wise nature taught her,
Her peerelesse face, and inward grace,
shewes in my heart such splendor,
Shee mine should be ; the like sayes she,
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

Tis not her pelfe, put her sweet selfe
that I (in heart) doe covit ;
Necessity let wealth supply—
for nothing else I love it.

Her onely love is that doth move
my heart, and makes it tender ;
I mourne in grieve, without reliefe,
for locks and bolts doe hinder.

No ease of mind at all I find,
but onely this assurance,
That my deare wench will never flinch,
though she be kept in durance.
Shee hath her share of woe and care,
for which I must commend her ;
On me she hath bestow'd her faith,
though locks and bolts doe hinder.

Continue still in thy good will,
thou Paragon of beauty !
And I to thee as true will bee
(so am I bound in duty).
Though fortune frowne, yet the renowne
of our affections tender
Abroad is flowne—we two are one,
though locks and bolts doe hinder.

With patience wee'll expect to feele
the fruit of all this sorrow ;
Though sorrow may indure this day,
I shall have joy to morrow.

In the mean while, I, in exile,
will be thy true defender,
And spread thy name, which is my claime,
though locks and bolts doe hinder.

Oh, cruell fate ! expire the date
of two deare Lovers' trouble !
If once our grieve doe finde reliefe,
our joyes will then be double :
And all our teares, our cares and feares,
will to our names add splendor ;
Thy heart is mine, and mine is thine,
Though locks and bolts doe hinder.

FINIS.

M. P.

Printed at London for *Tho: Lambert*, and are to be
sold at the signe of the Hors shoo in Smithfield.

The Lover's Dreame.

Who, sleeping, thought he did imbrace his Love,
Which, when he wak'd, did no such matter prove ;
Yet afterwards her Love he did enjoy,
By sending a Letter by a trusty young Boy.

TO THE TUNE OF *I laid me downe to sleepe.*



As I was walking all alone,
and musing in my minde,
With many a sigh and grone,
I studied how to find

Some dainty pleasant Theame
to write unto my Love ;
And I fell in a dreame,—
and marke how it did prove !

I laid me downe to sleepe,
thinking my Love lay by ;
But when I did awake,
my dreame it prov'd a lye.
I sweat, and I am cold ;
I freeze, and am a fire ;
I see, and cannot behold
the thing that I most desire.

Thus dreaming, as I lay,
me thought she smil'd on me,
Which did increase my joy,
such happinesse to see.
I spake unto my Love,
and she did answer make ;
But so it did not prove true,
when as I did awake.

Methought I saw my Love,
and with her I did stray
Hard by a pleasant Grove,
where we a while did stay :

But time, that swift doth goe,
did run too suddenly :
O time ! why didst thou so ?
thou mad'st my Love to cry !

But when I saw her eyes
bedew'd with brinish teares,
Then I did soon surmise
her heart was struck with feares ;
And I did soone require
some reason for to know ;—
Her answer did admire
my heart with joy and woe.

Quoth she, “ I love thee deare,
yet so I dare not say,
Because I live in feare
of my true Love's decay :
My Father he is rich,
and I his onely Heire,
And he at me will grutch
to wed one 's poore and bare.”

Methought I answer made,
that I was young and faire ;
And, having Art and Trade,
I bad her not take care.

With that methought she smil'd,
and to me she did say,
"My Love, be reconcil'd,
and Ile be thine for aye."

My mind was thus imploy'd,
and yet I nothing do ;
I thought I'd got a Bride,
but yet it was not so :
Me thought I had my will,
according to my mind,
But I do want it still,
my Love proves not so kind.



The Second Part, to the same Tune.



Thus, sleeping still, I lay
 betwixt hope and despaire :
 But, at the breake of day,
 O, then began my care :
 When as I did awake,
 and found it nothing so,
 Then, for my true Love's sake,
 I did lament with woe.

I cannot come, my Love,
 to the place where thou art ;
 But I will write to thee,
 (if thou wilt take my part)

The complaint of my poore heart—
 receive it as you will—
My Love may ease my smart,
 or she my heart may kill.

My heart is not mine owne,
 nor I at liberty :
All joyes are from me gone ;
 alacke ! what remedy ?
I would I were in place
 where my true Love doth rest,
And then I would imbrace
 the joyes that I like best.

Would *Jove* would pleaséd be
 for to transforme my shape,
That I unknowne may see
 my Love, and so escape :
And yet I would be seene
 of her, and none but she ;
And thus I would begin—
 “ Faire Lady, pitie me.”

But some perchance may say
 that I my Love would fright ;
To those I answer, “ Nay,
 she is my heart's delight !”

Although I wish to change
my selfe in some man's hue,
Yet I would not seeme strange
unto my Lover true.

And, if I find her coy,
and grieved with vexation,
Yet I with her will play,
to gain my expectation.
Then happily she will
consider of my woe :
Thus I will use my skill,
and glad to please her so.

I would I had some Page
that would to me be true,
In haste to run a voyage,
that my true Love may view
This Letter of my griefe,
and send me some reply :
If she yeeld no reliefe,
alacke ! then must I die !

Then straight a Page he sent
unto her hastily ;
At whose returne, content
was brought him speedily.

When his true Love did view
his writing in such kind,
Quoth she, " I will be true,
and so my Love shall find."

" O haste ! thou little Page ;
make haste unto my Love !
That death may cease his rage,
and joyes may sorrowes move ;
And I myselfe will come
before the breake of day—
When darknesse is begun,
then Ile steale hence away.

My Father must not know
what you about do come ;
For, if [it] should be so,
my Love were quite undone :
Therefore make haste againe,
and save my true Love's life ;
I will release his paine,
and prove his loving wife."

Printed at London for I. W., dwelling in Gilt-spur
street.

FINIS.

The Lover's Delight :

OR,

A pleasant Pastorall Sonnet.

TO A NEW COURT TUNE.



Come, Love, let's walke into the Springe,
 where we will heare the Blackbird singe ;
 The Robin Redbrest and the Thrush,
 the Nightingale, on thornie bush,
 Their musick sweetely Carrowling, —
 that to my Love Content may bring.

In yonder vale there are sweete flowers,
with many pleasant shadie bowers ;
A pearling brooke with silver streames,
all beautified with *Phebus'* beames :
I stood behind a tree, for feare
to see *Dyana* bathe her there.

See where the nimph, with all her traine,
comes tripping ore the Parke amaine ;
In yonder grove there will they stay,
at Barlie-breake to sport and playe ;
Where we will sitt us downe, and see
faire Beautie mixt with Chastitie.

The youthfull shephard, with delight,
will tune a pleasant oaten pipe ;
Each neatresse fine, with heavenly note
will stretch and straine her varie[d] throate :
So loud and clear their Nimphs will sing,
that hills and vallies all will ringe.

The shephard *Strephan*, with his friend,
the faithfull *Clayes*, will attend,
By playe before the Queene, to prove
who best deserves *Urania's* love.
A most strange sight there shall you see—
rivalls of love and amitie.

Menalcas and *Amintas* young.

brave *Coridon*, and *Thersis* strong,
Your minds would unto pleasure move
to have them plead for *Phillis'* love
Judge of these triumphs who shall be
but the faire Queen of chastity ?

Under the shade of yonder pine
you see a royall throne divine
Prepared, for the Judge to sit—
the Queene of beauty and of wit—
Wise *Pallas*, in her Majesty,
the pavid judge is chose to be.

The Queene of love is banisht there,
for feare that *Phæbe* take offence :—
Her wanton sonne must not come here,
nor *Cytharea* once appeare :—
It grieves my heart to thinke that shee
from this aspect exempt must be,

For if the Queene of love should spie
the splendour of thy heavenly eye,
shee would perswade her winged sonne
to wound thy heart, as hee hath done
My silly breast, with dreade and feare—
but, O the chaine ! shee is not here.

See where the wood-Nímphs, rankt, do stand,
with each a garland in her hand,
Compact of mir and sweete bayes ;—
for who deserved the chieftest prayse
In pleading of their passions here,
the Lawrell Crowne away must beare.

Upon this bed of vyolets blew—
a seate most fit for lovers true—
Here may wee sit us downe and see
love tryumph in his Majesty :
By the sweete eclogs that are sung,
wee shall perceive who suffred wrong.

But stay ! the Judge is come to sit,—
the Queene of chastity and wit :—
The Shepheards all are ready here,
in comly habits to appeare :
All wrongs here righted we shall see
by the faire Queene of chastity.

The Second Part to the same Tune.



Sweet heart, come, tel me whose soft layes,
 in your conceit, deserves most prayse ;
 Or who did set forth passions best ;
 how *Cupid* wounded his [sad] brest ;
 I know you have noted all that's past,
 from the first man unto the last.

Me thought it great content did bring,
 to heare the Shepheards carrowling ;
 To crowne, *Cibrana* made her choise
 Menalcas, for his heavenly voyce ;
 Which glory did small pleasure move,
 Since *Coridon* had *Phillis'* love.

To wrastle, and throw barres of length,
all men gave place to *Thersis'* strength ;
His steadfast footing none could move,—
yet for all this he lost his love.
No strength, or harmony of voyce,
could *Phillis* move to make her choyce.

If it had rested in my power
there to have chose a paramour,
Hee whom I thought deserv'd most grace,
was young *Amintas*, whose sweet face
And nimble feete could not be matcht,—
the Deities, I feare, were catcht.

Did you not note how *Pallas* swore
the like shee never saw before ?
(Had *Meliager* made such hast,
Athlanta had the wager lost :)
In token of deserved praise,
she crowned him with lasting bayes.

Then *Pharbe* unto *Phillis* said,
“to make thy choise be not afraide ;
For if I were the Nymph to choose,
Amintas I would not refuse :
But all in vaine they did exhort,
for *Corridon* had *Phillis'* heart.

Both *Pallas* and *Diana* chast
did almost straine, with breathles hast,
Who could their prayes farther heape
on young *Amintas* and his sheepe ;
His person, gesture, and his grace,
they did applaud, and his sweete face.

But tell me, Love, the reason why
faire *Phillis* with the Christall eye
Did all the youthfull Swaines refuse,
and *Corridon* a love did chuse ?
Since they in beauty did excell,
and for each prayse did beare the bell.

It seemes the beauty of the mind
did, in this case, strike *Phillis* blind ;
His eloquence of tongue and wit,
in place whereas the Judge did sit,
Was his chiefe gaine and their foule losse—
Ulisses so had *Ajax* crosse.

But one thing much doth make mee muse,—
why sweete *Urania* did refuse
Her two beloved Ryvalls there ?
in whom such friendship did appeare,
That still they wil'd her, with one voyce,
in friendly wise to make her choyce.

How prettily they laid the ground ! -
how shee at first their heart[s] did wound
When shee by them her Neate did keepe,
and, leaving the men halfe asleepe,
Her bird out of her pocket ranne,
and unto *Strephan's* hand did come.

The pretty neatresse did awake,
heareing her fluttering bird escape,
And unto *Strephan's* hand did hye :
he did restore imediatly
Her bird,—and eke his heart she got,
and in her snow-white bosome put.

The silly bird, but for his love,
his passions could in no wayes move,
Neither for himself nor his trew friend,
as it appeared in the end ;—
That neither party should grow wroth,
shee, most unkinde, refused them both.

And now mee thinkes the sun growes low,—
if you be mist, your friends will know
That you and I have beene alone ;
which to prevent, Ile bring you home.
To part it is a second hell,—
loth to depart bids oft farewell.

Printed at London for *Francis Coules*

FINIS.

A Louers desire for his best beloued :
OR,

Come away, come away, and doe not stay.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW COURT TUNE.



Now the spring is come. turne to thy Love,
to thy Love, to thy Love, to thy Love,—
make no delay !

While the flowers spring, & the birds do sing
their sweet tunes, their sweet tunes, their sweet
tunes ;—

and doe not stay !

Where I will fill thy lap full of flowres,
And cover thee with shadie bowres.

Come away ! come away ! come away,
and doe not stay !

Shall I languish still for my Love, for my love,
for my Love, for my Love, &c.,

without relief ?

Shall my faith, so well approved,
now dispaire ? now dispaire, &c.,

unto my grieffe ?

Where shall beautie then be found,
But where vertue doth abound ?

Come away ! come away !
and doe, &c.

Flora here hath made a bed
for my Love, for my Love, &c.
with Roses red :

Phæbus' beames to stay are bent
for to yeeld, for to yeeld, &c.,
my Love content :

And the pleasant Eglantine,
Made with a thousand flowers fine.

Come away ! come away ! &c.,
and doe, &c.

Hearke how the Nightingale sweetly doth sing !
for my Love, for my Love, &c.,

the Lambes do play ;

Pan, to please my Love, the Rocks makes to ring,
And doth pipe, and doth pipe, &c.,
a roundelay.

[See] the pleasant rushy Brookes
And every Flower for my Love lookes :

Come away ! come away ! &c ,
and doe not stay.

Beauties Queene, with all her traine,
doth attend, doth attend, &c.,

upon my Deare :

Tripping Satyrs they do dance amaine,
to delight, to delight, &c.,

her [that] hath no phere,

[The] Muses nine, with Musicke sweet,
Do all attend, my Love to meet.

come away ! come away ! &c.,
and doe, &c.

Fairest fayre, now turne to thy Love,
to thy Love, to thy Love, &c.,

that loves thee best !

Sweet, let pittie move ! grant love for love !
like the Dove, like the Dove, &c.,

for ever rest.

Crowne my delights with hopeful joyes !—

Thy love revives, thy hate destroyes.

Come away ! come away ! come away !
and do not stay !



The Second Part,
OR,
The Woman's Answer.
TO THE SAME TUNE.



Who is't that calleth [to] me, "Come away"?
'tis my Love, 'tis my, &c.,
[his] most chearefull voice :
He looks [as] cherefull as the bright day,
which doth make, which doth, &c.,
each heart rejoyce.

With flowers sweet I'll make [thy] bed,
My lap a pillow for thy head.

Come away ! come away ! &c.,
and doe, &c.

If thou doubttest, Sweetest, [now] prove
that my Love, that my Love, &c.,

she lov'd thee ever ; .

Nor ne're think, deare, but I will be thy Dove,
and from thee, and from thee, &c.,

Ile never sever :

'Tis not beauty makes me proud,
For 'tis heaven hath that allow'd :

Come away ! come away ! &c.,
and do, &c.

See the lovely Queen of Flowres,
she hath strowne, she hath, &c.,

the way to trace :

Trees do bend to make thee bowers.

Satyrs peep, Satyrs peep, &c.,

to see thy face :

Lambes, to please thee, leap and skip,

And [the] little Fairies trip.

Come away ! come, &c.,
and doe, &c.

Woods yeeld pleasant harmony
for my Love, for my, &c.,
 the Birds do sing ;
Thy absence makes them seeme to cry :
Phillis crownes, *Phillis*, &c.,
 thee Summer's King :
With a wreath of flowers sweet,
All the Nymphs my love do greet.
Come away, come, &c.,
 and doe, &c.

Venus doth not stick to sweare
By her Doves, by her, &c.,
 shee'l steale my Love ;
And, as for *Adon* [*is*], teares her haire ;
her faire eyes, her faire, &c.,
 much sorrow prove :
But, for all the Indian wealth,
None shall have him but my selfe :
Come away ! come away ! &c.,
 and do not stay !

Like the wor[l]ds eye my Love doth appeare,
when his steeds, when his, &c.,
 approach the morne :

And his face the Clouds doe cleare,
 dims the stars, dims the &c.,
 and *Cynthia's* horne !
Now I am in my marriage bed,—
See ! my armes for thee are spred :
 Come away ! come away ! come away,
 and do not stay !

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

FINIS.

Loues Solace ;
OR,

The true lover's part, & in his conclusion he shews
his constant heart.

He still doth praise her for her beauty rare,
And sayes there's none with her that can compare.

TO A NEW COURT TUNE CALLED *The Damaske Rose*.



The Damaske Rose, nor Lilly faire,
the Cowslip, nor the Pancy,

With my true Love cannot compare
for beauty, love and fancy.
She doth excell the rarest Dame
in all the world that may be,
Which makes me thus extoll her fame,
So sweet is the Lasse that loves me.

If I should speake of my true Love,
as I am bound in duty,
She doth surpasse the gods above
in each degree, for beauty.
Juno, Pallas, nor Venus faire,
shine not so bright and lovely ;
Ther's none with her that may compare,
So sweet is the Lasse that loves me.

When first I saw her peerlesse face,
I did admire her beauty,
And I did seeke, with heart and voyce,
to offer her all duty ;
Which willingly she did accept,
so kind and loving was she, —
Which makes me thus, with all respect,
say " Sweet is the Lasse that loves me."

Mars, though he be the god of warre,
could not so deeply wound me
As *Cupid*, with a little skarre,
which I have plainely showne [ye].
Boreas, with all his blustering stormes,
never pierst so sorely :
Cupid's Arrowes pricke like thornes—
So sweet is the Lasse that loves me.

For her sweet sake Ile undertake
any thing she requireth,—
To sayle the Seas, like Captain Drake,
whose deeds there's some admireth.
What ever she commands is done,
so much her love doth move me ;
She is a precious Paragon—
So sweet is the Lasse that loves me.

Bright *Cinthia*, in her rich[est] Robes,
my Love doth much resemble,
Whose beautilous beams such rayes afford,;
that makes my heart to tremble.
Yet is the Saint so chaste, so rare,
which unto fancy moves me,
And makes my joyes without compare,
So sweet is the Lasse that loves me.

Diana and her Darlings deare,
 that lived in woods and vallies,
 And spent her time so chast and rare,
 she with no mankind dallies ;
 Yet is she not more chast than my Love
 (I hope none can disprove me),
 O no ! my mind shall nere remove,—
So sweet is the Lasse that loves me.

Sweet Love, adieu ! I pray be true,
 and thinke of what is spoken !
 Change not thy old friend for a new !
 let not thy vow be broken !
 Sweet Love, I leave thee for this time,
 for so it doth behove me ;
 But still my heart doth me combine,
To say " Sweet is the Lasse that loves me."

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

The Maiden's kind answer, wherein she doth agree
That he shall be her Love, and none but onely he.



My love, my life, my ducke, my deare,
now will I yeeld unto thee ;
All thou hast said I well did heare,
and now thy words doth move me
For to reply in answer kind,
and so thy selfe shall prove me ;
I will not change like to the wind,
so sweet is the Lasse that loves thee.

Be thou my lovely *Pyramus*,
 Ile be thy constant *Thysbe* ;
 And I am now resolvèd thus—
 never to displease thee.
 True love surpasseth *Cræsus*' gold,—
 'tis not thy wealth that moves me :
 Hereafter let thy love be bold,
 and say, " sweet is the Lasse that loves thee."

Ile prove as chast unto my Love
 as ever could be any ;
 No fond inticements me shall move,
 although I am urged [by] many ;
 I will indure for ever kind,
 as it doth best behove me,
 A truer Mate thou shalt not find,
 so sweet is the Lasse that loves thee.

My daily care shall alwaise be
 onely for to delight thee,
 And I myselfe still will be she
 that shall with joyes unite thee ;
 I will shine bright at noone and night,
 if I may so content thee ;
 Like *Cinthia*, I will shine [so] bright
 unto the Lad that loves me.

Doe not despaire, my onely deare,
let not vaine thoughts torment thee ;
Of my true heart have thou no feare,
nor doe not thou absent me ;
I will remaine for ever sure,
though I awhile did proove thee ;
Till death depart Ile thine indure,
so sweet is the Lasse that loves thee.

No gold nor gaine shall me obtaine
to fancy any other ;
All those that seeke my Love to gaine,
their wishes I doe smother ;
I answer them unto their kind,
for so it doth behove me ;
I will not change like to the wind,
so sweet is the Lasse that loves thee.

So, Love, adieu ! I pray be true !
I am thine owne for ever !
The next time that I meet with you,
weele not so soone dissever.
Although we part, I leave my heart
with him that dearely loves me ;
'Tis *Hymen's* bands must ease my smart,
and I am the Lasse that loves thee.

[THE MAN.]

O, my sweet love and onely deare !
thou hast renued my pleasure ;
Thou in my sight dost more appeare
than any earthly treasure ;
I doe rejoyce much in my choyce,
and so it doth behove me ;
Ill sing thy praise with heart and voice,
so sweet is the Lass that loves me.

FINIS.

London. Printed for *Francis Grove*, on Snow-hill.

A New Northern Iigge, called
Daintie, come thou me.



Wilt thou forsake mee thus,
and leave me in misery ?
And I gave my hand to thee
onely with thee to die !
*Cast no care to thy heart,
from thee I will not flee.*
Let them all say what they will,
Dainty, come thou to me !

Were my state good or ill,
rich, or in misery,
Yet would I love thee still,—
prove me, and thou shalt see !
Cast no care, &c.

Were you rich, were you poore,
were you in miserie,
[I'd] beg from doore to doore,
all for to maintaine thee.
Cast no care, &c.

Were I Lord, were I Knight,
came I of high degree,
All my Lands should be thine,—
try me, and thou shalt see !
Cast no care, &c.

If the Indie Gold were mine,
and all the wealth of Spaine,
All that, it should be thine,—
proove me yet once againe !
Cast no care, &c.

Thy beauty doth excell ;
above all I love thee ;
With thee I meane to dwell,—
try me, and thou shalt see !
Cast no care, &c.

I promise, for thy sake,
all other to forsake,
and onely thee to take,—
trye mee, and thou shalt see !
Cast no care, &c,

Let me thy love obtaine,
or else I am but slaine ;
Revive me once againe ;
sweet, I desire [but] thee !
Cast no care, &c.

If Friends doe frowne and fret,
and Parents angry be,
and Brothers' grieve is great,
yet I love none but thee.
Cast no care, &c.

Here's my hand and my heart.
faith and troth unto thee ;
From thee I will not start,—
try mee, and thou shalt see !
Cast no care, &c.

Thus my Friends I forsake,
with thee my life to spend,
Refusing no paines to take,
untill my life doth end.
Cast no care, &c.

Farewell, my trusty Love !
true as the Turtle-dove !
I will as constant prove,
till we two meet againe.
Cast no care, &c.

FINIS.

Printed for the Assignes of *Thomas Symcocke.*

A most excellent Ditty of the Louers
promises to his beloued.

To a sweet new tune called, *Live with me and be
my Loue.*

Live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That Vallies, Groves, Hills, and Fields,
Woods, or steepy Mountaines yeelds.
*That Valleys, Groves, Hills, and Fields,
Woods, or steepy Mountaines yeelds.*

And we will sit upon the Rockes,
Seeing the Shepheards feede their flockes,
By shallow Rivers to whose falls,
Melodious Birds sing Madrigals.
by shallow rivers to whose falls, &c.

And I will make thee beds of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant Poses :
A Cap of Flowers and a Kirtle
Imbrodred all with leaves of Mirtle,
a Cap of Flowers and a Kirtle, &c.

A Gowne made of the finest Wool
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull :
Faire lined Slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest Gold,
faire lined Slippers for the cold, &c.

Thy silver dishes fil'd with meate,
As precious as the Gods doe eate,
Shall on an Ivory Table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.
Shall on an ivory table be, &c.

The Shepheards swaines shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each faire-morning :
If these delights thy minde might moove,
To live with me and be my love.
if these delights &c.

FINIS.

The Ladies prudent answer to her Loue.

To the same tune.

If all the world and Love were young
And truth in every Shepherds tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me moove
To live with thee and be thy love,
these pretty pleasures &c.

But flowers fade, and wanton Fields
To wayward Winter reckning yeelds,
A hony tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancies spring but sorrowes fall.
a hony tongue &c.

Time drives the Flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and Rockes grow cold,
And Philomel becommeth dumbe
The rest complaines of times to come.
And Philomel becommeth, &c.

Thy Gownes, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle and thy poses,
Soone breakes, soone withers, soone forgotten,
In folly ripe, in season rotten
soone breakes &c.

What should you talke of dainties then,
Of better meate then serveth men,
All that is 'vaine, this onely good,
Which God doth blesse and send for food,
All that is vaine, &c.

If you could last and love still breede,
Had joyes no date, nor age no neede,
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy love,
then these delights, &c.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas symcock



Loves Lunacie,

or,

Mad Besses Fegary.

Declaring her sorrow, care and mone,
Which may cause many a sigh and grone :
A Young-man did this Maid some wrong,
Wherefore she writ this mournful Song.

To the tune of, *The mad mans Morris.*

Poore *Besse*, mad *Besse*, so they call me,
I'm metamorphozed ;
Strange sights and visions I doe see,
by Furies I am led.

Tom was the cause of all my woe,
to him I loudly cry,
My love to him there's none doth know,
yet heere he lets me lie.

This *Bethelcm* is a place of torment,
heere's fearfull notes still sounding,
Heere minds are fil'd with discontent
and terrors still abounding.
Some shake their chaines wofull wise,
some sweare, some curse, some roaring,
Some shrieking out with fearfull cries,
and some their cloaths are tearing.

O curst *Alecto* that fierce fury,
 Megara Tysiphon !
Are governours of my late glory,
 wise *Palas* me doth shun.
My jems, my jewels, and my earrings
 are turned to iron fetters,
They now doe serve for others wearings,
 such as are now my betters.

Orcades Fairies now doe lead me
 ore mountaines, hils and valleys ;
Naiades doth through waters drive me,
 and *Brizo* with me dallies.
O sometimes I dreame of my *Tom*
 then with my folded armes,
I him embrace, saying welcome
 but waking breeds my harmes.

Adrastea now robbeth me,
 of all my wit and patience,
Angarona will not receive me,
 To live in peace and silence.
My mind runs on my fine apparell,
 which once did fit my wearing ;
Then with my self I seeme to quarrell,
 my rags I fall to tearing.

O, once I was as faire as *Briseis*,
and chast as was *Cassandra*
But living voyd of joy and blisses,
I'm *Hero* to *Leander*.
For as chast *Hero* her selfe drowned,
so I am droun'd in sorrow,
The Fates on me hath sorely frowned,
no patience can I borrow.

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

I'm like to faire *Philomela*,
by *Tereus* basely ravished ;
Yet when his burning lust did thaw,
he closely her imprisoned :
And even so I'm quite defloured
by *Tom* of all my senses
My love and meanes he hath devowred
Making no recompenses.

You Gods and you Godesses,
pray listen to my mourning
And grace me with this happinesse
to see my *Toms* returning.
Or if you will not grant me this
to send him hither to me,
Send me but word whereas he is,
and *Tom* I'le come unto thee.

If that he be in God *Marses* traine,
 where armour brightly glisters ;
 Be sure Ile fetch him home againe,
 in spight of the three *Sisters*
 Or if he be in *Venus* Court,
 where *Cupid* shoots his arrowes :
 Ile fetch him thence from all his sport,
 onely to ease my sorrowes.

Stay, who comes here ? tis the sisters three,
 which lately I did mention,
 I doubt they come to chide with me
 and hinder my intention.
Clotho brings wool, *Lachesis* doth spin,
Atropos cuts asunder;
 Now Ile away and not be seene,
 each one is my Commander.

You Maids and Virgins faire and pure
 note well my carefull calling,
 You cannot thinke what I endure,
Cupid hath caus'd my falling :
 When I was as now many be,
 free from God *Cupids* arrowes,
 I would have smil'd at any shee
 that should tell me of sorrowes.

My lodging was once soft and easie,
 my garments silke and sattin ;

Now in a locke of straw I lie,
this is a woefull pattin :
My diet once was choise and fine,
all which did not content me ;
Now I drinke water, once good wine
was naught unlesse twere send mee.

Thus pride and love together joynd
to worke my utter ruine ;
They wrought my discontent in mind,
which causes my undoing,
And thus good people all adue,
prehaps you nere may see me,
Farewell I bid once more to you,
I'm griev'd sore believe me.

But if you chance once more to come,
bring tidings from my dearest,
By all meanes bring my true love *Tom*
hee's welcomst when hees neere :
The day is past, and night is come
and here comes our commander ;
Hee'l locke me into a darke roome,
'tis sorrowes chiefest chamber.

FINIS.

Richard Climsull, AT LONDON.

Printed for *John Wright* the younger, and are to
bee sold at the upper end of the *Old-Bayley*.

[* * * * *]

OR,

Prettie Comparisons wittily grounded,
Which by scornfull Maidens may best be expounded.

To the tune of, *Like to the Damaske Rose*: The
Second Straine to be sung twice over.



Like to a Dove-cote never haunted,
Or like a Petition never granted
Or like broad-cloth without Taylor,
Or like a Jayle without a Jaylor ;

Or like a Lanthorne without a light,
Or Wedding-day without a night :

Just such as those
may shee be said,
That time doth lose
and dyes a Maid,

The Dove-cote haunted,
yeelds much profit ;

The Petition granted,
good comes of it ;

The Taylor puts
broad-cloth in shape,

The Jaylor lets
no Prisoner 'scape ;

The Candle light
is the Lanthornes treasure,

The Wedding-night
crownes all the pleasure :

So is that Maiden
in mine eyes,

Who loves and marryes
ere shee dyes.

Like to a Ring without a finger,
Or like a Bell without a ringer ;
Or like a Horse that's never ridden,
Or like a Feast, and no Guests bidden ;

Or like a Well without a Bucket.
Or like a Rose and no one to plucke it :
 Just such as those
 may she be said,
 That time doth lose
 and dyes a Maid.

The Ring, if worne
 the finger decketh,
The Bell if rung,
 good musicke ;
The Horse doth case,
 if he be ridden,
The Feast doth please,
 if Guest be bidden ;
The Bucket drawes
 the water for thee
The Rose when pluckt,
 is then most worthy :
 So is that Maiden, &c.

Like to a Stocke not grafted on,
Or like a Lute ne're play'd upon,
Or like a Jacke without a weight,
Or like a Barke without a fraught
Or like a Locke without a Key,
Or like a Souldier without pay ;
 Just such as those
 may she be said

That time doth lose
and dyes a Maid
The Stocke that's grafted,
yeelds best fruit,
Best Musick's in
the finger'd Lute,
The weight doth make
the Jacke goe ready
'The fraught doth make
the Barke goe steady,
The Key the Locke
doth open right
The Souldier paid
is prone to fight :
So is that Maiden, &c.

Like to a Needle without thread,
Or like a word without a deed,
Or like a warrant never seal'd
Or like a thought that's nere reveal'd,
Or like a line without a hooke,
Or like good meate without a Cooke :
Just such as those
may she be said,
That time doth lose,
and dyes a Maid.

The thread with Needle
yeelds much pleasure,
The deed and word
make decent measure
The Seale in force
the Warrant makes ;
The thought reveal'd
all doubt forsakes
The Hooke with Line
doth catch the Fishes
The Cooke of Meat
makes wholesome dishes ;
So is that Maiden
in mine eyes,
Who loves and marryes
ere shee dyes.

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

Like to a Question and no Answer,
Or like a call without Anon Sir,
Or like a Ship was never rig'd,
Or like a mine was never dig'd
Or like a wound without a plaister,
Or like a household and no Master :

Just such as those
 may she be said,
That time doth lose,
 and dyes a Maid.

The Question answered,
 strife appeaseth
Anon, Anon,
 the caller pleaseth,
The rigged Ship
 sayles with the Wind,
Who digges the mine
 shall treasure find ;
The wound is by
 the plaister cured,
The house by th' Master
 is secured :
 So is that Maiden
 in mine eyes,
That loves and marryes
 ere she dyes.

Like to a Marrow-bone nere broken,
Or Commendations and no token,
Or like a Fort and none to win it,
Or like the Moone and no man in it,
Or like a Schoole without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit and no Preacher :

Just such as those
may she be said,
That time doth lose,
and dyes a Maid.

The marrow bone
that's broke eates pleasant,
The Token makes
a gratefull present,
There's triumph in
the Fort that's won,
The man rides glorious
in the Moone,
The Schoole is by
the Teacher stil'd
The Pulpit's by
the Preacher fill'd
So is that Maiden, &c.

Like to a Pistoll and no shot,
Like to a Promise quite forgot,
Or like a Hawke that's never man'd,
Or like a Hide before 'tis tan'd,
Or like a Coach and nere a horse,
Or like a Coffin and no Corse :

Just such as those
may she be said,
That time doth lose,
and dyes a Maid.

The Pistoll charged,
helpes in danger ;
Hee that keepes promise,
is no ranger ;
The Hawke that's man'd
yeelds Princely sport ;
The Hide well tan'd,
there's much use for't ;
The Horse doth cause
the Coach to carry.
The Coffin's us'd
the Corse to bury :
So is that Maiden, &c.

Like to a house by no one kept,
Or like a Corne-field never reapt,
Or like a Wind-mill without sayles,
Or like a Horse-shoe without nayles,
Or like a Cage without a Bird
Or like a Scabberd and no Sword :
Just such as those,
may she be said,
That time doth lose,
and dyes a Maid.

The house well kept,
Guests entertaineth ;

The Corne field reapt,
man's life sustaineth ;
The Wind-mill sayles,
the Graine well grindeth ;
Horse-shooes with nayles ;
sure footing findeth ;
The Bird in Cage,
sings merrily ;
The Sword in sheath,
shewes decently :
So is that Maiden
in mine eyes,
Who loves and marryes,
ere shee dyes.

Printed at London for *Fr. Coules*, dwelling in the
Old-Bayly.



A light hearts A Iewell.

Or,

The honest good blade who a free heart doth carry,
And cares for nothing but to haue's owne vagary.

To the tune of *Iacke Puddings* Vagary.



ALL you that merry lives doe lead,
although your meanes bee little,
That seldome are o'reseene in bread,
nor take much thought for vittle :
Attend while I'le exemplyfie,
the mind that I doe carry,
I take delight both morne and night
to have mine owne vagary.

Though fortune have not lent me wealth
as shee hath done to many,
Yet while I've liberty and health,
I'le bee as blith as any :
I'le beare an honest upright heart,
theres none shall prove contrary,
Yet now and then Abroad I'le start,
and have mine owne vagary.

No base profession will I chuse,
thereby to get my living,
No *Kent-street* maunding will I use,
my minds more bent to giving :
I will not say I'm this and that,
with bug Beare boasts to scare ye,
Let Coxcombs prate they know not what,
I'le have mine owne vagary.

I am no *Graves-end* Travailour,
No teller of strange storyes,
No forger of Coranto's nor,
a man that evermore is
Extolling of his owne deserts,
and with proud words will dare ye,
Let such as these act their parts,
I'le have mine owne vagary.

I am no haunter of the Playes,
to picke poor peoples purses,

Nor one that every word he saies
doth coyne new oaths and curses :
If I doe runne on Tapsters scores,
to pay them I am wary,
Let others spend their means on whoores
I love mine owne vagary.

I am no blade nor Roaring Boy,
aboard in the City,
No Whiske, no Lift, nor no Decoy,
nor one that asks for pittie :
My educations not the best,
yet such a heart I carry,
That which my humour can't digest,
it fits not my vagary.

No City Shuffler scarce of age,
to have what fate hath left me,
No haire-braind Asse that's full of rage,
reason hath not bereft me ;
No great Bum-Bayly that may fright,
my fearefull adversary,
But one that loves and takes delight,
to have his owne vagary.

No Usurer that holds up trash,
nor yet a noted Spender,
No borrowing Sharke that never payes,
but to a Friend a Lender :

No Petyfog, nor Common-bayle,
For no such fellowes care I,
In honest sort I'le never faile
to have mine owne vagary.

The Second Part, to the same Tune.



NO Bowling Alley Rooke am I,
that sweareth all by dam mee,
By such I'le not o'er reached bee,
In this their's none can blame mee :

No swaggering Pimp that champion is,
to Doll, to Kate, and Sary.

I hate such slavish Offices,
those fit not my vagary.

Those painfull Swaines that on the greene,
doe dayly take their pleasure,
The pleasantist life that can bee seene,
though not so stor'd with treasure :
When Husband-men and Sheapheard swaines.
with Lasses of the Dary,
Doe sportingly trip ore the Plaines,
O that fits my vagary.

I care not to weare Gallant raggs,
and owe the Taylour for them,
I care not for those vaunting brags,
I ever did abhore them :
What to the world I seeme to bee,
no man shall prove contrary.
My Suites shall suite to my degree,
O that fits my vagary.

I care not for those scarre Crow blades,
whose valour lyes in speeches,
That in discourse of manhood wades,
oft-times above their reaches :

If I have not a minde to fight,
I'le urge no adversary,
When word and deed doth jump aright,
O that fits my vagary.

I care not for the Broakers Booke,
my names not there inrouled,
I nothing owe therefore I looke,
by none to be controuled :
I doe not feare the Sergeants Mace,
walke by the Counter dare I,
And looke a Bayliffe in the face,
O this is my vagary.

I care not much in company,
to spend what is allotted,
I'le drinke but for sufficiency,
I'le never bee besotted :
When I doe feele my spirits dull,
a cup of old Canary
Will fill my heart with courage full,
and this is my vagary.

I care not for sad malecontent,
that is the of bane nature,
I love good honest merrymment,
and I'le despise no creature :

Thats for my use and sustinence,
and still I will bee wray,
Least I exceed in my expence,
that fits not my vagary.

Still will I have an honest care,
that none lyes wronged by mee,
I'le not build Castles in the ayre,
Whoever lists to try me,
Shall find in all that's promised heere,
not any word contrary,
I envious censure doe not feare,
I'le have mine owne vagary.

Printed at London for *I. Wright*, dwelling in Gilt-
spur street.

Londons Ordinarie,
Or euery man in his humour..

To a pleasant new Tune.



Through the Royall Exchange as I walked,
Where Gallants in sattin doe shine :
At midst of the day, they parted away,
To seaverall places to dine.

The Gentry went to the King's head,
The Nobles unto the Crowne :
The Knights went to the Golden Fleece,
And the Plough men to the Clowne.

The Clergie will dine at the Miter,
The Vintners at the three Tunnes,
The Usurers to the Devill will goe,
And the Fryers to the Nunnes.

The Ladyes will dine at the Feathers,
The Globe no Captaine will scorne,
The Hunts men will goe to the Grayhound below,
And some Townes-men to the Horne.

The Plummers will dine at the Fountaine,
The Cookes at the holly Lambe,
The Drunkerds by noone, to the Man in the Moone,
And the Cuckolds to the Ramme.

The Roarers will dine at the Lyon,
The Watermen at the old Swan ;
And Bawdes will to the negro goe,
And Whores to the naked Man.

The Keepers will to the white Hart,
The Marchants unto the Shippe,
The Beggars they must take their way
To the Egge shell and the Whippe.

The Farryers will to the Horse,
The Blacke smith unto the Locke,
The Butchers unto the Bull will goe,
And the Carmen to Bridewell Docke.

The Fish mongers unto the Dolphin,
The Barbers to the Cheat loafe,
The Turners unto the Ladle will goe,
Where they may merrily quaffe.

The Taylors will dine at the Sheeres,
The Shooe makers will to the Boote,
The Welshmen they will take their way,
And dine at the signe of the Gote.

The Second Part to the Same Tune.

The Hosiers will dine at the Legge,
The Drapers at the signe of the Brush,
The Fletchers to *Robin hood* will goe,
And the Spendthrift to Begger's Bush.

The Pewterers to the Quarte pot,
The Coopers will dine at the Hoope,
The Coblers to the Last will goe,
And the Barge men to the Sloope.

The Carpenters will to the Axe.
The Coliers will dine at the Sacke,
Your Fruterer he to the Cherry-tree,
Good fellowes no liquor will lacke.

The Gold smith will to the three Cups,
For money they hold it as drosse ;
Your Puritan to the Pewter can,
And your Papists to the Crosse.

The Weavers will dine at the Shuttele,
The Glovers will unto the Glove,
The Maydens all to the Mayden head,
And true Louers unto the Dove.

The Sadlers will dine at the Saddle,
The Painters will to the greene Dragon,
The Dutchmen will go to the Froe,
Where each man will drinke his Flagon.

The Chandlers will dine at the Skales,
The Salters at the signe of the Bagge ;
The Porters take paine at the Labour in Vaine,
And the Horse-courser to the white Nagge.

Thus every man in his humour,
That comes from the North or the South,
But he that has no money in his purse,
May dine at the sine of the Mouth.

The Swaggerers will dine at the Fencers,
But those that have lost their wits :
With Bedlam Tom let that be their home,
And the Drumme the Drummers best fits.

The Cheter will dine at the Checker,
The Picke-pockets in a blind Alc house,
Tel on and tride then up Holborne they ride,
And they their end at the Gallowes."

FINIS.

Printed at London by the Assignes of Thomas
Symcocke.

The little Barly-Corne.

Whose Properties and Vertues here,
Shall plainly to the world appeare :
To make you merry all the yeere.

To the tune of *Stingo*.

COME, and doe not musing stand,
if thou the truth discerne,
But take a full cup in thy hand,
and thus begin to learne,
Not of the earth, nor of the ayre,
at evening or at morne,
But joviall boyes your Christmas keep,
with the little Barly-Corne.

It is the cunningist Alchymist,
that ere was in the Land,
Twill change your mettle when it list,
in turning of a hand,
Your blushing Gold to Silver wan,
your Silver into Brasse,
Twill turne a Taylor to a man,
and a man into an asse.

Twill make a poore man rich to hang
a signe before his doore,
And those that doe the Pitcher bang,
though rich twill make them poore ;
Twill make the silliest poorest Snake,
the Kings great Porter scorne,
'Twill make the stoutest Lubber weak,
this little Barly-Corne.

It hath more shifts than *Lambe* ere had
or *Hocus Pocus* too,
It will good fellowes shew more sport
then *Bankes* his horse could doe :
Twill play you faire above the boord,
unlesse you take good heed,
And fell you though you were a Lord,
and justifie the deed.

It lends more yeeres unto old age,
than ere was lent by nature,
It makes the Poets fancy rage,
more than Castilian water :
Twill make a Huntsman chase a Fox,
and never winde his horne,
Twill cheere a Tinker in the stockes,
this little Barly-Corne.

It is the only Will oth' wispe,
which leades men from the way,

*
Twill make the tongue-ti'd Lawyer lisp
and nought but (hic-up) say,
Twill make the Steward droope & stoop
his Bills he then will scorne,
And at each post cast his reckoning up,
this little Barly-Corne.

Twill make a man grow jealous soone,
whose pretty Wife goes trim,
And raile at the deceiving Moone,
for making hornes at him :
Twill make the Maidens trimly dance,
and take it in no scorne,
And help them to a friend by chance ;
this little Barly Corne.

It is the neatest Servingman,
to entertaine a friend,
It will doe more than money can,
all jarring suits to end :
There's life in it, and it is here,
'tis here within this cup,
Then take your liquor doe not spare,
but cleare carouse it up.

The second part of the little Barly-Corne,
That cheareath the heart both euening and morne.

To the same Tune.

If sicknesse come, this Physick take,
it from your heart will set it,
If feare incroach, take more of it,
your heart will soon forget it,
Apollo and the Muses nine.
doe take it in no scorne,
There's no such stuffe to passe the time
as the little Barly-Corne.

Twill make a weeping Widdow laugh,
and soone incline to pleasure :
Twill make an old man leave his staffe
and dance a youthfull measure ;
And though your clothes be nere so bad,
all ragged, rent, and torne,
Against the cold you may be clad,
with the little Barly-Corne.

Twill make a Coward not to shrinke,
but be as stout as may be ;
Twill make a man that he shall thinke,
that *Jone's* as good as my Lady :

It will enrich the palest face,
and with Rubies it adorne,
Yet you shall thinke it no disgrace,
this little Barly-Corne.

Twill make your Gossips merry,
when they their liquour see,
Hey we shall nere be weary,
sweet Gossip here's to thee ;
Twill make the Country Yeoman,
the Courtier for to scorne,
And talke of Law-suits ore a Can,
with this little Barly-Corne.

It makes a man that write cannot,
to make you large Indentures,
When as he reeleth home at night,
upon the Watch he ventures,
He cares not for the Candlelight,
that shineth in the horne,
Yet he will stumble the way aright,
this little Barly-Corne.

Twill make a Miser prodigall,
and shew himselfe kind-hearted,
Twill make him never grieve at all,
that from his Coyne hath parted,

Twill make the Shepheard to mistake
his Sheepe before a storme :
Twill make the Poet to excell,
this little Barly-Corne.

It will make young Lads to call
most freely for their liquor,
Twill make a young Lasse take a fall,
and rise againe the quicker :
Twill make a man that he
shall sleepe all night profoundly,
And make a man what ere he be,
goe about his businesse roundly.

Thus the Barly-Corne hath power,
even for to change our nature,
And make a Shrew within an houre,
prove a kind-hearted creature :
And therefore here I say againe,
let no man tak't in scorne,
That I the vertues doe proclaime,
of the little Barly-Corne.

The Lamentation of a new married
man, briefly declaring the sorrow and grief
that comes by marrying a young wanton wife.

To the tune of, Where is my true Loue,

YOU Batchelors that brave it
So gallant in the street,
With Muske & with Rose water,
Smelling all so sweet :
With shooes of Spanish leather,
So featly to your feet,
Behold me a married man.

Before that I was wedded,
I lived in delight,
I went unto the dancing schoole,
I learnd at Fence to fight :
With twenty other pleasures,
That now are banisht quite
I being a &c.

When I lived single,
I knew no cause of strife,
I had my heart in quiet,
I led a pleasant life

But now my chiefest study
Is how to please my Wife,
I being a married man.

Quoth she, You do not love me,
To leave me all alone,
You must goe a gadding,
And I must bide at home,
While you among your minions,
Spend more then is your owne :
This life leads a &c.

Do you think to keep me
So like a drudge each day,
To toile and moile so sadly
And lame me every way :
Ile have a Maid, by Lady,
Shall work while I do play
This life &c.

When must I give attendance
Upon my Mistris heeles,
I must wait before her,
While she doth walk the Fields,
Shee I'll eat no meat but Lobsters
And pretty Girgs and Geles,
This life, &c.

Then must I get her Cherries,
And dainty Kathern Peares,
And then longs for Codlings,
She breedeth Childe she sweares
When God knowes tis a cushion
That she about her beares,
This life &c.

She must have Rabbet suckers,
Without spot or specke,
I must buy her Pescods
At sixteen groats the Pecke
She must have Eggs & white wine.
To wash her face and neck ;
This life &c.

If once to passe it commeth,
That she is brought to bed,
Why then with many dainties
She must be dayly fed.
A hundred toyes and trifles
Comes then within her head ;
This life &c.

Against that she is churched,
A new Gowne she must have ;
A daintie fine Rebato
About her neck to brave ;

French boodies with a Farthingale
She never linnes to crave.
This life &c.

Abroad among her Gossips.
Then must she daily go :
Requesting of this favour
A man must not say no
Lest that an unkinde quarrell
About this matter grow
This life &c.

To offerings and to Wedings
Abroad that she must prance,
Whereas with lusty youngsters
This gallant dame must dance :
Her husband must say nothing,
What hap soever chance :
This life &c.

And then there is no remedy,
She must go to a play,
To purge abounding Choller,
And drive sad dumps away :
She tarries out till midnight,
She sweares she will not stay,
This life &c.

When home at last she commeth,
 To bed she gets her soone,
 And there she sleeps full soundly,
 Till the next day at noon,
 Then must she eat a Caudle
 With a silver spoone
 This life &c.

Therefore my friends be warned,
 You that unwedded be,
 The troubles of a married man
 You do most plainly see.
 Who likes not of his living,
 Would he would change with me,
 That now am a &c.

When I was wont full often
 Good companie to keepe.
 Now I must rocke the Cradle,
 And hush the childe asleep,
 I had no time nor leisure
 Out of my doores to peep,
 Since I was a married man.

The Second part To the Same Tune.



A lacke wherefore lament you,
 your happy wedded state :
 Therein you shew great folly,
 repentance come to late
 To make your self a mocking stock
 with every scoffing mate
 Now you are a married young man,

In youth, do well remember,
 Your minde was all on pride :
 Deceiving sport and pleasure,
 Your lavish thoughts did guide,
 'Tis time such foolish fancies
 should now be laid aside,
 Now you are &c.

When you lived single,
 Your time you vainely spent :
 Unto unlawfull pastime,
 Your youngling wits were bent
 But now you must learn wisdom.
 discredit to prevent,
 Sith you are &c.

An alas to estimation,
 Longs to a single life,
 What were you but skip Jacke,
 Before you had a wife,
 A mate for every madcap,
 a stirrer up for strife,
 Till you were, &c,

A Wife hath won you credit,
 A Wife makes you esteem'd
 An honest man through marriage
 Now you are surely deem'd ;

And you shall find all times,
a wife your dearest friend,
Now you are, &c.

The is it right and reason,
Your wife should pleased be,
It is a happy household
Where couples do agree,
It doth delight the Angels,
such Concord for to see,
Then blest is the, &c.

If I do blame your gadding
It is for love, be sure,
Bad company doth alwaies
Ill counsell still procure
The man that will be thrifty
must at his worke endure.
While he is, &c.

This works his commendations
Amongst the very best
The chiefe of the Parish,
his quaintance will request,
And then he shall be called
To office with the rest
When he is a, &c.

He shall be made a Headborough
Unto his credit great,
At what time all the neighbours,
His friendship will entreat,
And then it is most decent,
 he should goe fine and neat,
When he is a married young man.

Then bareheaded unto him,
A number daily flocks
To help him by his office,
 from many stumbling blocks :
Then comes he to be Constable
 and sets Knaves in the stocks :
Thus riseth a, &c.

His wife shall then be seated,
 in Church at her desire,
Her husband he is sideman,
 and sits within the Quire,
Then he is made Churchwarden
 and placed some what hier,
Great joy to a, &c.

Then seeing all this credit
 by marriage you do finde
Unto your wife tis reason,
 you should be good and kinde

And sometimes wait upon her
according to her minde
As best fits a, &c.

If friendly you go with her
to walke out of the Towne,
Why then you may have pleasure,
to give her a green Gowne,
To have so great a favour,
some men would give a crown,
Which is not, &c.

As for the Peares and Apples,
you give me in the street
The Cherries or the Codlings,
for pretty women meet.
At night I give you kindly
a thousand Kisses sweet
Great joy to a, &c.

A hundred other pleasures
I do you then beside,
In bringing forth your Children
great sorrow I doe bide,
For twentie Gownes & Kirtles,
the like would not betide,
By any fine young married men.

Why should you scorn the Cradle
I tell you Sir most plaine,
There is not any pleasure
but sometimes breedeth paine,
If you will not be troubled,
why then good Sir refraine
to play like a married young man.

FINIS.

Printed for the Assignees of Thomas Symcock.

Love in a Maze ; or the Young-Man put to his Dumps.

Here in this Song you may behold and see
A gallant Girl obtain'd by Wit and Honesty ;
All you that hear my Song, and mark it but aright
Will say true Love's worth Gold and breeds delight.

To a pleasant New tune, called, the true Lovers
delight ; or, the Cambridge Horn.



Late in the morning, as I abroad was walking,
All in a Meadow green, I heard two Lovers talking;
With Kisses sweet the young-man her Saluted,
Then I drew near to hear what they disputed :

Then I drew near to hear what they disputed.

Young-man.

Fair Maid, quoth he, this merry morning,
Present one smile to me, and be no longer scorning
Him who hath vow'd to be thine own for ever,
O say but to me, Our loves shall never sever :

O say, &c.

Maid.

Indeed Sir, quoth she, it is a misty morning,
But I would have you to know I alwaies hated
scorning,
And as for love, as yet I mean to smother,
I know not one as yet I love better than another :

I know, &c.

Young-man.

True love sweet heart (q.he) if ere you chance to
know it

it cannot smothered be, but at last you'll show it ;
The first time that I saw thy sweet and comely
carriage

I ever since desired that we were joyn'd in
marriage.

I ever, &c.

Maid.

Love Sir, (quoth she) is like a fishers angle,
which oft hath golden baites, silly maidens to in-
tangle,
And cunningly cast out by young men false inven-
tions
then marriage they'll pretend when 'tis not their
intentions.
Then marriage, &c.

Young-man.

O tis so my dear, true Love is like a fountain
which casts out water clear out of a Rocky Moun-
tain ;
Whose stream for to stop you'll say it is a wonder,
likewise tis as strange to cleave the Rocks in
sunder.
Likewise, &c.

Such is my love to thee and shall be ever,
no unconstant thoughts or fickle mind shall sever ;
My heart from thee which always shall be bringing
fountains clear and fresh which from true love is
springing.
Fountains clear, &c.

•

Maid.

Your comparison (saith she) I must confess is witty
to stop the stream of true Love it were a pitty :
But your heart you compare indeed to Rocky
Mountains
for stony oft they are and cast out several Foun-
tains.

For stony, &c.

As from some Fountain several streams are running,
so many feigned Loves you oft have by your
cunning,
Tis hard indeed to pierce your flinty hearts asunder,
and stop your fickle streams it is a wonder.

*And stop, &c.**Young-man.*

Fy, fy sweetheart, your wit doth overmatch me :
no words can impart but presently you catch me :
You maidens now each day, do grow so coy and
witty
let young men beg and pray, you'll take of them
no pitty.

*Let young men, &c.**Maid.*

Fy away, for shame, you young men can dissemble,
your wits are so ripe and your tongues are quick
and nimble,

Indeed you beg and crouch sometime to get your
pleasure,
then leave us in the lurch, and we may depart at
leisure.
Then leave, &c.

Young-man.

I must confess, dear love, there many are so minded,
but if thou once wouldst prove my constancy thou't
find it
Do but thou once command through danger I will
enter,
and for to gain thy love through an army would I
venture.
And for, &c.

Sweetheart I'd have you know I never could
dissemble
and my compliments are slow my tongue was
never nimble
'Tis none but faithful love that makes me come unto
thee,
it is not for thy wealth but for thy virtue that I
love thee.
It is not, &c.

With that a bush of *May*, this lovely maid espyed,
near to a bank of *Time* whereto she quickly hied,

Down she plucks the *May* which was both green
and tender
and up she pluck ye *Time* with her pretty arm
so slender.

And up, &c.

She stuck the bush of *May* in the *Time* and did
present it,
unto this young man which was soon discontented,
Here Sir, quoth she, if that you would be eased,
read but this Riddle, Sir, perhaps you may be
pleased.

Read but, &c.

Young-man.

He took it from her hand and receiv'd it as a token,
then in a dump did stand and never a word was
spoken,

Blushing then at last he modestly replied.

Your Riddle I can read, Love shall not be denyed.

Your riddle, &c.

This *May* stuck in *Time* which is to me presenting,
shew that I may in time gain your love with sweet
contenting,

Which if I may I'll stay your time and leisure
and no time I'll think too long so at last I gain ye
treasure.

And no, &c.

He took her by the hand and lovingly they walked,
being tied in *Cupid's* bands most amorously they
talked,
They on each other smil'd with interchanging kisses,
O tis pity time beguild such lovers of their blisses.
O tis, &c.

Perhaps sweet Sir, saith she, you by this Riddle
reading
may think you gained me by little or no perswad-
ing,
Which if you did tis yet at my pleasure,
I am not bound to you yet, but you must stay my
leisure.
I am not, &c.

Then let this heart, sàyes he, which in this breast
lies panting
no happiness ere see, but let joyes be ever
wanting,
If ere I think an evil thought on thee
then let mirth be banisht quite and sorrows wait
upon me.
Then let, &c.

If it be so, quoth she, thou bears such true affection
hereafter I'll agree to be ruled by thy direction :

No friend shall sever or break our love in sunder
for loyal loving hearts will be the worlds wonder.
For loyal, &c.

The time that late was mine to thee shal be repre-
sented
all that I have is thine, then rest thyself contented,
Thy gallant wit, thy modesty, and carriage,
hath wone my heart, we will be joyn'd in marriage.
Hath won, &c.

Young-man.

He took her at her word and modestly replied,
short time I will afford, long time shall be denyed,
This being the first of *May* our hearts being joyned
and wedded
before the fifth day in wedlock we'll be bedded.
Before, &c.

Five hundred pounds tis said with this girle he then
obtain'd
on ye marriage day was paid which by his wit he
gain'd,
Although no means he had she never a jot repented,
he was a gallant lad, and she was well contented,
He was, &c.

Now all you pretty maids that live in Town or City,
the Author you perswades to learn from this his
ditty,

If a young man you love, look not then for his treasure
for if he honest prove, in him is wealth and
pleasure.

For if, &c.

You young men I'll perswade likewise to hear my
motion,

if you affect a maid regard not then her portion,
Hang ten pounds, give me the lass that loves me,
if a constant wife thou'st found, no joys on earths
above thee.

If a, &c.

Young men and maids that lately went a *Maying*
if you mark the *Nightingal* one tune he's always
playing

Jug, jug, jug, jug, sweet is all the note she singeth,
as when faithful lovers meet no double tongues
they bringeth.

As when, &c.

All you pretty maids adieu that are civil in your
cariage

this song is sent to you to be wary in your
marriage,

Try before you trust, be wary in consenting,
when you are bound obey you must, for there is
no repenting.

When you, &c.



*London Printed for Richard Burton at the Horshoe
in West Smithfield.*

*A Lamentable Ballad of the Tragical
end of a Gallant Lord and a Vertuous Lady,
with the untimely end of their two Children,
wickedly performed by a Heathenish Blackamore
their servant ; the like never heard of.*

The Tune is, The Ladys Fall.

In *Rome* a Noble man did wed,
a Virgin of great fame.
A fairer creature never did
dame nature ever frame ;
By whom he had two Children fair,
whose beauty did excel :
They were their parents only joy,
they loved them both so well.

The Lord he loved to hunt the buck,
the tiger and the bear :
And still for swiftness always took
with him a Blackamoor :
Which Blackamoor within the wood,
his Lord he did offend,
For which he did him then correct,
in hopes he should amend.

The day it grew unto an end,
then homewards it did haste,
Where with his Lady he did rest,
until the night was past :
Then in the morning he did rise,
and did his servants call ;
A hunting he provides to go,
straight they were ready all.

To cause the wil the lady did
intreat him not to go ;
Also, good Lady, then quoth he,
why art thou grieved so ?
Content thyself I will return
with speed to thee again ;
Good Father (quoth the little Babes)
with us here still remain.

Farewell, dear children, I wil go,
a fine thing for to buy :
But there therewith nothing content,
aloud began to cry :
The Mother takes them by the hand,
saying, come go with me
Unto the highest Towre, where
your Father you shall see.

The Blackamoor perceiving now
 (who then did stay behind)
His Lord to be a hunting gone,
 began to call to mind :
My Master he did me correct,
 my fault not being great ;
Now of his wife I'll be reveng'd,
 she shall not me intreat.

The place was moted round about,
 the bridge he up did draw ;
The gates he bolted very fast,
 of none he stood in awe :
He up into the Tower went,
 the Lady being there :
Who when she saw his countenance grim
 she straight began to fear.

But now my trembling heart it quakes
 to think what I must write ;
My senses all begin to fail,
 my soul it doth affright :
Yet I must make an end of this
 which here I have begun,
Which will make sad the hardest heart,
 before that I have done.

This wretch unto the Lady went,
and her with speed did will,
His lust forthwith to satisfie,
his mind for to fulfill :
The Lady she amazed was,
to hear the villain speak,
Alas (quoth she) what shall I do?
with grief my heart will break.

With that he took her in his arms,
she straight for help did cry ;
Content yourself Lady (he said)
your Husband is not nigh.
The bridge is drawn, the gates are shut,
therefore come lie with me,
Or else I do protest and vow
thy Butcher I will be.

The chrystal tears ran down her face,
her children cryed amain,
And sought to help their mother dear,
but all it was in vain :
For that outrageous filthy Rogue,
her hands behind her bound,
And then perforce with all his might,
he threw her on the ground,

With that she shriekt, her children cry'd,
and such a noise did make,
That towns-folks, hearing her lament,
did seek their parts to take :
But all in vain, no way was found
to help the Ladies need :
Who cried to him most pitcously,
oh help, oh help, with speed.

Some ran into the Forest wide,
her Lord home for to call,
And they that lord still did lament,
this gallant Ladies fall.
With speed her love came panting home
he could not enter in.
His Ladies cries did pierce his heart,
to call he did begin.

O hold thy hand thou savage Moor,
to hurt her do forbear,
Or else besure if I do live,
wild Horses shall thee tare :
With that the Rogue ran to the wall,
he having had his will,
And brought one child under his arm,
his dearest blood to spill.

The child seeing his Father there,
to him for help did call :
O Father help my Mother dear,
we shall be killed all :
Then fell the Lord upon his knee,
and did the Moor intreat,
To save the life of his poor child,
whose fear as then was great.

But this vile wretch the little child
by both the heels did take,
And dasht his brains against the wall,
whilst Parents hearts did ake :
That being done straightway he ran
the other child to fetch,
And pluckt it from the Mothers breast
most like a cruel wretch.

Within one hand a Knife he brought,
the Child within the other ;
And holding it over the wall,
saying, thus lye shall thy Mother :
With that he cut the throat of it,
then to the Father he did call :
To look how he that head had cut,
and down the head did fall.

This done he threw it down the wall,
 into the mote so deep,
Which made the Father wring his hands
 and grievously to weep.
Then to the lady went this Rogue,
 who was near dead with fear !
Yet this vile wretch most cruelly
 did drag her by her hair.

And (?) to the very wall,
 which when the Lord did see,
Then presently he cryed out,
 and fell upon his knee :
Quoth he, if thou wilt save her life,
 whom I do love so dear ;
I will forgive thee all is past,
 though they concern me near.

To save her life I thee beseech,
 O save I thee pray,
And I will grant thee what thou wilt
 demand of me this day ;
Well, quoth the Moor, I do regard
 the moan that thou dost make ;
If thou wilt grant me what I ask,
 I'll save her for thy sake.

O save her life and then demand
of me what thing thou wilt :
Cut off thy nose, and not one drop
of her blood shall be spilt :
With that the Lord presently took
a knife within his hand ;
And then his nose he quite cut off,
in place where he did stand.

*Now I have bought the Ladys life,
then to the Moor did call :*
Then take her, qd. this wicked Rogue,
and down he let her fall :
Which when her gallant Lord did see,
his senses all did fail :
Yet many sought to save his life
yet nothing could prevail.

When as the Moor did see him dead,
then did he laugh amain
At them who for their gallant Lord
and Lady did complain :
Quoth he, I know you'll torture me,
if that you can me get,
But all your threats I do not fear,
nor yet regard one whit.

Wild horses shall my body tear,
 I know it to be true,
But I'll prevent you of that pain,
 and down himself he threw :
Too good a death for such a wretch,
 a Villian void of fear,
And thus doth end as sad a tale,
 as ever man did hear.



Printed by and for A. Milbourn, and sold by the
Booksellers of London.

A Pretty Ballad of the Lord of *Lorn*, and the False Steward.

Tune is, Green Sleeves.

It was the worthy Lord of *Lorn*,
 he was a Lord of high degree,
 He sent his Son unto the School
 to learn some Civility.
 He learned more in one day,
 than other Children did in three :
 And thus bespake the School-master,
 to him tenderly :
 In faith you are the hanestest boy,
 as ere I blinkt on with my eye :
 I hope thou art some Easterling born,
 the Holy Ghost is with thee ;
 He said he was no Easterling born,
 the child thus answered courteously,
 My Father is the Lord of *Lorn*,
 and I his Son perdye.
 The schoolmaster turned round about,
 his angry mood he could not swage,
 He marvel'd the Child could speak so wise,
 he being of so tender Age.

He girt the Saddle to the Steed,
the Bridle of the best gold shown,
He took his leave of his fellows all,
and quickly he was gone.
And when he came to his Father dear,
he kneeled down on his knee.
I am come to you Father he said
God's blessing give to me :
Thou art welcome my son, he said,
God's blessing I thee give :
What tydings hast thou brought my son,
being come so hastily ?
I have brought tydings, Father, he said,
and so liked it may be :
There's ne'r a Doctor in all the Realm,
for all he goes in rich array,
I can write him a Lesson soon,
as learn in seven years day.
That is good tydings, said the Lord,
all in the place where I do stand,
My son thou shalt into France go,
to learn the speeches of each Land ;
Who shall go with him ? said the Lady,
Husband we have none but he ;
Madam, he said, my head steward,
he hath been true to me.
She call'd the steward to an account,
a thousand pound she gave him annon ;

Says good sir steward be good to my child,
while he is far from home.
If I be false to my young Lord,
may God justly punish me indeed.
And now to France they both are gone,
and God be their good speed.
They had not been in France land,
not three weeks to an end,
But meat & drink the Child got none,
nor money in purse to spend ;
The child ran to the River side,
he was fain to drink the water then,
And after followed the false steward,
to put the child therein :
But nay, marry, said the Child,
—he asked mercy pittifully,
Good steward let me have my life,
what e're betide my body :
Now put off thy fair Cloathing,
and give it me anon,
So put thee off thy silking shirt,
with many a golden seam
But when the child was stript naked,
his body as white as the Lilly flower,
He might have been seen for his body,
a Princes Paramour,
He put him on an old kelter Coat,
and Hose of the same above the knee,

He bid him go to the shepherd's house,
to keep sheep on a love lovely.
The child said, what shall be my name ?
good steward tell to me.
Thy name shall be pem dost thou wear,
that thy name shall be.
The child came to the shepherd's house,
and asked mercy pittifully ;
Says, good shepherd take me in
to keep sheep on a love lovely :
But when the shepherd saw the child,
he was so pleasant in the eye,
I have no child, I'll make thee my heir,
thou shalt have my goods perdye.
And then bespoke the shepherds wife,
unto the Child so tenderly.
Thou must take the sheep, and go to field,
and keep them on a love lovely.
Now let us leave talking of the Child,
that is keeping sheep on the love lovely,
And we'll talk more of the false steward
and of his false treachery.
He bought himself three suits of Apparel,
that a Lord might have seem'd to worn
He went a wooing to the Dukes daughter
and called himself the Lord of *Lorn*.
The Duke he welcomed the young Lord,
with three baked Stags anon,

If he had wist him the false Steward,
to the devil he should have gone :
But when they were at supper set,
with dainty delicates that were there,
The D[uke]. said, if you will wed my daughter,
I'll give thee a thousand pound a year :
The Lady would see the red Buck run,
and also for to hunt the Doe,
And with a hundred lusty men
the Lady did a hunting go :
The Lady is a hunting gone
over feanser that is so high,
There was she aware of a shepherds boy,
and sheep on a love lovely :
And ever he sighed & made moan,
& cryed out pittifully,
My father is the Lord of *Lorn*,
& knows not what's become of me :
And then bespake the Lady gay,
unto her Maid anon,
Go fetch me hither the shepherds boy,
why maketh he all this moan ?
But when he came before the Lady,
he was not to learn his Courtesie,
O where wast thou born, thou bonny child
for whose sake makest thou all this moan.
My dearest friend Lady, he said,
is Dead many Years agon.

Tell thou me, thou bonny child,
tell me the truth, & do not lie,
Knowest thou not the young Lord of *Lorn*,
he is comè a Wooing unto me :
Yes forsooth, saith the child,
I know the Lord then verily,
The young Lord is a valiant Lord ;
at home in his own Country.
Wilt leave thy sheep, thy bonny child,
and come in service unto me ?
Yes forsooth then said the child ;
at your bidding will I be.
When the steward lookt upon the child,
he bewailed him villainously,
Where wast thou born thou vagabond ?
or where is thy country ?
Ha down, ha down, said the Lady,
she called the steward then presently,
Without you bear him more good-will,
you get no love of me.
Then bespoke the false Steward
unto the Lady hastily,
At *Aberdina* beyond the Seas
his Father Robed thousands three.





BUT then bespake the Lady gay,
unto her father courteously,
Saying, I have found a bonny child
my Chamberlain to be.

Not so, not so, then said the Duke,
for so it may not be,

For the Lord of *Lorn* that comes a wooing
will think no good of thee nor me.

When the Duke lookt upon the child,
he seemed so pleasant in the eye,
Child because thou lovest Horses well,
my Groom of Stable thou shalt be.

The child ply'd the Horses well,
a twelve month to an end,

He was so courteous & so true,
every man became his friend.
He led a fair Gelding to the water,
where he might drink verily,
The Gelding up with his heel
and hit the child above the eye ;
Wo worth thee horse, then said the child,
that ever Mare foled thee,
Thou little knowest what thou hast done,
thou hast stricken a Lord of high degree
The Duke's daughter was in her garden green
she heard the child make great moan,
She ran to the child all weeping,
and left her Maidens all alone ;
Sing on thy song, thy bonny child,
I will release thee of thou pain,
I have made an Oath, Lady, he said,
I dare not tell my tale again.
Tell the Horse thy tale, thou bonny child,
and so thy Oath shall saved be,
But when he told the Horse his tale
the Lady wept most tenderly,
I'll do for thee, my bonny child,
in faith I will do more for thee,
And for thy sake my bonny child,
I'll put my weding off months three.

The Lady did write a letter then,
full pitifully with her own hand,
She sent it to the Lord of *Lorn*,
whereas he dwelt in fair *Scotland*,
But when the Lord read the letter,
his Lady wept most tenderly,
I knew what would become of my child,
in such a far Country.
The old Lord called up his merry men,
and all that he gave cloath and fee,
With seven Lords by his side,
and into France rides he.
The wind serv'd and they did sail
So far into *France* land,
They were ware of the Lord of *Lorn*,
with a Porters staff in his hand,
The Lord they moved hat and hand,
the serving men fell on their knee,
What folks be yonder said the Steward,
that makes the Porter Courtesie?
Thou art a false thief, qd. the L. of *Lorn*,
no longer might I bear with thee,
By the Law of *France* thou shalt be judg'd
whether it be to live or dye.
A Quest of Lords there chosen was,
to bench they come hastily,
But when the Quest was ended,
the false steward must dye.

First they did him half hang,
and then they took him down anon,
And then they put him in boyling lead,
& then was sodden breast and bone,
And then bespake the Lord of *Lorn*,
with many other Lords mo.
Sir Duke if you be as willing as we,
we'll have a Marriage before we go :
These children both they did rejoyce,
to hear the Lord his tale so ended,
They had rather to day than to-morrow,
so he would not be offended,
But when the wedding ended was.
there was delicate dainty cheer,
I'll tell you how long the wedding did last,
full three quarters of a year :
Such a banquet there was wrought,
the like was never seen,
The K[ing]. of *France* brought with him then,
a hundred tun of good red wine ;
Five set of Musitians were to be seen,
that never rested night nor day.
Also *Italians* there did sing,
full pleasantly with great joy.
Thus have you heard how troubles great,
unto sucessive joys did turn,
And happy News amongst the rest,
unto the worthy Lord of *Lorn*,

Let Rebels therefore warned be,
 how mischief once they do pretend,
For God may suffer for a time,
 but will disclose it at the end.

FINIS.



Printed by and for A.M. and sold by the Book-
 sellers of London.

A Louer forsaken, of his best
Beloued.

To an excellent new Court Tune.



Ioy to the person of my Love
Although that she doth me disdaine,
Fixt are my thoughts,
And cannot remove :
But yet I love in vaine.

Shall I lose the sight,
Of my ioy and hearts delight,
Or shall I cease my suit ;
Shall I strive to touch :
Oh no, that were too much,
She is forbidden fruit.
Ah woe is me,
That ever I did see
The beauty that did me bewitch,
But now alas I must forgoe
The treasure I esteemd so much.

Oh whither shall my sad heart go :
Or whither shall I flie :
Sad eccho shall resound my plaint
Or else alack I needs must dye.
Shall I by her live,
That no life to me will give,
But deadly wounds my heart :
If I flie away,
O will she not cry stay,
My sorrow to convert :
Oh, no, no, no.
She will not doe so
But comfortlesse I must be gone ;
But ere I goe
To friend or foe,
Ile love her, or I will love none.

A thousand good fortunes fall to her share
Although she hath forsaken me,
 It fil'd my sad heart full of despaire,
 Yet ever will I constant be,
 For she is the Dame,
My tongue shall ever name,
For branch of modestie.
 Chast in heart and minde
 Oh were she halfe so kinde
 Then would she pittie me.
Oh turne againe
 Be kinde as thou art faire
 And let me in thy bosome dwell,
 So I shall I gaine
 The treasure of loves paine
Till then, my dearest Love, Farewell.

FINIS.

The Lamentable fall of Queene *Elnor*,
 who for her pride and wickednesse by Gods
 iudgement, sunke into the ground at Charing-
 crosse, and rose up at Queene Hive.

To the tune of Gentle and Courteous.

When *Edward* was in *England* king
 the first of all that name :
 Proud *Elnor* he made his Queene,
 a stately Spanish Dame
 Whose wicked life and sinfull pride
 through *England* did excell
 To dainty Dames and gallant Maides,
 this Queene was knowne full well.

She was the first that did invent
 in Coaches brave to ride,

She was the first that brought this land
the deadly sinne of pride,
No English Taylor here could serve
to make her rich attyre ;
But sent for Taylors into *Spaine*,
to feed her vaine desire.

They brought in fashions strange and new
with golden garments bright :
The farthingale, and mighty cuffes,
with gownes of rare delight.
Our London dames in Spanish pride
did flourish every where,
Our English men like women then,
did weare long locks of haire.

Both man and childe both maid and wife,
were drown'd in Pride of Spaine,
And thought the Spanish Tailors then
our English men did staine :
Whereat the Queene did much despite
to see our Englishmen,
In vestures clad, as brave to see
as any Spaniard then.

She craud the King that every man,
that wore long locks of haire,
Might then be cut and powled all
or shaven very neare.
Whereat the King did seem content,
and soon thereon agreed,
And first commanded that, his owne
should then be cut with speed,

And after that to please his Qucene,
proclaimed through the land,
What everie man that wore long haire,
should powle him out of hand.
But yet this Spaniard not content
to women bore a spight:
And then requested of the King
against all law and right.

That everie womankinde should have
her right breast cut away:
And then with burning Irons sear'd,
the blood to stench and stay
King *Edward* then perceiving wel,
her spight to women kinde:
Devised soon by policy,
to turne her bloudie minde,

He sent for burning irons straight,
all sparkling hot to see :
And said, O Queen come on thy way,
I will begin with thee.
Which words did much displease the Queen
that penance to begin,
But ask'd him pardon on her knees,
who gave her grace therein.

But afterward they chanst to passe
along brave London streets,
Whereas the Maior of Londons wife,
in stately sort she meets.
With musicke, mirth and melody
unto the Church that went,
To give God thanks that to Ld. Maior
a Noble Sonne had sent.

It grieved much this spiteful Queen,
to see that any one,
Should so excell in mirth and joy,
except herself alone :
For which she often did devise,
within her bloody minde,
And practised still most secretly,
to kill that Lady kinde.

Unto Lord Maior of London then,
she sent he Letters straight,
To send his Lady to the Court,
upon her Grace to wait :
But when the London Lady came
before proud *Elnor's* face,
She stript her from her rich array,
and kept her vile and base.

She sent her into Wales with speed
and kept her secret there,
And used her still more cruelly,
then ever man did heare :
She made her wash she made her starch
she made her drudge alway :
She made her nurse up children small,
and labour night and day.

But this contented not the Queen,
but shewed her more despight :
She bound this Lady to a post :
at twelue at clock at night,
And as (poore Lady) she stood bound,
the Queen in angry mood,
Did set two snakes unto her breast,
that suckt away her blood.

Thus died the Maïor of London's wife,
most grievous for to heare :
Which made the Spaniard grow more proud;
as after shall appear.
The wheat that dayly made her bread
was bolted twenty times,
The food that fed this stately Dame,
was boiled in costly wines.

The water that did spryng from ground
she would not touch at all,
But washt her hands with dew of heaven
that on sweet Roses fall.
She bathd her body manie a time
in fountains filled with milke,
And every day did change attire,
in costly *Menan* silke.

But comming then to London backe,
within her coach of gold,
A tempest strange within the skies,
this Queen did there behold :
Out of which storme she could not goe,
but there remaind a space,
Foure horses could not stirre her Coach
a foot out of that place.

A judgement surely sent from heaven,
for shedding guiltlesse bloud,
Upon this sinful Queene, that slew
the London Lady good.
King *Edward* then (as wisdom wild)
accus'd her for that deede :
But she denied, and wisht that God
would send his wrath with speed,

If that upon so vile a thing
her heart did ever thinke,
She wisht the ground might open wide,
And therein she might sinke,
With that at Charing-Crosse she sunke,
into the ground alive,
And after rose with life againe,
in London at Queene-Hive.

Where after that she languisht sore,
full twentie daies in paine :
At last confest the Ladies blood
her guilty hands did staine :
And likewise how that by a Frier
She had a base borne childe,
Whose sinful lust and wickednesse,
her marriage bed defilde.

Thus you have heard the fall of pride,
a just reward of sinne,
For those that wil forswear themselves,
God's vengence daily winne.
Beware of pride ye London Dames,
both Wives and Maidens all,
Bcare this imprinted in your minde,
that pride must have a fall.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

A most notable example of an vn-
 gracious Son, who in the pride of his heart,
 denied his owne Father, and how God for his
 offence, turned his meat into loathsome toades.

To the tune of *Lord Darley*.

In searching famous Chronicles,
 It was my chance to reade
 A worthy Story strange and true,
 whereto I tooke good heed :
 Betwixt a Farmer and his Son,
 this rare example stands,
 Which wel may move the hardest hearts
 to weepe and wring their hands.

The Farmer in the Countrey liv'd,
 whose substance did excell ;
 He sent therefore his eldest Sonne,
 in *Paris* for to dwell,
 Where he became a Marchant Man,
 and Trafficke great he used,
 So that he was exceeding rich,
 till he himselfe abused,

For having now the World at will,
his mind was wholly bent
To gaming, wine, and wantonnesse,
till all his goods were spent.
Yea, such excessive Riotousnesse
by him was shewed forth,
That he was three times more in debt
than all his wealth was worth.

At length his credit cleene was crackt,
and he in Prison cast,
And every man against him then
did set his action fast.
There lay he lockt in Irons strong,
for ever and for aye,
Unable while his life did last,
his grievous debt to pay.

.

And living in this woful case,
his eyes with teares he spent :
The lewdnesse of his former life,
too late he did repent :
And being void of all reliefe,
of helpe and comfort quite ;
Unto his Father at the last,
he thus began to write.

Bow downe a while your heedful eares,
 my loving Father deare ;
 And grant I pray in gracious sort,
 my piteous plaint to heare.
 Forgive the foul offences all
 of your unthrifty Son ;
 Which through the lewdnesse of his life,
 hath now himselfe undone.

O my good Father, take remorse
 on this my extreme need,
 And succour his distressed state,
 whose heart for woe doth bleed.
 In direfull dungeon here I lye,
 my feet in fetters fast :
 Whom my most cruell Creditors
 in Prison so have cast.

Let pity therefore pierce your brest,
 and mercie move your mind :
 And to release my miserie,
 some shift, sweet Father find.
 My chieftest cheere is bread full browne,
 the boords my softest bed :
 And flinty stones my pillows serve
 to rest my troubled head.

The second Part, to the same Tune.

My garments all are worn to rags,
 my body starves with cold :
 And crawling Vermine eats my flesh,
 most grievous to behold.
 Dear Father come, therefore with speed,
 and red me out of thrall,
 And let me not in Prison dye,
 sith for your helpe I call.

The good old man no sooner had
 perus'd this written scrowle,
 But trickling teares along his cheekes
 most plenteously did rowle.
 Alas, my Sonne, my Sonne, quoth he
 in whom I joyed most,
 Thou shalt not long in Prison be,
 whatever it me cost.

Two hundred heads of welfeade Beasts,
 he changed into gold :
 Foure hundred quarters of good Corne,
 for silver eke he sold.
 But all the same could not suffice,
 this hainous fact to pay,
 Till at the last constrain'd he was
 to sell his Land away.

Then was his Sonne released quite,
 his debt discharged cleane,
 And he likewise as well to live,
 as he before had beene,
 Then went his loving Father home,
 who for to helpe his Sonne,
 Had sold his Living quite away,
 and eke himself undone.

So that he lived poore and bare
 and in such extreame need,
 That many times he wanted food,
 his Hungry corps to feed.
 His Son mean time in wealth did swim
 whose substance now was such,
 That sure within the Citie then,
 few men were found so rich.

But as his goods did still increase,
 and riches in did slide :
 So more and more his hardened heart
 did swell in hatefull pride :
 But it fell out upon a time,
 when ten yeares woe was past,
 Unto his Sonne he did repaire
 for some reliefe at last.

And being come unto his house
in very poore array :
It chanced so that with his Sonne,
great States should dine that day.
The poore old man with hat in hand
did then the Porter pray,
To shew his Sonne that at the gate
his Father there did stay.

Whereat this proud disdainfull wretch,
with taunting speeches said,
That long agoe his Father's bones
within the Grave were laid :
What rascall then is that, quoth he,
that staineth so my state ?
I charge thee Porter presently
to drive him from my gate.

Which answer when the old man heard
he was in minde dismaid :
He wept, he wailed, he wrung his hands,
and thus at length he said :
O cursed wretch, and most unkind,
and worker of my woe,
Thou monster of humanitie,
and eke thy Father's Foe ;

376 *A most Notable Example of an Ungracious Son.*

Have I been careful of thy case,
maintaining still thy state,
And dost thou now so doggedly,
inforce me from thy gate :
And have I wrong'd thy brethren all,
from thrall to set thee free :
And brought myselfe to beggars state
and all to succour thee ?

Woe worth the time when first of all
thy body I espy'd,
Which hath in hardnesse of thy heart
thy Fathers face deny'd.
But now behold how God that time,
did show a wonder great ;
Even where his Son with all his friends
were settled downe to meat.

For when the fayrest Pye was cut,
a strange and dreadful case,
Most ugly Toades came crawling out
and leaped at his face.
Then did this wretch his fault confesse
and for his father sent,
And for his great ingratitude,
full sore he did repent.

All vertuous Children learne by this
obedient hearts to show,
And honour still your Parents deare,
for God commanded so :
And thinke how he did turne his meat
to poysoned 'Toads indeed,
Which did his Father's face deny,
because he stood in need.

FINIS.

London Printed by M.P. for *Henry Gosson*, on
London Bridge.



Have I been careful of thy case,
 maintaining still thy state,
 And dost thou now so doggedly,
 inforce me from thy gate :
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 Even where his Son with all his friends
 were settled downe to meat.

For when the fayrest Pye was cut,
 a strange and dreadful case,
 Most ugly Toades came crawling out
 and leaped at his face.
 Then did this wretch his fault confesse
 and for his father sent,
 And for his great ingratitude,
 full sore he did repent.

All vertuous Children learne by this
obedient hearts to show,
And honour still your Parents deare,
for God commanded so :
And thinke how he did turne his meat
to poysoned 'Toads indeed,
Which did his Father's face deny,
because he stood in need.

FINIS.

London Printed by M.P. for *Henry Gosson*, on
London Bridge.



The mad-merry pranks of Robbin Good-fellow.

To the tune of *Dulcina*.

From *Oberon* in Fairy Land
 the King of Ghosts and shadowes there,
 Mad *Robbin* I at his command,
 am sent to view the night-sports here
 What revell rout
 Is kept about
 In every corner where I goe
 I will ore see,
 And merry be,
 And make good sport with ho ho ho.

More swift than lightning can I flye,
 and round about this ayrie welkin soone,
 And in a minutes space descry
 each thing that's done the Moone :
 There's not a Hag
 Nor Ghost shall wag,
 Nor cry Goblin where I do goe,
 But *Robin* I
 Their seats will spye
 And feare them home with ho ho ho.

If any wanderers I meet
that from their night sports doe trudge home,
With counterfeiting voyce I greet,
and cause them on with me to roame
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes
Ore bush and brier with them I goe,
I call upon
Them to come on,
And wend me laughing ho, ho, ho.

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
sometimes an oxe, sometimes a hound,
And to a horse I turne me can,
to trip and trot about them round,
But if to ride
My backe they stride,
More swift then winde away I goe,
Ore hedge and lands,
Through pooles and ponds,
I whirry laughing ho, ho, ho.

When Ladds and Lasses merry be,
With possets and with junkets fine,
Unseene of all the Company,
I eate their cates and sip their wine:
and to make sport,
I fart and snort,

And out the candles I' doe blow,
The maids I kisse,
They shricke who's this,
I answer nought but ho, ho, ho.

Yet now and then the maids to please,
I card at midnight up their wooll :
And while they sleep, snort, fart, and fease,
with wheele to threds their flaxe I pull :
I grind at Mill
Their Malt up still,
I dress their hemp, I spin their towe—
If any wake
And would me take,
I wend me laughing ho, ho, ho.



The second part to the same tune.

When house or harth doth sluttish lie,
 I pinch the Maids there blacke & blew,
 And from the bed the bed-cloathes I
 pull off, and lay them naked to view :
 twixt sleepe and wake
 I doe them take
 And on the key cold floore them throw,
 If out they cry
 Then forth flye I
 And loudly laugh I ho, ho, ho.

When any need to borrow ought,
 we lend them what they doe require,
 And for the use demand we nought,
 our owne is all we doe desire :
 If to repay
 They doe delay
 Abroad amongst them then I goe,
 And night by night
 I them affright
 With pinching, dreames, and ho, ho, ho.

When lazie queanes have naught to doe,
 but study how to cogge and lie,
 To make debate and mischiefe too,
 twixt one another secretly :

 I marke their glose
 And doe disclose
 To them that they had wronged so,
 When I have done
 I get me gone
 And leave them scolding ho, ho, ho.

When men doe traps and engins set
 in loope-holes where the vermine creepe,
 That from their foulds and houses set
 their ducks and geese, their lambs and sheepe,
 I spy the gin
 And enter in
 And seemes a vermin taken so
 But when they there
 approach me neare
 I leape out laughing ho, ho, ho.

By Wels and Gils in medowes greene
 we nightly dance our heyday guise,
 And to our fairy king and queene
 wee chant our Moone-light harmonies
 When larkes 'gin sing
 Away we fling

And babes new borne steale as we goe,
 An elfe in bed
 We leave in stead,
And wend us laughing ho. ho, ho.

From Hag-bred *Merlins* time have I
 thus nightly reveld to and fro
And for my pranks men call me by
 the name of *Robin Good-fellow* :
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites
 That haunt the nights,
The Hags and Goblins doe me know,
 And Beldams old
 My feats have told,
So *Vale, Vale*, ho, ho, ho.

FINIS.

London, Printed for H. G.

The Marchants Daughter of Bristow.

To the tune of The Maidens Ioy.

Behold the Touch-stone of true love,
Maudlin the Marchants daughter of *Bristow*
 townne,
 Whose firme affection nothing could move,—
 Such favour beares the lovelie browne.

A gallant youth was dwelling by,
 Which many yeeres has borne this lady great
 good will ;
 Shee loved him so faythfully,
 But all her friends withstood it still,

The young man now, preceiving well,
 He could not get nor win the favour of her
 friends,
 The force of sorrow to expell,
 To view strange Countreys he intends.

And now to take his last farewell
 Of his true love, his faire and constant *Maudlin*,
 With musicke sweete that did excell
 He plaies under her window then.

Farewell quoth he, my owne true love !

Farewell, my deere and chieftest treasure of my
heart !

Through fortunes spight, that false did prove,
I am inforc't from thee to part.

Into the land of Italy

There I will waile and weary out my dayes in
wo ;

Seeing my true Love is kept from mee,
I hold my life a mortall fo.

Faire *Bristow* towne, therefore, adieu,—

For *Padua* shall bee my habitation now,—

Although my love doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my heart I vow.

With trickling teares this hee did sing,

With sighs and sobs descending from his heart
full sore ;

Hee said, when he his hands did wring,—
Farewell, sweet love, for evermore !

Faire *Maudlin*, from a window nigh,

Beholding her true Love with Musicke where hee
stood,

But not a word shee durst reply,

Fearing her Parents angry mood.

In teares shee spent this dolefull night,
Wishing (though naked) with her faithfull friend ;
She blames her friends and fortunes spight,
That wrought their loves such luckles end.

And in her heart shee makes a vow
Cleane to forsake her Countrey and her kinsfolkes
all,
And for to follow her truc Love,
To hide all chances that might befall.

The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early she did rise ;
She gets her downe in a lower roome,
Where sundrie Sea men she espies.

A gallant Master amongst them all—
The Master of a faire and goodie ship was he—
Who there stood waiting in the Hall,
To speake with her Father, if it might be.

She kindly takes him by the hand,—
Good sir, (said shee,) and would you speake with
any heere :
Quoth he, faire Maid, therefore I stand.
Then, gentle sir, I pray you draw neere.

Into a pleasant Parlour by,
With hand in hand shee brings the Seaman all
alone,
Sighing to him most piteously,—
She thus to him did make her moane.

Shee falls upon her tender knee, —
Good sir, (she said,) now pittie you a womans
woe,
And prove a faithfull friend to me,
That I my grieve to you may shew.

Sith you repose your trust, he said,
To me that am unknowne, and eke a stranger
heere,
Be you assur'd, most proper, maid,
Most faithfull still I will appeare.

I have a Brother, sir, quoth shee,
Whom as my life I love and favour tenderlie ;
In *Padua*, (alas) is he,
Full sicke, God wot, and like to die.

And faine I would my Brother see,
But that my Father will not yeeld to let me goe ;
Wherefore, good sir, be good to me,
And unto me this favour shew.

Some ship-boyes garments bring to mee,
That I disguisd may goe away from hence un-
 knowne,
And unto Sea Ile goe with thee,
If thus much favour may be showne.

Faire Maid, (quoth he,) take heere my hand,
I will fulfill each thing that you desire :
And set you safe in that same Land,
And in that place where you require.

She gave him then a tender kisse,
And saith, you servant, gallant Master, will I be
And prove your faithfull friend for this,—
Sweete Master, then forget not me.

This done, as they had both decreed,
Soone after (early) before the breake of day,
He brings her garments then with speed,
Wherein shee doth herselfe array.

And ere her Father did arise,
Shee meets her Master as he walkes in the Hall ;
Shee did attend on him lifewise,
Even till her Father did him call.

But ere the Merchant made an end
Of all those matters to the Master hee could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, our Daughter is gone away.

. The Merchant, much amaz'd in mind,
Yonder vile wretch entic't away my child quoth
 he ;
But well I wot I shall him find
 At *Padua* in *Italy*.

With that bespake the Master brave :
Worshipfull Master, thither goes this pretty
 youth,
And any thing that you would have
 He will performe it, and write the truth.

Sweet youth, (quoth hee,) if it be so.
Beare me a letter to the English Merchants there,
And gold on thee I will bestow,—
My Daughters welfare I doe feare.

Her Mother takes her by the hand,—
Faire youth, (qd she,) if there thou dost my
 daughter see,
Let me thereof soone understand,
 And there is twenty Crownes for thee.

Thus through the Daughters strange disguise,
The Mother knew not when she spake unto her
Child :

And after her Master straight shee hies,
Taking her leave with countenance milde.

Thus to the Sea faire *Maudlin* is gone,
With her gentle Master,—God send them a
merry wind !—

Where wee a while must leave them alone,
Till you the second part do find.



The second part To the same tune.

Welcome, sweete *Maudlin*, from the Sea,
 Where bitters stormes and tempests doe arise :
 The pleasant bankes of *Italy*
 Wee may behold with mortal eyes.

Thanks, gentle Master, then quoth shee,—
 A faithfull friend in sorrow hast thou beene ;—
 If fortune once doth smile on mee,
 My thankfull heart shall wellbee seene.

Blest be the Land that feedes my Love,
 Blest be that place whereas his person doth abide ;
 No triall will I sticke to prove,
 Whereby my true Love may be tride.

Now will I walke, with ioyfull heart,
 To view the Town whereas my darlinge doth remaine,
 And seeke him out in every part,
 Untill I doe his sight attaine.

And I, quoth he, will not forsake
 Sweete *Maudlin* in her sorrow up and downe ;
 In wealth and woe thy part Ile take,
 And bringe thee safe to *Padua* towne.

And, after many wearie steps,
In *Padua* they safely arrive at last ;
For very ioy her heart it leapes,—
She thinkes not of her sorrowes past.

Condemned to dye hee was, alas,
Except hee would from his Religion turne :
But rather then hee would to Masse,
In fiery flames he vow'd to burne.

Now doth *Maudlin* weepe and waile,
Her ioy is changd to weeping, sorow, greefe and
care ;
But nothing could her plaints prevaile,
For death alone must be his share.

Shee walkes under the prison walls,
Where her true love doth lie and languish in
distresse ;—
Most wofully for foode he calls,
When hunger did his heart oppresse.

He sighes, and sobs, and makes great moane ;
Farwell, hee said, sweete *England*, now for ever-
more ;
And all my friends that have me knowne
In *Bristow* towne with wealth and store !

But most of all, farewell, quoth hee,
My owne true Love, sweet *Maudlin*, whom I left
behind !
For never more I shall see thee ;
Woe to thy Father most unkind !

How well were I, if thou wert here
With thy fair hands to close up both these
wretched eyes ;
My torments easie would appeare,
My soule with ioy should scale the skies.

When *Maudlin* heard her Lovers moane,
Her eyes with teares, her heart with sorrow filled
To speake with him no meanes is knowne,
Such greivous doome on him did passe,

Then shee cast off her lads attire,
A Maidens weed upon her back she seemely sct ;
To the Judges House shee did enquire,
And there shee did a service get.

She did her duty there so well,
And eke so prudently she did herself behave,—
With her in love her Master fell, —
His servants favour he doth crave.

Maudlin, quoth hee, my hearts delight !

To whom my heart in affections is tied,
Breed not my death through thy dispight,—
A faithfull friend I will be tryed.

Grant me thy love, faire maid, quoth hee,

And at thy hands require what thou canst devise.
And I will grant it unto thee.

Whereby thy credit may arise.

I have a Brother, sir, shee said,

For his Religion is now condemned to Die ;
In loathsome prison hee is layd,
Opprest with greife and misery.

Grant me my Brothers life, shee said,

And to you my love and liking I will give :
That may not be, quoth hee, faire maid,—
Except he turne, he cannot live.

And English Frier there is, shee said,

Of Learning great, and passing pure of Life ;
Let him be to my brother sent,
And he will finish soone the strife.

Her Master hearing this request.

The Marriner in Friers weed she did array,
And to her Love, that lay distrest,
Shee did a letter straight convey.

When hee had read these gentle lines,
His heart was ravished with sudden ioy ;
Where now shee was full well hee knew,
The Frier likewise was not coy.

But did declare to him at large
The enterprise his Love for him had taken in hand :
The young man did the Frier charge,
His Love should straight depart the Land.

Here is no place for her, hee said,
But woefull death and danger of her harmles life ;
Professing Truth I was betraid,
And feareful flames must end my strife.

For ere I will my Faith deny,
And sweare myself to follow damned Antichrist,
Ile yeeld my body for to die,
To live in heaven with the Highest.

O sir, the gentle Frier said,
For your sweete Love recant and save your wished
life :
A wofull match, quoth hee, is made,
Where Christ is lost, to win a Wife.

When shee had wrought all meanes that might
To save her friend, and that she saw it would not
be,
Then of the Judge shee claimed her right
To die the death as well as hee.

When no perswasion would prevaile,
Nor change her mind in anything that she had
said,
She was with him condemned to die,
And for them both one fire was made,

And arme in arme, most ioyfully,
These Lovers twaine unto the fire they did goe,—
The Marriner, most faithfully,
Was likewise partners of their woe.

But when the Judges understood
The faithful friendship did in them remaine,
They saved their lives, and afterward
To *England* sent them home againe.

Now was their sorrow turned to ioy,
And faithfull Lovers had now their hearts desire ;
Their paines so well they did imploy,
God granted that they did require.

And when they were to *England* come,
And in merry *Bristow* arrived at the last,
Great ioy there was of all and some,
That heard the dangers they had past.

*Her Gentle Master shee desired
To be her Father, and at the Church to give her
then,
It was fulfilled, as shee required,
Unto the joy of all good men.*



The Maidens complaint of her Loves inconstancie,
Shewing it forth in every degree :
Shee being left as one forlome
With sorrowes shee her self do adorne,
And seemes for to lament and mourne.

To a delicate new tune.



You Maids and wives, and woman kind,
Give eare, and you shall heare my mind,
Wherein Ile shew most perfectly,
A false Young-mans inconstancie :

*For which I sigh, and sob, and weepe, ;
To see false men no faith can keepe.*

I love where I have cause to hate,
Such is my foolish fickle state,
My time I spend in grieve and woe,
Which, sure will be my overthrow :

*I sigh, and sob, and then doe weepe
For that false man no faith can keepe.*

My Love to me doth prove untrue,
And seemes to bid me now adieu :
O hatefull wretch, and most unkind,
To beare so false and wicked mind :

*It makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see false men no faith can keepe.*

Hee's fled and gone, for which I grieve,
I wish no Maiden him believe,
For he with tempting speeches will
Seeke others now for to beguile ;

*That they with me may sigh and weepe,
And sry that men no faith can keepe.*

Shall I be bound that may be free :
Shall I love them that love not me ?
Why soould I thus seeme to complaine ?
I see I cannot him obtaine.

*Which makes me sob, and sigh, and weep,
To see than men no faith can keepe.*

O shall I weepe, or shall I sing ?
I know not which will fit mourning :
If that I weepe twill bred me paine,
If that I sing twill ease my braine :

*Therefore Ile sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see false men no faith can keepe.*

The Jewel's lost, the thiefe is fled.
And I lie wounded in my bed :
If to repent I should begin,
They'l say twas I that let him in :

*Therefore Ile sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see false men no faith can keepe.*

My minde to him was alwaies true,
For which I now have cause to rue ;
Would I had never seene his face,
Nor trod the pathes of *Cupids* race,

*For now I sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see false men no faith can keepe.*

The second Part, to the same Tune.



What hap hath any hee or shee,
 That can but live at libertie,
 And not be troubled as I am,
 As by my Song you understand,
It makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see false men no faith can keepe.

I cannot take my quiet rest,
To think on him that I lov'd best :
Sometimes when I doe thinke to sleepe,
Then thought of him makes me to weep :
*I cannot choose, but sigh, and sob,
To thinke of him that doth me rob.*

Tis true indeede he robbeth me,
Of my content and libertie :
My heart can now no comfort find
To thinke on him that proves unkinde :
*I cannot chuse, but sigh, and weepe,
To see false men no faith can keepe.*

My head doth ake, mine eyes are sore,
And I can find no helpe therefore :
My body's faint and I am weake,
My tongue is tyed I cannot speake
*Yet still I sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.*

My daies are short, my life's not long,
I cannot well declare my wrong :
Yet in some part, I here doe show,
That you the cause hereof may know
*Wherefore I sigh, and sob, and weepe,
to see that men no faith can keepe.*

His tempting eies, and smiling lookes,
Now seeme to me like baited hookes
Which are but layd for to betray
The Fish that's greedy of his prey :
*Therefore I sob, and sigh, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.*

When first with me he came in place,
He did me with his arms imbrace :
He kist me on't and swore that he,
Would never have no one but me :
*Yet now he makes me sob and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.*

With words most faire he did intreat,
Untill my favour he did get :
But him uncertaine I doe find,
And changing like the wavering wind :
*Which makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.*

He vow'd to beare a faithfull mind,
But he is otherwise inclined :
He now doth seeme as strange to me,
I cannot have his companie :
*Which makes me sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.*

Thus seemes my Love to doe me wrong,
Therefore Ile here conclude my Song :
Ile never trust false men no more,
Nor doe as I have done before :

*For which I sigh, and sob, and weepe,
To see that men no faith can keepe.*

Printed at London for *E. IV.* dwelling at the
Christs-Church gate.

FINIS.



A mery nev्व Iigge.

Or, the pleasant wooing
betwixt *Kit* and *Pegge*.

To the tune of Strawberry leaues make Maidens
faire.



M. WELL met faire Maid,
my chiefest ioy.

W. Alas blinde foole,
deceived art thou.

M. I prethee sweet *Peg*
be not so coy.

W. I scorne to fancy
such a Cow.

M. Thy beauty sweet *Peg*,
hath won my heart.

W. For shame leave off
thy flattery.

M. From thee I never
meane to part.

W. Good lacke how thou
canst cog and lie !

M. For *Peggies* love
poore *Kit* will dye.

W. In faith what colour
then shall it be ?

M. In time my constant
heart will try.

W. Then pluck it out,
that I may see.

M. My life I will spend
to doe thee good :

W. Alas good sir
that shall not need.

M. For thee I will
not spare my blood
W. God send your Goslings
well to speed.

M. Yet fain would I be
thy wedded mate,

W. Alas good sir I am
already sped.

M. What lucke had I
to come so late,

W. Because thou broughtst
a calfe from bed.

M. O pitty me
sweet *Pigg* I thee pray,

W. So I have done
long time God wot.

M. Why dost thou then
my love denay ?

W. Because I see
thou art a sot.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

Now here doth follow a pleasant new Song
 Betweene two young Louers that lasted not long
 OR,

The second Part, to the same Tune.



M. Why Ich have wealth
 and treasure store
 W. And wit as small,
 as small can be.

- M. A chaine of Gold
I might have worne
- W. A Cocks-combe fitter had
it beene for thee.
- M. Thou lov'st the Miller
of the Glen.
- W. What if I doe,
what is that to thee?
- M. I will bang the Millers
love from him.
And therefore wend,
and gang with me.
- W. Great boast small roast
such brags will make
But if *Tom Miller*
he were nie,
He would bang thee well
for *Peggies* sake
And like a Puppy
make thee cry.
- M. Yet kisse me now
for my good will
And if my life
thou meanst to save

W. To give a kisse
I thinke it best,
To rid me from
a prating knave

Be packing hence
you Rustick clowne,

M. No haste but good
I hope there be.

W. Take heed lest that
I cracke your crowne
For bussing *Pegge*
so sawcily.

M. Nay in friendly sort
now let us part,
I pray thee sweet Love
so let it be

W. Aduce kind *A??*
with ali my heart,
I am glad I am rid
of thy company.

M. All you young men
take heed by me
That unto women
set your minde.

See that your Lovers
constant be,
Lest you be served
in like kinde.

Written by Valentine Hamdultun.



The merry Carelesse Lover :

OR,

A pleasant new, Ditty called, I love a Lasse since
yesterday, And yet I cannot get her.

To the tune of, *The Mother beguilde the Daughter.*



Oft have I heard of many men,
which love have sore tormented,
With grieve of heart and bitter smart,
and mindes much discontented.
Such love to me shall never be
distastefull, grievous, bitter.

I have loved a Lasse since yesterday,
and yet I cannot get her.

*But let her chuse, if she refuse,
and goe to take another :*

*I will not grieve, but still will be
the merry carelesse Lover.*

I will no foolish Lover be,
to waste my meanes upon her :

But if she doe prove firme to me,
in heart I will her honour.

And if she scorne my part to take,
I know a way to fit her,

My heart with grieve shall never ake,
what man soever get her.

*Then let her chuse if she refuse,
and goe to take another, &c.*

And yet I know not what to thinke,
she makes a shew she loves me,

What need I feare from me she'll shrinke,
some foolish passion mooves me,

Sometimes to hope, sometimes to feare,
it hangs upon a Twitter,

Whether she hates or loves me deare,
to lose her or to get her.

But let her chuse, if she refuse, &c.

Some women they are in firme in love,
and some they are uncertaine,
Scarce one in twenty loyall prove,
yet if it were my fortune,
To get this Lasse unto my wife,
I know not one more fitter,
In lawfull love to leade our lives,
if t'were my hap to get her.
But let her chuse, &c.

I am a man indifferent,
whether she will or will not
My Sweet-heart be for to love me,
if she do's not, it skills not.
If she fancy me, Ile constant be,
this Lasse she is a Kitter
And I have her loved since yesterday,
but yet I cannot get her.
*But let her chuse, if she refuse,
and goe to take another,
Ile never grievc, but still will be
the merry careless Lover.*

The second Part, to the same Tune.



This Lasse she doth in *Yorkshire* live,
 there in a Towne call'd *Forset*,
 Her minde to labour she doth give,
 she can knit Silke or Worset.
 I know not well what I should say,
 in speech she's sometimes bitter,
 And I have loved her since yesterday,
 and yet I cannot get her.

*But let her chuse, if she refuse,
And goe to take another,
Ile never grieve, but still will be
the merry carelesse Lover.*

Sometimes she will upon me smile,
and sometimes she is sullen,
As she doth sit, and Stockins knits,
of Jarsie and of Wollen :
She gets the praise above the rest,
to be a curious Knitter :
She loves me as she doth professe,
and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuse, &c.

Her Portion is not very much,
but for the same what care I,
So she with me will but keepe touch,
and not in minde will vary,
For pelfe I doe not passe a straw,
her beauty likes me better,
For I have her loved since yesterday,
and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuse, &c.

I will bethinke me what is best
away for to be taken,

Her love to gaine, and her obtaine,
I would not be forsaken,
Nor would I have her say me nay,
nor give me speeches bitter,
For I have her loved since yesterday,
and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuse, &c.

I have her Fathers free consent.
that she with me should marry :
Her Mother likewise is content,
and grieves that she should carry
So proude a minde, or be unkinde
to me in speeches bitter,
For I beare her a loving minde,
and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuse, &c.

With her I at a Wedding was,
where we did dance together, .
She is a curious handsome Lasse,
and yet like winde and weather,
Her minde doth change, she's kinde, she's
strange—
milde, gentle, cruell, bitter,

Yet howsoere I love her deare,
and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuse, &c.

Yet will I hope upon the best,
all foolish fears excluding,
And at her faithful service rest,
thus her in briefe concluding,
With some deare friend to her Ile send,
a kind and loving letter,
And hope in time her love to gaine,
and for my Wife to get her.
*And then Ile sing with merry cheere,
this Ditty and no other,
Whil'st breath doth last, and life be past,
I will be a faithfull Lover.*

FINIS.

• By Robert Guy

Printed in London for F. Coules.

The Merry conceited Lasse.
 Whose hearts desire was set on fire,
 A husband for to have :
 In hope that he would certainly,
 Maintaine her fine and brave.

To a pleasant new Northerne tune.



I am a young woman and faine I would have,
te ra la tal da de ra do,
 A husband that will maintaine me brave,
 Tis that which my heart doth wish and crave,
te ra la la te ral la la tal de rat de ra do.

And if I have a husband kind,

te ra la tal da rat de ra do.

That gives content unto the mind,

A courteous wife he shall me find,

te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

But if my husband forward be,

te ra la tal da rat de ra do.

The same bread he doth breake for me,

He shall eat part out presently.

te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

And if my husband use to rome.

te ra la tal da rat de ra do.

He shall not keepe me like a mome,

He were better to stay with me at home.

te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

And if my husband keepes me bare,

te ra la tol da rat de ra do,

With thred bare cloathes and hungry fare.

The worst will fall to his owne share.

te ra la la te ra la la tal da ra rat de ra do.

And if my husband use me well,

te ra la tal da rat de ra do.

Of his deserts my tongue shall tell,

How that in love he doth excell,

te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

If he buy me new hat and gowne,
te ra la tal da rat de ra do.
That I may flaunt it up and downe,
With some of the bravest in the towne.
te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

The second Part, to the same Tune.



And if he doth abuse my name,

te ra la tal da rat de ra do.

I will not greatly his words blame,

For I am as I like to doe the same,

te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

But if he ply the good ale pot,

te ra la tal da rat de ra do.

And have no money to pay the shott,

But come home like a drunken sott,

te ra la la te ra la la tal de rat de ra do.

And if he chance to bang my coat

te ra la tal da rat de ra do.

So that he do not hurt my throat,

Then I will sing a pleasant note

te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

But if he come home fort to bed,

te ra la tal da rat de ra do.

I will not strive to wrong his head,

Though by the fore-top he is led

te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

And if my husband catch a fall,

te ra la tal da rat de ra do.

I hope he will keepe him from the wall,

If he have a staffe to hold withall.

te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

And if my husband will be drunk

te ra la tal da rat de ra do.

And loves the company of a punke,

Untill he be in liquor sunke.

te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

If any young man be weary of his life,

te ra la tal da rat de ra do.

Let him make choice of me for his wife

And there is an end to all the strife.

te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

L. P.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*, at the
signe of the Hors-shoo in Smithfield.

The Maids Comfort, OR

The Kinde young Man, who, as many have said,
Sweet comfort did yeeld to a Comfortless Maid.

To a pleasant new tune.



Downe in a garden sits my dearest Love,
Her skin more white then is the Downe of Swan,
More tender-hearted then the Turtle Dove,
And farre more kinde then is the Pellican ;

I courted her, she blushing, rose and said,
Why was I borne to live and dye a Maid.

If that be all your grieve, my Sweet, said I,
I soone shall ease you of your care and paine,
Yeelding a meane to cure your miserie,
That you no more shall cause have to complaine,
Then be content, Sweeting, to her I said,
Be ruled by me, thou shalt not dye a Maid.

A Medicine for thy grieve I can procure,
Then wayle no more (my Sweet) in discontent,
My love to thee for ever shall endure,
Ile give no cause whereby thou shouldst repent,
The Match we make : for I will constant prove
To thee my Sweeting, and my dearest Love.

Then sigh no more, but wipe thy watry eyes,
Be not perplext, my Honey, at the heart,
Thy beautie doth my heart and thoughts surprise
The yeeld me love, to end my burning smart :
Shrinke not from me, my bonny Love, I said,
For I have vow'd thou shall not dye a Maid.

Pitty it were, so faire a one as you,
Adorn'd with Natures chiefest Ornaments,
Should languish thus in paine, I tell you true,
Yeelding in love. all danger still prevents :

Then seeme not coy, nor Love be not afraid,
But yeeld to me, thou shalt not dye a Maid.

Yeeld me some comfort, Sweeting, I entreat,
For I am now tormented at the heart,
My affection's pure, my love to thee is great,
Which makes me thus my thoughts to thee impart :

I love thee deare, and shall doe evermore,
O pittie me, for love I now implore.

For her I pluckt a pretty Marigold,
Whose leaves shut up even with the Evening
 Sunne,
Saying, Sweet-heart, looke now and doe behold
A pretty Riddle in 't to be showne :
This Leafe shut in, even like a Cloystred Nunne,
Yet will it open, when it feeles the Sunne.

What meane you by this Riddle, Sir, she said :
I pray expound it, then he thus began :
Women were made for Men, and Men for Maids :
With that she chang'd her colour, and lookt wan.
Since you this Riddle to me so well have told
Be you my Sunne, Ile be your Marigold.

The second Part, to the same Tune.



I Gave consent, and thereto did agree
 To sport with her within that lovely Bower :
 I pleased her, and she likewise pleas'd me,
Love found such pleasures in a Golden Shower.
 Our Sports being ended, then she blushing, said,
 I have my wish, for now I am no Maid.

But Sir (quoth she) from me you must not part,
Your companie so well I doe effect,
My love you have, now you have woon my heart,
Your loving selfe for ever I respect ;
Then goe not from me, gentle Sir quoth Shee,
Tis death to part, my gentle Love, from thee.

The kindnesse you, good Sir, to me have showne,
Shall never be forgot, whilst life remaines :
Grant me thy love, and I will be thine own,
Yeeld her reliefe that now for love complains :
O leave me not, to languish in despaire,
But stay with me, to ease my heart of care.

Your Marigold for ever I will be,
Be you my Sunne, tis all I doe desire,
Your heating Beames yeeld comfort unto me,
My love to you is fervent and entire :
Let yours, good Sir, I pray be so to me,
For I hold you my chiefe felicitie,

Content within your companie I finde,
Yeeld me some comfort, gentle Sir, I pray,
To ease my griefe and my tormented minde ;
My love is firme, and never shall decay :
So constant still (my Sweet) Ile prove to you,
Loyall in thoughts, my love shall still be true,

Content thyselfe (quoth he) my only Deare
In love to thee I will remaine as pure
As Turtle to her Mate : to thee I sweare,
My constant love for ever shall endure :
Then weepe no more, sweet comfort Ile thee yeeld,
Thy beautious Face my heart hath fill'd.

Comfort she found, and straight was made a Wife
It was the onely thing she did desire :
And she enjoyes a Man loves her as Life
And will doe ever, till his date expire.
And this for truth, report hast to me told,
He is her Sunne, and she his Marigold.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

The Milke-Maids Life :

OR,

A pretty new Ditty, Composed and pend,
The praise of the Milking paille to defend.

To a curious new tune called, The Milke-maids
Dumps.



You Rurall goddesses
that woods and fields possesse
Assist me with your skill,
That may direct my quill
more jocundly to expresse

The mirth and delight,
Both morning and night,
 on mountain or in dale,
Of them who chuse
This trade to use,
And through cold dewes
Doe never refuse
 to carry the milking payle.

The bravest Lasses gay,
 live not so merry as they,
In honest civill sort,
They make each other sport,
 as they trudge on their way :
Come faire or foule weather
They're fearefull of neither
 their courages never quaille :
In wet and dry
Though winds be hye
And darke's the sky,
They nere deny
 to carry the milking paille.

Their hearts are free from care,
 they never will despaire :
What ever them befall,
They bravely beare out all
 and Fortunes frowns out-dare.

They pleasantly sing
To welcome the spring
'gainst heaven they never rayle :
If grasse wel grow
Their thankes they show,
And frost or snow
They merrily goe
along with the milking paille.

Base idlenesse they doe scorne,
they rise very early i'th the morn,
And walke into the field,
Where pretty birds doe yeeld
brave musick on every thorn,
The Linet and the Thrush
Doe sing on each bush,
and the dulcid Nightingale
Her note doth straine
In a jocund vaine,
'To entertaine
That worthy traine
which carry the Milking paille.

— — —

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

Their labor doth health preserve
 no Doctors rules they observe,
 While others too nice,
 In taking their advice
 look alwaies as though they would starve,
 Their meat is digested
 They nere are molested,
 no sicknesse doth them assaile :
 Their time is spent
 In merrymment,
 While limbs are bent
 They are content.
 to carry the milking paille.

Those lasses nice and strange,
 that keep shop in the Exchange
 Sit pricking of clouts.
 And giving of flouts,
 they seldom abroad doe range :
 Then comes the green sicknesse,
 And changeth their likenesse,

All this is for want of good sale :
But tis not so
As, prooffe doth show
By them that goe
In frost and snow
to carry the milking pail.

If they any sweet-hearts have,
that doe their affection crave,
Their priviledge is this,
Which many other misse,
they can give the welcome brave
With them they may walke,
And pleasantly talke
with a bottle of Wine or Ale
The gentle Cow
Doth them allow
As they know how,
God speed the plow,
and blesse the Milking pailc.

Upon the first of *May*,
with garlands fresh and gay ;
With mirth and musick sweet,
For such a season meet
they passe their time away :

They dance away sorrow
And all the day tharow
 their legs doe never fayle
They nimblely
Their feet doe ply,
And bravely try
The victory,
 in honour o' the milking paile.

If any think that I
 doe practice flattery,
In seeking thus to raise
The merry Milkmaid's praise
 ile to them thus reply,
It is their desert
Inviteth my Art
 to study this pleasant tale,
In their defence,
Whose innocence
And providence,
Gets honest pence
 out of the milking paile.

M. P.

Printed at London for T. Lamberts.

FINIS.

A Mad kinde of wooing.

Or, a Dialogue between *Will* the simple, and *Nan*
the subtile,

With their loving agreement,

To the Tune of the new dance at the Red Bull
Playhouse.



Sweet *Nancie* I do love the deere,
Believe me if thou can,
And shall, I do protest and sweare,
while thy name is *Nan*.

I cannot court with eloquence,
As many courtiers do :
But I do love intirely wench,
 and must enjoy thee too.
Spight of friends that contends
To separate our love :
If thou love me as I love thee,
 my minde shall nee'r remove.

Nan

Peace goodman clowne you are to brief,
In proffering love to me :
And if thou use such rusticke speech,
 we two shall ne'er agree.
Dost think my fortunes Ile forsake,
To marry with a clowne,
When I have choice enough to take,
 of Gallants in the towne.
The Eagles eye doth scorne the flie,
Sheele finde a better prey :
Therefore leave of thy dotish sute,
 away fond foole away.

Will.

Why prettie *Nan* ne're scorne my love,
Although I be but plaine :
Where *Will* doth once but set his love,
 he must not love in vaine.

For all you speake so Scholler like
And talk of Eagles eyes :
Know I am come a wooing wench
 and not a catching flies,
Then nere reply nor yet deny,
I will not be denied :
I would not have the world report,
 I twice did woe a maid.

Nan.

But twice and thrice and twentie times
Youle wooe before you winne,
To match with ignorance mōngst maids
 is held a sottish sin
Therefore Ile match if ere I match,
One equall to my spirit :
And such a one or else no one,
 shall my best love inherit.
A man of wit best doth fit,
A mayden for to take,
Then such a man if that I can :
 my husband I will make.

Will.

Why *Nan* I hope thou dost not take,
Thy *Will* to be a foole :
Thou knowest my Father for thy sake,
 three yeares kept me at schoole.

And if that thou hast spirit enough,
To yeeld to be my joy,
I warrant I have spirit enough,
to get a chopping boy
Then nere deny, yeeld and try
Or try before you trust :
Let who will seeke for to enjoy,
For *Will* both will & must.



The second Part, to the same Tune.



Why I have those that seek my love,
 That are too stout to yeeld :
 And rather then they'l lose my love,
 they'd win me in the field,
 Their skill in Martiall exercise,
 So much do thine surpasse,
 That should they here thee sue for love,
 they'd count thee but an asse,
 Then be mute, thy foolish sute
 Is all but spent in vain :
 Tis an impossibility
 thou shoudest my love obtaine.

Will.

Dost heare me *Nan* what ere he be,
Doth challenge leve of thee,
Ile make him like to *Cupid* blinde,
 he shall have no eyes to see,
I think I have a little skill,
My armes be strong and tuffe :
And I will warrant they shall serve
 to baste him well enuffe :
If he but starts to touch thy skirts
Or in the least offends :
By all the hopes I have of love,
 Ile cut off his fingers ends.

Nan.

How should I grant to fancy thee,
Whom others do disdaine,
If thou shouldst chance to marry me,
 how wouldst thou me maintaine :
Thou knowest not how to use a wife,
Thou art so homely bred :
And soon I doubt to jealousie,
 thy fancie might be led.
Many fears urge my eares,
That I should careful be :
I feare I match a crabbed peece,
 If I should marry thee.

Will.

Nan I am plaine and cannot coy,
Nor promise wondrous faire ;
When all my promises shall prove
like castles built it'h Aaire :
My true performance shall be all,
My word shall be my deed,
And honest *Nan* if I have thee,
you shall have all you need.
Clap hands, be bold, say and hold,
Let us make quick dispatch :
If thou love me, as I love thee,
weele straight make up the match.

Nan.

'Then *Will* here is both hand and heart,
Ile love thee till I die :
The world may judge I match for love,
and not all for the eye.
I had rather match a lusty youth,
Whose strength is not at full,
Then match a small weak timbred man,
whose strength hath had 3 pull.
Maidens all both great and small,
That hope to marry at length,
Do not marry for bravery :
but unto strength adde strength.

FINIS.

A Merry New Ballad, both pleasant and sweete.

In praise of the *Black-Smith* which is very meete.

To the Tune of Greene Sleeves &c.

Of all the Trades that ever I see,
There none with the Blacksmith compared
may be,
For with so many severall tooles Workes he,
Which nobody can deny.

The first that ever thunderbolt made,
Was a *Cyclops* of the Blacksmiths Trade,
As in an ancient *Poet* is said,
Which nobody can deny.

When thunderingly we lay about,
The fire like lightning flasheth out,
Which suddenly with water we doute,
Which nobody can deny.

The fairest goddesse in the skies,
To marry with *Vulcan* did devise,
Who was a Black-Smith grave and wise,
Which nobody can deny.

Mulciber to doe her all the right,
Did build her a Tower by day and by night,
Which after he did Hammersmith hight,
Which nobody can deny.

And that no enemie might wrong her,
He gave her a Fort, she needs no stronger
Then in the lane of Ironmonger,
Which nobody can deny.

Vulcan further did acquaint her,
A pretty estate he would appoint her,
And leave her Seacole lane for a Joynter,
Which nobody &c.

Smithfield he did free from durt,
And sure he had great reason for 't :
For there he meant should keepe the Court,
Which no, &c.

But after in good time and tide
It was to the Blacksmith ratified,
And given by *Edward Ironside*,
Which nobody &c.

Vulcan he did make a traine,
In which the god of Warre was slain,
Which ever since was called *Paul's chaine*,
Which nobody, &c.

And *Ninus* bred himself much strife,
For which he surely lost his life,
For doting on a Blacksmith's wife,
Which nobody, &c.

There is a law in merry *England*,
In which the Smith hath some command,
When any man is burnt in the hand,
Which nobody, &c.

Banbury-ale a two-yard pot,
The divell a Tinker dare stand to't,
If once the tost be hissing hot,
Which nobody, &c.

The common Proverb as we read,
That we should hit the nayle on the head,
Without the Blacksmith cannot be said,
Which nobody, &c.

The second Part, to the same Tune.

Another proverb must not be forgot,
For it falls unto the Blacksmiths lot
That he should strike while the Iron's hot,
Which nobody can deny.

A third lies in the Blacksmiths way,
When things are as safe as old wives say,
We have them under locke and key
Which nobody, &c.

There's yet another which makes me laugh,
Because the Smith can challenge but halfe,
When things are as plaine as a pike-staffe,
Which nobody, &c.

Another halfe to him doth belong,
And therefore do the Smith no wrong,
When one is held to it buckle & thong,
Which nobody, &c.

There is one more doth seldome faile,
When we meet with naughty Beer or Ale,
We say it is as dead as a doore-nail,
Which nobody, &c.

A sullen woman needs no leech,
Your Blacksmiths bellowes restores her speech
And will fetch againe with winde in her breech,
Which nobody, &c.

There's never a slut if filth over-smuch her,
But owes to the Blacksmith for her lether,
For without a paire of tongs no man wil touch her
Which nobody, &c.

If you cling to your friend when fortunes
Doth make him any misfortunes feele,
We say such a friend is as true as steele,
Which nobody, &c.

Ther's that's in the Black-smiths bookes,
Who suddenly for remedy lookes,
When any man is off the hookes,
Which nobody, &c.

Among the Sectaries there are those,
That without the Blacksmith helpe do suppose
St. Dunstan had ne're tane ye divell by the
nose,
Which nobody, &c.

The roaring boy whom every one quailles,
And nothing but fights, & sweares, & railles,
Could never yet make ye Smith eate his nailes
Which nobody &c.

Though Sergeants at Law grow richer farre,
And by their good Counsell can end a jarre
Yet your Blacksmith taks more paines at the:
barre,
Which nobody &c.

And though lawes punish severely still
Such as counterfeit deeds, and thereby do ill,
Yet your Smith may forge what he will,
Which nobody, &c.

Though bankrouts lye lurking in their holes,
And laugh at their creditors and the catchpoles
Yet the Smith can fetch them over the coales,
Which nobody, &c.

Though playing ye Jockey is thought a fine feat
As to train up a horse & prescribe him his meat,
Yet the Smith knows best how to give him a
heate,
Which nobody, &c.

Though soldiers have traveld a thousand miles,
And think they have all the crafts & wiles,
Yet your Smith can sooner double his files,
Which nobody, &c.

And though he hath no Commanders looke,
Nor can brag of those he hath slain or tooke,
Yet is he as good as ever strooke,
Which nobody &c.

Then if to know him men did desire,
They would not scorne but ranke him higher,
For what he gets is out of the fire.
Which nobody, &c.

Then here's a health to the Blacksmiths all,
And let it go round as round as a ball,
Let's us take it though it cost us a fall,
Which nobody can deny.

FINIS.

The Map of Mock-begger Hall,
with his scituation in the spacious Countrey,
called *Anywhere*.

To the tune of *It is not your Northerne Nanny: or
Sweet is the Lasse that Louves Me.*

I Reade in ancient times of yore,
That men of worthy calling
Build almes houses and Spittles store,
Which now are all downe falling :
And few men seeke them to repaire,
Nor is there one among twenty,
That for good deeds will take any care,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

Farme houses which their fathers built,
And Land well kept by tillage,
Their Prodigall sons have sold for gilt,
In every Towne and village.
To th' City and Court they doe resort
With gold and silver plenty,
And there they spend their time in sport,
While mock beggers hall stand empty.

Young Landlords when to age they come,
Their rents they will be racking,
The tenant must give a golden sum,
Or else he is turn'd packing,
Great fines and double rent beside.
Or else they'l not content be,
It is to maintain their monstrous pride,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

Their fathers went in homely frèes,
And good plain broad cloathes brèeches,
Their stockings with the same agrees.
Sow'd on with good strong stitches.
They were not then call'd gentlemen,
Though they had wealth great plenty,
Now every gul's growne worshipfull,
While mock beggers hall stands empty.

No gold nor silver parchment lace
Was worne but by our Nobles
Nor would the honest harmlesse face,
Weare Ruffes with so many doubles,
Our bands were to our shirts sowne then,
Yet cloath was full as plenty,
Now one band hath more cloath than ten,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

Now we are Apes in imitation,
The more indeed's the pitty,
The Country followes the City,
And ere one fashion is knowne throughout,
Another they will invent yée,
Tis all your gallant's study about,
While mock beggers hall stand empty.

The second Part, to the same Tune.

Me thinks it is a great reproach,
To those that are nobly descended,
When for their pleasures cannot have a Coach,
Wherewith they might be attended,
But every beggerly Jack and Gill
That eat scant a good meale in twenty,
Must thorow the streets be jolted still,
While mock begger hall stands empty.

There's some are rattled thorow the streets,
Probatum est, I tell it,
Whose names are wrapt in parchment sheets,
It grieves their hearts to spell it,

They are not able two men tu keepe,
With a Coachman they must content be,
Which at playhouse doores in his box lies asleep
While mock begger hall stand empty.

Our Gentlewomen whose meanes is nothing
To that which they make shew of,
Must use all the fashions in their cloathing,
Which they can heare or know of,
They take much care themselves to decke,
That money is oft so scanty,
The belly is forc'd to complaine of the backe,
While mock begger stands empty.

It may well be that some will muse,
Wherefore in this relation,
The name of Mock begger I doe use,
Without any explanation,
To cleare which doubt before I end,
Because they shall all content be,
To shew the meaning I doe intend
Of mock begger hall still empty.

Some Gentlemen and Citizens have
In divers eminent places,
Erected houses rich and brave,
Which stood for the owners graces,

Let any poore to such a doore
Come, they expecting plenty,
They there may ask till their throats are sore,
For mock begger hall stands empty.

Thus in these times we can perceive
Small charity comfort yielding,
For pride doth men of grace bereave,
Not onely in clothes but in building.
Man makes the senseless stones and bricks,
Which by heavens goodness lent be,
Expresse his pride by these vaine tricks,
For mock begger hall stands empty.

Printed at London for *Richard Harper*, neere to the
Hospital gate in Smithfield.

FINIS.

A Merry Jest of Iohn Tomson and Jakaman his
wife:

Whose jealousie was justly the cause of all their
strife.

To the Tune of Pegge of Ramsey.



When I was a Batchelour
I liv'd a merry life ;
But now I am a married man,
and troubled with a wife

I cannot doe as I have done,
because I live in feare :
If I goe but to Islington
my wife is watching there.
Give me my yellow hose againe,
give me my yellow hose :
For now my wife she watcheth me,
see yonder where she goes.

But when I was a prentice bound,
and my Indentures made ;
In many faults I have beene found,
yet never thus afraid,
For if I chance now by the way,
a woman for to kisse ;
The rest are ready for to say,
thy wife shall know of this.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Thus when I come in Company,
I passe my mirth in feare ;
For one or other merrily,
will say my wife is there.
And then my look dooth make them laugh,
to see my woefull case :
How I stand like *John* hold my staffe,
and dare not show my face.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Then comes a handsome woman in,
and shakes me by the hand :
But how my wife she did begin,
now you shall understand,
Faire dame (quoth she) why dost thou so,
he gave his hand to me :
And thou shalt know before thou goe,
he is no man for thee.

Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Good wife (quoth she) now doe not scould,
I will not so no more :
I thought I might have been so bolde,
I knowing him before,
With that my wife was almost mad,
yet many did intreat her :
But I, God knowes, was very sad,
for feare she would have beat her.

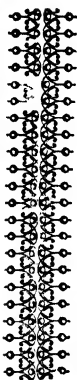
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Thus marriage is no enterprise,
experience doth show ;
But scolding is no exercise,
that married men doe know,

For all this while there was no blowes,
yet still their tongues was talking :
And very faine would yellow hose,
have had her fists a walking.
Give me my yellow, &c.

In comes a neighbour of our towne,
an honest man, God wot :
And he must needes goe sit him downe,
and call in for his pot ;
And said to me, I am the man,
which gave to you your wife ;
And I will doe the best I can,
to mend this wicked life.
*Give me my yellow hose againe,
give me my yellow hose :
For now my wife she watcheth me,
see yonder where she goes.*

The second Part, to the same Tune.



I gave him thanks and bad him goe,
 and so he did indeed ;
 And told my wife she was a shrow,
 but that was more then need,
 Saith he thou hast an honest man,
 and one that loves thee well :
 Said she you are a foole good sir,
 Its more than you can tell.

Give me my yellow hose, &c.

And yet in truth he loveth me,
 but many more beside :
 And I may say good sir to thee,
 that cannot I abide.

For though he loves me as his life,
yet now sir wot you what :
They say he loves his neighbours wife,
I pray you how like you that.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Saith he I hope I never shall,
seeke fancy fond to follow :
For love is lawfull unto all,
except it be too yellow.
Which lyeth like the Jaundies so,
in these our womens faces :
That watch their husbands where they go,
and hunt them out in places.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Now comes my Neighbours wife apace,
to talke a word or two :
My wife then meets her face to face,
and saith dame is it you,
That makes so much of my good man,
as if he were your owne ?
Then clamp as closely as you can,
I know it will be knowne.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Now when I saw the woman gone,
I call'd my wife aside,
And said why art thou such a one,
that thou canst not abide
A woman for to talke with mee,
this is a wofull case ;
That I must keepe no company.
except you be in place.

This maketh Batchelers to wooe,
so long before they wed :
Because they heare that women now,
will be their Husbands head,
And seven yeare long I taried,
for Jakaman my wife :
But now that I am married,
I am weary of my life.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

For yellow love is too too bad,
without all wit or pollicie ;
And too much love hath made her mad,
and fill'd her full of jelousie.
Shee thinkes I am in love with those,
I speake to passing by :
That makes her weare the yellow hose,
I gave her for to dye.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

But now I see thee is so hot,
and lives so much at ease ;
I will goe get a Souldiers coate,
and sayle beyond the Seas.
To serve my Captain where & whan,
though it be to my paine :
Thus farewell gentle Jakaman,
till we two meet againe.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Quoth shee good husband doe not deale,
thus hardly now with me,
And of a truth I will reveale,
my cause of jealousy ;
You know I alwaies paid the score,
you put me still in trust ;
I saved twenty pound and more,
confesse it needes I must,
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

But now my saving of the same,
for ought that I doe know :
Made Jealousie to fire her frame,
to weave this web of woe :

And thus this foolish love of mine,
was very fondly bent :
But now my gold and goods are thine,
good husband be content.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

And thus to leade my life anew,
I fully now purpose :
That thou maist change thy coat of blew,
and I my yellow hose.
This being done our Countrey wives
may warning take by me,
How they doe live such jealous lives,
as I have done with thee.
*Give me my yellow hose againe,
give me my yellow hose :
For now my wife she watcheth me,
see yonder where she goes.*

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for *Edward Wright.*

The Merry Cuckold,

Who frolickly taking what chance doth befall,
Is very well pleased with his Wife, Hornes and all.

To the tune of, The Merry Cuckold.

You Married Men
 whom Fate hath assign'd,
To Marry with them
 that are too much kind,
Learn as I do,
 to beare with your wives,
All you that doe so,
 shall live merry lives.

I have a Wife
 so wanton and so free,
That she as her life
 loves one besides me,
What if she doe,
 I care not a pin,
Abroad I will goe,
 When my rivall comes in.

I can be merry
 and drinke away care,
With Claret and Sherry
 and delicate fare.
My Wife has a Trade,
 that will maintain me,
What though it be said,
 That a cuckold I be.

While she at home
 is taking her pleasure,
Abroad I do rome,
 consuming her treasure.
Of all that she gets
 I share a good share,
She pays all my debts,
 then for what should I care.

She keepes me brave,
 and gallant in clothing,
All things I have,
 I do want for nothing
Therefore I connive,
 and winke at her faults,
And daily I strive,
 against jealous assaults.

While for small gaines :
 My neighbors worke hard,
I live (by her meanes)
 and never regard,
The troubles and cares
 that belong to this life,
I spend what few dares :
 gramercy good Wife.

Should I be jealous,
 as other men are,
My breath like to bellows,
 The fire of care,
Would blow and augment,
 therefore I thinke it best,
To be well content,
 though I were Vulcan's crest.

Many a time
 upbraided I am,
Some say I must dine,
 at the Bull or the Ramms :
Those that do jeere
 cannot do as I may,
In Wine, Ale and Beere,
 spend a noble a day.

The second Part, To the Same Tune.

I by experience
 rightly to know :
 That no strife or variance
 (causes of woe)
 Can make a wife
 so bent to live chaste,
 Thou in stead of strife,
 let patience be plac't.

If a man had
 all *Argus* his eyes,
 A wife that is bad,
 will something twise,
 'To gull him to's face,
 then what bootes mistrust.
 The Hornes to disgrace,
 though weare it I must.

Ile be content
 with this my hard chance,
 And in merriment
 my hand Ile advance.
 Wishing I were
 but as rich as some men,
 Whose wives chaste appeare,
 yet they'l kisse now and then.

One trying to me,
a great comfort is,
Still quiet is she,
though I do amisse,
She dares do no other
because she knowes well,
That gently I smoother.
what most men would tell.

If I should rave,
her minde would not alter
Her swing she will have
though't be in a halter.
Then sith what I get
good gaines by her vice,
I will not her let,
but take share of the price.

Why should I vexe,
and pine in despaire,
I know that her sexe,
are all brittle ware,
And he that gets one
that constant abides,
Obtaines that which none,
or but few have besides.

Yet will I not,
 accuse my wife,
For nothing is got,
 by railing, but strife.
I set my own sence.
 intending no wrong,
No Cuckold nor Queane
 will care for this song.

But a Merry Wife,
 that's honest I know it,
As deare as her life,
 will sure love the Poet :
And he that's no Cuckold
 in Country or City,
However if lucke hold,
 will buy this our Ditty.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcock.

A Messe of good Fellows :

or,

The generous spark who roundly,
doth call, and sayes for his part,
Tush, we have and shall have abundance,
Come `fill us the other od quart.

To the tune of *Ragged and torne.*

Well met my joviall blades,
Tom, Anthony, Dick, & James,
We have been all merry Comrades,
as all our acquaintance proclaims :
Now sith we are all met here,
Wee'l be merry before we goe,
For paying let's never feare,
our credit is good we know.
Here's 4 or five shillings good round ones;
Ile spend them before we part,
Tush, we have & shall have abundance,
come fill us the other od quart.

Wee'l laugh and make good sport,
and cry a fig for care,
What though our means grows short,
the world has enough to spare ;

When either of us was borne,
 we had as much wealth about us
As those that be rich (Ile be sworne)
 why then should they jeer and flout us?
& though they have since got ground on's
 it doth not much grieve my heart :
Tush, we have, &c.

Let's sing and make a noise,
 as best the time befits,
Wee shew ourselves merry good boyes,
 when the World is beside her wits :
The Usurer with all his bags,
 is not so content in mind,
As honest good fellows in rags,
 that are to each other kind.
Our hearts are all perfect & sound ones.
 we scorn from our friends to start,
Tush, we have and shall have abundance,
 Come fill us the other od quart.

The Mizer doth daily plod
 how he may his riches increase,
He maketh his gold his God,
 but we live at better hearts ease :

Let fortune frowne or smile,
 we do not for that much passe,
The world shall not us beguile,
 with her prospective glasse,
If poverty seeke to wound us,
 wee'l cure 't with the Vintners art,
Tush, we have, &c.

He that doth injoy his health,
 and a competant meanes withall,
What need he to pine for wealth,
 but take what to him doth befall ;
A contented mind is worth gold,
 it is but a folly to strive
We all were at first of one mould,
 yet all are not borne to thrive,
Then let no ill thoughts confound us,
 let every one bear a good heart,
Tush, we have and shall have abundance,
 Come fill us the other od quart.

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

We scorn to spend mony on queanes,
 though sometimes we hunt the fox,
 For he that so wasteth his means,
 at last will be paid with his p——
 No surgeon nor any Physitian,
 for money their aid shall lend us,
 When drinking hath chang'd our condition
 a hair o'th old dog will mend us,
 Grim sorrow can never wound us,
 with maketh curmudgeans to smart,
Tush, we have, and shall have abundance,
Come fill us the other od quart.

Tis better far to be poore,
 and have a contented mind,
 Then to have abundance of store,
 and with it no rest can find ;
 The covetous man is not rich,
 he never is satisfied,
 His mony doth him bewitch
 he thinks upon nothing beside :
 Such puddles shall never drowne us
 wee'l be well content with our part.
Tush, we have, &c.

Some idle companions there be,
that rather then they will worke,
Upon such good fellows as we,
the Rascals will live by the shirk,
At last they are tane in the nick,
(for cheating can nere come to good)
And then they are taught a fine trick,
to look through a piece of wood :
And oftentimes when they are found thus
with pain they do follow the cart.
Tush, we have, &c.

He that hath a generous mind,
will take any laudable course,
What fortune to him hath assignd,
he takes it for better for worse :
And to recreate his senses,
when labour hath tane off the edge,
They weigh not a little expenses,
each other like us they will pledge.
Let our hearts be true and sound ones
tho fortune our meanings doth thwart.
Tush, we have, &c.

Such merry vagaries weel play,
when liquor hath captiv'd our wits,
We thinke not how hard the next day
we must work for these mad mery fits :

Yet wēel neyther quarrell nor chide,
as fools in these humours do use,
Such folly wee cannot abide,
if any way we can chuse,
And if any man seek to wrong us,
wēel one take anothers part.
Tush, we have, &c.

But amongst all our mery cheare,
t'were pity of all our lives,
If all the while wee are here,
wee neglect to drink to our wives.
Faith that was remembred well,
tis better at last then never
Though my share doe the rest excell,
it shall go about howsoever.
Now lest too much liquor shold drown us
let's know what's oth score & depart,
Tush, we have, and shall have abundance,
Come give us the other od quart.

M. P.

FINIS.

Printed for *Thomas Lambert* neare the Hospitall-
gate in Smithfield.

Mondayes Worke

or

The two honest neighbours both birds of a feather
Who are at the Ale-house both merry together.

To the tune of *I owe my hostess money.*

Good morrow neighbour *Gamble*,
Come let you and I goe ramble,
Last night I was shot
Through the braines with a Pot,
and now my stomacke doth wamble :
Your Possetts and your Caudles,
Are fit for babes in Cradles :
A piece of salt Hogge,
And a haire of the old Dogge
is good to cure our drunken Noddles.
Come hither mine Host, come hither,
Here's two birds of a feather,
Come hither mine Host
With a Pot and a Tost,
and let us be merry together.

I rose in the morning early,
To take this Juice of barley,
But if my wife *Jone*
Knew where I were gone,
 shee'd call me to a Parley
My bones I doe not favour,
But honestly doe labour :
But when I am out,
I must make a mad bout
 come here's halfe a pot to thee neighbour,
Come hither, &c.

Gramarcy neighbour *Jinkin*,
I see thou lovest no shrinking,
And I for my part,
From thee will not start,
 come fill us a little more drinke in.
I'th weeke we aske but one day,
And that's next after Sunday,
Our custome wee'le hold,
Although our Wives scold,
 the Mault-man comes a Monday.
Come hither, &c.

Come let's have our Liquor about us,
Mine Host doe not misdoubt us,

Yet if we should call,
And pay none at all,
 you were better be without us :
But we are no such fellowes,
Though some in clothes excell us,
And yet have no coyne,
For Liquor to Joyne,
 yet we have both whites and yellowes.
Come hither, &c.

We scorne those rooking Rorers,
That are such common scorers,
No coyne they can spare
Because they are
 such Dicers and such Whorers :
But we doe hate such doing,
Weele waste no meanes in wooing,
Yet such as they be
Make you thinke that we
 will not pay what is owing.
*Come hither mine Host, come hither,
Here's two birds of a feather,
Come hither mine Host
With a Pot and a Tost,
 and let us be merry together.*

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

Come ply your worke my Masters,
 Let us not be time wasters,
 To worke or play
 Very hard (as some say)
 is a signe of good fore-casters.
 Much prate to me is loathing,
 To cumber the house for nothing,
 I hate a long tale,
 Give me some more Ale,
 which is meate, drinke, and cloathing,
Come hither mine Host, come hither,
Here's two birds of a feather,
Come hither mine Host,
With a Pot and a Tost,
 and let us be merry together.

If wicked *Will* the Weaver,
 Or *True* the Taylor either,
 Where here with us now,
 To part we knew not how,
 till we were drunke together :
 Or *Tom* the neate Shoomaker,
 Or *Kit* the Joviall Baker,

If any one of these
Come hither and see's,
 with us heele be a Partaker.
Come hither mine Host, come hither,
Here's two birds of a feather,
Come hither mine Host
With a Pot and a Tost,
 and let us be merry together.

But sith there is no more here
Weele say as we did before here,
Between us weele call,
And pay for it all,
 for we scorne to goe on the score here,
Let's take off our Liquor roundly
And though we doe drinke soundly,
Our humour is such,
Weele not drinke so much,
 untill we both on the ground lye.
Come hither mine Host, come hither,
Here's two birds of a feather,
Come hither mine Host,
With a Pot and a Tost
 and let us be merry together.

Now lest our Wives should find us,
Tis fit we should look behind us,

Lets see what is done,
Then pay and be gone,
 as honesty hath assign'd us.
Tis strong Ale I conceive it,
Tis good in time to leave it,
Or else it will make,
Our foreheads to ake,
 tis vanity to out brave it.
Come hither mine Host, come hither,
Here's two birds of a feather,
Come hither mine Host
With a Pot and a Tost,
 and let us be merry together.

FINIS.

London Printed for F. Grove.

The Mad Man's Morris,

Wherin you shall finde,
His trouble and grief and discontent of his minde,
A warning to yong men to have a care,
How they in love intangled are.

To a pleasant new Tune.



Heard you not lately of a man,
That went beside his wits,

And naked through the streets he ran,
Wrapt in his frantick fits ?
My honest neighbours it is I,
Hark how the people flout me :
See where the mad man comes they cry,
With all the Boyes about me.

Into a pond stark nak'd I ran
And cast my clothes away Sir,
Without the help of any man
Made shift to run away Sir,
How I got out, I have forgot,
I do not well remember,
Or whether it was cold or hot,
In June, or in December.

Tom Bedlam's but a Sage to me,
I speak in sober sadnesse,
For more strange visions do I see,
Then he in all his madnesse.
When first this chance to me befell,
About the market walkt I.
With Capons feathers in my cap,
And to myself thus talkt I.

Did you not see my Love of late,
Like Titan in her glory ?
Do you not know she is my mate,
And I must write her story,

With pen of gold on silver leaf,
I will so much befriend her ;
For why, I am of this belief,
None can so well commend her.

Saw you not Angels in her eyes,
While that she was a speaking,
Smelt you not smells like Paradise,
Between two Rubies breaking ?
Is not her hair more pure then gold,
Or finest Spiders spinning ?
Me thinks, in her I do behold,
My joys and woes beginning.

Is not a dimple in her cheek
Each eye a star thats starting,
Is not all grace install'd in her,
Each step all joys imparting ?
Me thinks, I see her in a Cloud,
With graces round about her :
To them I cry and call aloud
I cannot live without her :

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.



Then raging towards the Skie I roze,
 Thinking to catch her hand,
 O then to love I call and cry,
 To let me by her stand,
 I look behind and there I see
 My shadow me beguile,
 And wish she were as n  er to m  e,
 Which makes my worship smile.

There is no creature can compare
With my beloved *Nancy*,
Thus I build castles in the aire,
This is the fruits of fancy :
My thoughts mount high above the Skie,
Of none I stand in aw,
Although my body here do lie
Upon a pad of straw.

I was as good a harmlesse youth
Before base *Cupid* caught me,
Or his own mother with her charms
Into this cage had brought me,
Stript and whipt now must I be
In Bedlam bound with chains :
Good people all, now you may see
What love hath for his pains.

When I was yong as others are
With Gallants I did flourish,
O then was I the properest Lad,
That was in all the Parish !
The bracelets which I us'd to weare
About my arme so tender
Are turned now to iron plates,
About my body slender,

My silken Sutes do now decay,
My caps of gold are varnisht
And all my friends do wear away
As I from them were banisht,
My silver cups are turn'd to earth,
I'm feer'd by every Clown
I was a better man by birth,
Till Fortune cast me down.

I'm out of frame and temper too,
Though I am something chēerfull,
O this can love and fancy do,
If that you be not carefull '
O set a watch before your eyes,
Lest they betray your heart,
And make you slaves to vanities,
To act a mad mans part.

Declare this to each mothers sonne
Unto each honest Lad,
Let them not do as I have done,
Lest they like me grow mad,
If *Cupid* strike, be sure of this,
Let reason rule affection,
So shalt thou never do amisse
By reasons good direction.

I have nō more to say to you,
My keeper now doth chide me,
Now must I bid you all adew,
God knows what will betide,
To picking straws now must I go
My time in Bedlam spending, &
Good folks you your beginning know
But do not known your ending.

Humfrey Crowch. FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for *Richard Harper* in Smithfield.

A Merry Dialogue betwixt a Married
 man and his wife.
 Concerning the affaires of this carefull life.
 To an excellent Tune.



I have for all good Wives a Song,
 I doe lament the womans wrong,
 And doe pittie them with my heart,
 to think upon the womens smart,
 Their labour's great and full of paine,
 Yet for the same they have small gaine.

In that you say cannot be true,
for men doe take more paines then you,
We toile, we moile, we grieve and care,
when you sit on stoole or chaire,
Yet let us do all what we can,
your tongues will get the upper hand.

We women in the morning rise,
as soone as day breaks in the skies.,
And then to please you with desire,
the first we doe, is, make a fire,
Then other worke we straight begin,
to sweep the house, to card, or spin,

Why men doe worke, at Plough and Cart,
which soone would break a woman's hart :
They sow, they mow, and reape the corne,
and many times doe weare the horne.
In praise of wives speake you no more,
for these were lies you told before.

We women here doe beare the blame,
but men would seeme to have the fame :
But trust me, I will never yeeld,
my tongues mine owne, I thereon build,
Men may not in this case compare
with women for their toyle and care.

Fie, idle women how you prate,
tis men that get you all your state,
You know tis true in what I say,
therefore you must give men the way,
And not presume to grow too hie,
your speeches are not worth a fly.

You men could not tell how to shift,
if you of women were bereft,
We wash your cloathes, & dresse your diet,
and all to keep your mindes in quiet,
Our work's not done at morne nor night,
to pleasure men is our delight.

Women are called a house of care :
they bring poore men unto dispaire,
That man is blest that hath not bin
injured by a womans sin.
They'l cause a man, if heele give way,
to bring him to his lives decay.

The Second Part to the Same Tune.



If we poore women were as bad
 as men report being drunk or mad,
 We might compare with many men,
 and count our selves as bad as them,
 Some oft are drunk and beat their wives,
 and make them weary of their lives.

Why, woman they must rule their tongues
that bring them to so many wrongs,
Sometimes their husbands to disgrace,
they'll call him knave and rogue to's face
Nay, worse then that they'l tell him plain,
his will he shall not well obtaine.

We women in childbed take great care,
I hope the like sorrow wil fal to your share,
Then would you thinke of womans smart,
and seeme to pity them with your heart.
So many things to us belong,
we oftentimes doe suffer wrong.

Though you in childbed bide some paine,
your Babes renue your joyes againe,
Your Gossips comes unto your joy,
and say, God blesse your little Boy.
They say, the childe is like, the Dad
when he but little share in't had.

You talke like an asse you are a Cuckoldly fool
Ill break thy head with a 3 legd stool
Will you poore Women thus abuse :
our tongues and hands we need to use.
You say our tongues do make men fight,
our hands must serve to do us right,

Then I to you must give the way,
and yeeld to women in what they say,
All you that are to chuse a wife,
be carefull of it as your life.
You see that women will not yeeld,
in any thing to be compeld.

You Maides, I speake the like of you,
there's many dangers doe ensue :
But howsoever fortunes serve,
see that my rulers you doe observe,
If men once have the upper hand,
they'll keepe you downe do what you can.

I will not seeme to urge no more,
good wives, what I did say before,
Was for your good, and so it take,
I love all women for my wives sake,
And I pray you when you are sick and die
call at my house and take my wife awy.

Well come sweet heart let us agree,
content, sweet wife so let it be,
Where man and wife doth live at hate,
the curse of God hangs ore the gate,
But I will love thee as my life,
as every man should love his wife.

The Merry Old Woman :

OR

This is a good Old Woman,
This is a merry Old Woman,
Her counsell is good Ile warrant,
For she doth wish ill to no man.

To the tune, *This is my Grannan's Decdle.*



Come hither, good-fellowes, come hither,
Good counsell if you will learne it,

I heare in a Song will shew it,
If you have but wit to discerne it.

*O this is a good old Woman,
O this is a merry old Woman,
Her counsell is good Ile warrant,
For she doth wish ill to no man.*

He that doth woo a Maiden,
Must use sometimes to flatter,
And he that would woo a Widdow,
Must seriously speake good matter.

O this is a good old Woman, &c.

He that would have a Woman
Officious unto his humour
Must alwaies be loving unto her.
And be no vaine consumer.

O this is a good old Woman, &c.

She that would please her Parents,
Must her affections bridle,
And still have a care however,
To shun all company idle.

O this is a good old Woman, &c.

And she that would have a Husband,
Merry to sing, with a fadding,

No cause of distaste must give him
Abroad for to goe gadding.

O this is a good old Woman, &c.

He that would gaine true honour,
Must hate to be a coward :
And he that would live in quiet,
Must marry no Widdow that's forward,

O this is a good old Woman, &c.

And he that would eate, must labour,
And carefully follow his calling,
And that a Scold doth marry,
Shee'l vex him all day with her brawling.

O this is a good old Woman, &c.

She that would fain be married,
And wants both portion and beauty,
Must unto her Master and Mistresse
Owe good respect and duty.

O this is a good old Woman, &c.

To gaine their loves and favour,
Then may she hope the better,
To get a kinde Husband will love her,
To toyle then, he will not let her,

O this is a good old Woman, &c.

He that would seeke preferment,
Must neatly usher a Lady,
And wear good clothes for his credit,
And still at a call be ready.

*O this is a good old Woman,
O this is a merry old Woman,
Hir counsell is good Ile warrant,
For she doth wish ill to no man.*

The Second Part, to the Same Tune.

And he that would be a Courtier,
Must be with good parts adorned,
To please his Masters humour,
Or else he shall be scorned.

*O this is a good old Woman,
O this is a merry old Woman,
Her counsell is good Ile warrant,
For shee doth wish ill to no man.*

She that would have no scandall,
Or imputations on her,
Must not frequent a *Burdello*,
But chaste *Diana*, honour.

O this is a good old Woman, &c.

Brave Girles there be a many
Goe richly in their apparell.
Which makes the roring Gallants,
About them so to quarrell

O this is a good old Woman, &c.

He that would be no Cuckold,
Then let him never marry,
It were a horne-plague unto him.
A jealous minde to carry.

O this is a good old Woman, &c.

And he that would raise his fortunes,
Being poore left by his Dady :
He must be stout and valiant,
Faint heart ne'r won faire Lady.

O this is a good old Woman, &c.

He that would be a Scholler,
Must hate your drinks that is muddy :
But a cup. of good Canary
Will make him the better to study,

O this is a good old woman, &c.

And he that would be a Poet,
Must no wayes be flocke-pated :
His ignorance if he shew it,
He shall of all Schollers be hated.

O this is a good old woman, &c.

He that would be a Goodfellow,
Of meanes must be prepared :
If that he love drinke and Tobacco,
Or else he shall be feared.

O this is a good old woman, &c.

He that would be a Taylor
Must active be and nimble :
And he that would be a good liver,
Must hate to lye and dissemble.

O this is a good old woman, &c.

He that would be a Musician,
Must neatly run division,
To humour each joviall Gallant,
Or else he is held in derision.

O this is a good old woman, &c.

And he that would strive for riches,
Or how to get a good marriage.
Must still in his carriage be wary,
That nothing his credit disparage.

O this is a good old woman, &c.

And he that would learne true goodnesse,
Must daily himselfe endeavour,
To hate all wicked lewdnesse,
And still in all grace persever.

*Oh this is a good old Woman,
O this is a merry old Woman,
Her counsell is good Ile warrant,
For she doth wish ill to no man.*

FINIS.

Robert Guy.

Printed at London for F Coules dwelling in the
Old-Baily.

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